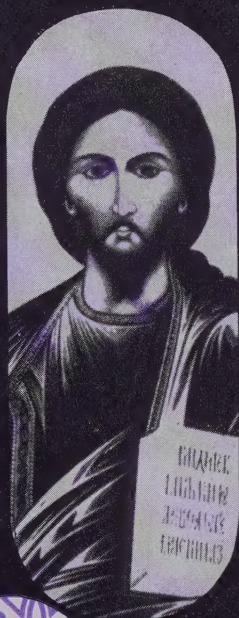


JANUARY / FEBRUARY 1960

JESUIT MISSIONS

AN
INVITATION
TO
EASTERN
CHRISTIANS:



RETURN
TO
ROME

ROME





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

Baghdad

Ceylon

Alaska

Belize

Japan

Burma

China

Caroline Islands

Formosa

Jamaica

Jamshedpur

Korea

Patna

Philippines

Marshall Islands

Nepal

Yoro

American Indians

Puerto Rico

January-February 1960, Vol. 34, No. 1

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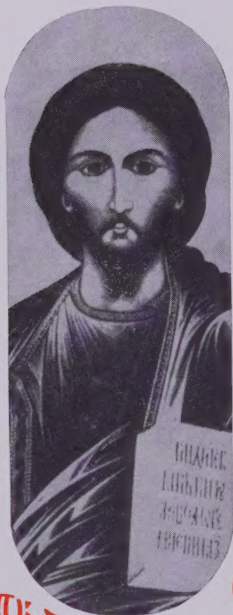
Editorial Offices, 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

Syrian Catholic Mass is celebrated at Baghdad College by the Most Rev. Msgr. Athanasius Bakose, Syrian Catholic Archbishop of Baghdad. This was a historic occasion for it marked the conferring of Minor Orders on the first B.C. graduate to become a Jesuit—and for over 20 years the Archbishop had been Baghdad's last vocation to the priesthood in any of the Oriental Rites.

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To
the
East

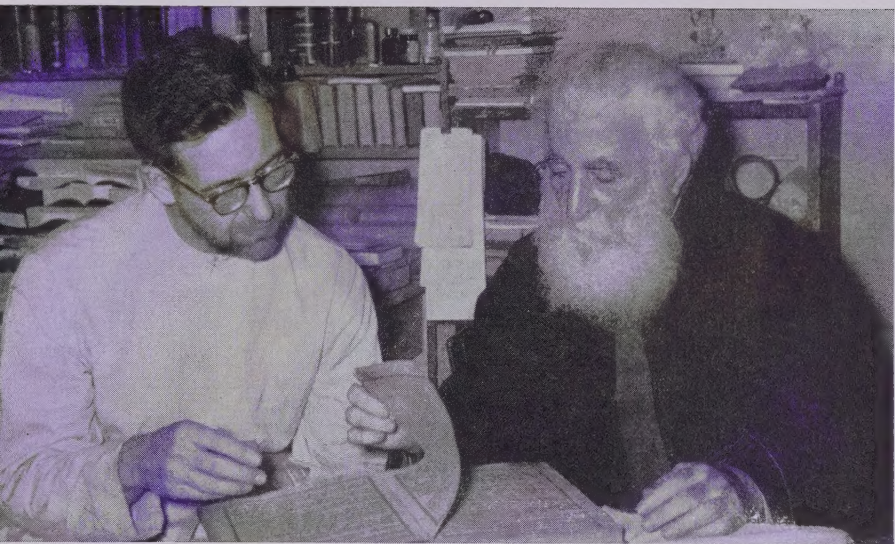


ONE FLOCK ONE SHEPHERD

THE MAN with the kindly face who was speaking into the microphone while the whole world listened had been almost an unknown the previous day. Then, suddenly, he was no longer just Cardinal Roncalli but Pope John XXIII, successor to the Apostle Peter. Now, in his first radio address, as he outlined the platform of his pontificate, he used words which that same Peter had once heard from the lips of the Son of God himself. "Let there be one flock and one shepherd." His voice was warm, sincere.

It was a call, an invitation, a heartfelt plea to the Eastern Christians who in the dim ages of the past had separated from the See of Rome and started down those strange, tortuous roads which form the history of the Dissident Churches of the East. His Holiness reminded them that their return would be exactly that: a coming home, not a sojourn with strangers. Once the flock had been one, with a heritage shining and

The Holy Father invites
the Oriental Christians to
return to their ancestral home



glorious, and even in their wanderings they had never been far distant from their ancestral home. The fervor of his words left no doubt of the deepness of his desire.

It is no wonder, then, that with the beginning of the first full calendar year of his reign the Mission Intention should be directed towards this goal. He asks us to pray, "That Oriental Christians, separated from the Apostolic See, will be enkindled by the desire to obtain true and perfect unity of faith with the Catholic Church." But exactly how well do we know these people for whom we are asked to pray? How often have we chanced upon an Eastern ceremony or a church with an onion-shaped bulb and merely shrugged away our ignorance of the significance behind them, of the storms, political for the most part, which scattered the flock which belongs to Christ? A glance at history may help.

The first lasting rending of the seam-



Union between Catholic Rites is typified by Jesuit Father Banks of Baghdad College and Chaldean Khuri Yusuf (above). Father Banks has permission to say Mass in the Chaldean Rite and Khuri Yusuf ("Khuri" in Chaldean is the same as "Father" in English) is tutoring him in the liturgy and in the administration of the sacraments. (Below) Bishop Ganni, assisted by Qass Mouses, celebrates the Mass at the opening of school at Baghdad College, run by the New England Jesuits.

less robe of unity occurred over 1100 years ago when the Nestorians were condemned at the Council of Ephesus for holding that there were two natures in Christ, one human and one divine, and the unity between them was only a moral one. So Mary could not be called the Mother of God but only the mother of the human nature. Again, if it was only the human Christ who had died on the cross how could the Redemption have been effected when of its very nature it demanded a Divine Redeemer? This was the teaching which various groups in the Near East adhered to, but when the dust of history settled after the storm it could be seen that the doctrine was only the hinge on which the political freedom of these peoples swung. Their volcanic nature demanded an outlet against their Roman-Greek rulers and it was typical of them that they used a fuel whose nature they themselves could not understand.

A REMINDER

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The same is true of the reaction to this teaching which was stirred up in those same lands. In a mad rush to tear the heart out of this disease which struck at the roots of all their optimism the Monophysites, as they were to be called, went to the opposite extreme and maintained that there was only one nature in Our Lord. When the Council of Chalcedon in 451, only twenty years after Ephesus, condemned this doctrine and defined that in the one person of Christ were two distinct natures, divine and human, the upheaval of political passion was exactly the same as a score of years before. The cloak of theological belief was used to cover political desires, even though very few had any idea of the color or texture of that cloak, but in that disguise another part of the flock wandered down a path beset with persecution and death.

One example of the original confusion which set up the variegated pattern of Eastern Christianity is that of the Armenians. They were the first people as a nation to embrace Christianity officially and as a body. When the Nestorian teaching was spreading throughout Asia Minor the Armenians sent a delegation to Constantinople to discover what was the right position in the matter. The famous "Document for the Armenians" was the result and henceforth they were bitter foes of Nestorianism. This may partially account for their subsequent repudiation of the Council of Chalcedon, for when they sought further information they were told by the Monophysites that Chalcedon had only renewed the Nestorian error! As a matter of fact, it was a half century after Chalcedon before they made their repudiation and the underlying motive was the hope of obtaining aid against the Persians. Many scholars think that it was all a misapprehen-

sion and that the Armenians never were Monophysites. Yet in their long history of oppression and persecution their steadfastness to their Christian beliefs is an heroic, outstanding one.

These are the Churches with which we of the West have not had too much contact. The Dissidents of these rites number about 16 million while the Catholics total less than 2 million. For the most part they are spread out in the Near East, Northern Africa and India. They have lived for centuries under the domain of the Moslems and life for a non-Moslem under the Crescent is a difficult one. But again their fidelity to Christ can never be too highly extolled.

The Eastern Christians whom we know best are those who call themselves "the Orthodox." They broke away from Rome about six centuries after the Nestorians and Monophysites. Again it was mainly a political move and on several occasions, since the year 1054, there have been attempts to effect a reconciliation. However, in the course of the years most of these groups have formed National Churches and are closely tied in with the government. There are about 135 million Dissidents and almost 8 million Catholics of this rite, which is known as the Byzantine. Here in America, especially in the Midwest, we have

many opportunities of coming in contact with adherents of these ancient rites and with their colorful ceremonies.

We must keep constantly in mind that the great majority of the people have never had any idea of the theological differences which caused their separation from Rome. We must remember, too, that those differences were not of insuperable magnitude. And in practically all cases the validity of their sacraments is as good as ours. For instance, a dying Catholic can confess and receive the Last Rites from a priest of these separated Churches. The ceremonies, such as the Liturgy of the Mass, are the same for both Catholics and Dissidents of these rites.

These are the peoples whom the kindly Pope John invites to return again to the home where they properly belong. Too long have they wandered down different paths. The time is ripe when they should become again one flock under one Shepherd. They can look back with pride to those early days of the Church when over twenty Popes came from the ranks of the Easterners. Their heritage is the same as that of Rome: the heritage of the monks of the desert, of Athanasius, of Ephraem, of both Gregorys, of Basil and a hundred others. It is a heritage they share with us of Rome, and let us pray this month that our future will be shared together.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



Chaldean Mass (left) is celebrated by Father Banks assisted by Khuri Yusuf. The Kiss of Peace between two bishops of the Oriental Rites (below) typifies the Mission Intention for January.





Mainland of China with port of Amoy at far left looms over Isle of Ta-tan.

THE CEASELESS WATCH



WHEN THE GUNS of the enemy are forever trained on you and may let fly at any moment you are not likely to let your guard down even for a moment. That is the situation for the Nationalist Chinese troops who are stationed on the tiny isles under the forbidding shadow of the China mainland.

Father John Dahlheimer S.J. longed for years to be a missionary in China. But he never dreamt that his first glimpse of those shores would come as it actually did—as a chaplain flying from his base in Formosa to bring spiritual solace to the Catholic troops on the group of islands known as Matsu. Since that first visit he has returned regularly (there is no chaplain stationed there) and his figure (never exactly on the slight side) is now a familiar sight.

Guard stands on watch, for the Communists pepper the Island with shellfire every other day. Every Nationalist soldier is well aware of the fate that would befall him if the isle fell.

Recently he sent some photos which he had taken on one of the isles called Ta-tan. "If the breeze is stiff enough you can spit right across it," is his description of its size. It is about three miles from the mainland, which is clearly visible as well as audible when the every-other-day shelling breaks out.

The watchword is vigilance and the never-ending training in all the phases of land and sea war keeps the Nationalist soldiers very much on their toes. Stationed on the Matsu Complex are Navy Underwater Demolition Teams, Motor Battalions, Air Force units, infantry, etc. All in all, they present a tough and ready fighting force, a fact which the Communists have already discovered, and to their sorrow. But the troops on these tiny isles know how important they are to China's very existence and their Chaplain proudly says, "These are my men."

The presence on the main island of Formosa of so many missionaries who



Time out for the amenities of life.

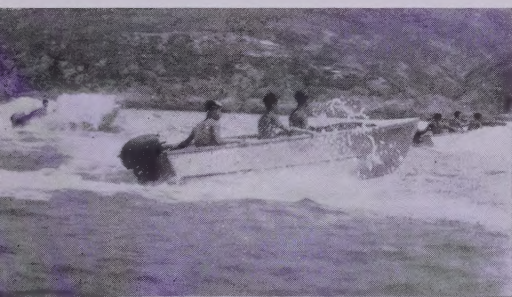
A fellow member of the infantry does a bit of barbering—and you can be sure that it is one of the no-gunfire days. The nearby mainland is well fortified with heavy guns as these men know.

Sea dogs of this generation and our mode of warfare are these frogmen of Free China. Tough and well-trained, they are not the type one would like against him in an under-water battle.





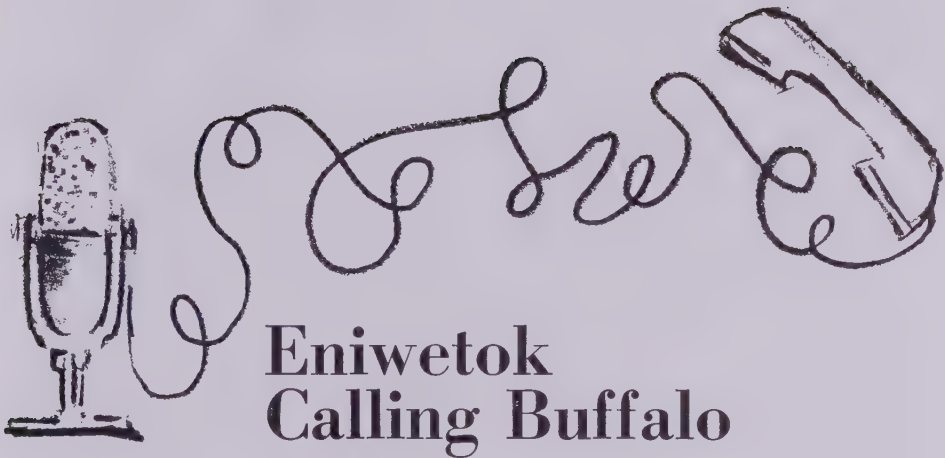
Chaplain is pictured against the background of the Chinese mainland where he yearned for years to carry the Gospel of Christ. The rocks around him are pockmarked by the estimated 70,000 rounds of shells which the island has experienced. Father Dahlheimer is the official chaplain for the Matsu Isles.



were driven out of China by the Red regime has meant much to the Catholic Church. The number of converts has increased by leaps and bounds and every priest has his hands full of prospective Catholics who still need instruction. The growth of the Church is reflected in the increasing number of Catholic soldiers among those guarding the island outposts so the once-in-a-while trips of Father Dahlheimer are now regular jaunts.

The February Mission Intention is "that the persecuted Church in China will be efficaciously supported by the sound and holy solidarity of the entire Catholic world." For ten years now the Chinese Catholics have suffered all kinds of persecution and martyrdom. They have been attacked from within and from without and it is to their everlasting glory that so many have stood up under the pressure. Let us be very mindful of them during February.

Frogmen play an important part in the defense of Nationalist China against the Communists. (Left, above) Speedboat races into one of the off-shore islands with group of frogmen. (Left) Another group emerges, after an investigatory exploration under the waters lest new mines have been placed at night.



Eniwetok Calling Buffalo

The Pacific gets the number and party but . . .

IT WAS AN unusual bit of luck that brought me to Eniwetok in the Atomic fringe area of the Marshalls. It was the first time I was able to get away from my base at Majuro in over a year and I was enjoying my last evening when the word came, "The 'Ham Shack' has made contact with the east coast. Would you be interested in speaking with someone at home?" I was off and running in the darkness.

When I reached the Ham shack it was eleven P.M. That would make it seven in the morning back in Buffalo. Radio Eniwetok called through to a Ham operator in Akron, Ohio. By long distance telephone the call continued on to Buffalo. Strangely, the phone number I knew as a boy was still the right one. The phone rang and rang. "Dad must have gone to work," I mused. "Let's try Garfield 2827 and see if we can find grandmother up and about." In two rings I could hear the "Hello!" on the other end. It was my aunt as clear as day. Yes, she would take the call.

It was a thrill to slip into grandma's kitchen (that's where the phone is) again after all these years and chat as we did of old. I told them where I was, how I

got there and asked, "Is everybody well? Over." The familiar voice came back but it was noisy. I could pick out phrases not sentences. Finally there was a break on "over," and I urged, "Put grandma on. Over." Even though there was distortion it was she. The same intonation, the same idiom, the exuberant happiness that had come over that phone in the years gone by. I almost wasn't listening to what she said. I strained rather to fill myself with grandma who seemed to penetrate the loud-speaker with a thousand other memories. Finally, she seemed to poise her ninety years in a new climax of achievement and summed up her farewell in an unctious "Over."

Two weeks later a letter came in from dad. "Grandma said we had a call from Eniwetok. The fellow said he was putting the call through for Father Leonard. It was a little noisy. We missed some, didn't catch his name; said everything is fine in Majuro. You know it sounded just like Father Leonard. Only it wasn't he because he's in Majuro. Wish he had been on Eniwetok so we could have talked to him" . . . ! ! !

LEONARD HACKER S.J.

Window on the Mission

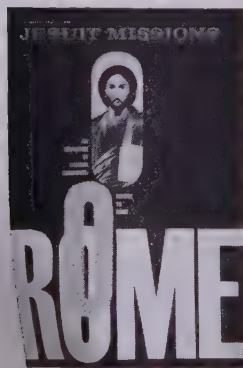
The Conference on Eastern Rites, sponsored by Fordham University, discussed the issues which separate the schismatic Churches from the Holy See. The discussion was led by a Catholic priest and a professor at an Orthodox Seminary. The new Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, James A. Coucouzes, visited the Unitas center in Rome before coming to the United States and delivered an address on Orthodox-Catholic relations. The Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople, Athenagoras, replied to the Pope's Christmas appeal for unity in a gracious and hopeful message.

Most of the Orthodox Churches are represented on the World Council of Churches of Protestants. Frequent discussions about unity have taken place between Orthodox and Protestant theologians. Even the Russian Orthodox leaders met with a group of Anglicans in Moscow in 1956 to exchange ideas on doctrine with a view to eventual unity. Any Catholic who reads the reports of such meetings sees that there are deep differences between Orthodox teaching and Protestant teachings. The Orthodox

are certainly much closer in belief to the Catholic Church than to the Protestant. A statement of Orthodox doctrine would include belief in the Holy Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Immaculate Conception, the Virgin Birth, the necessity of the Church, the seven Sacraments, veneration of the saints and images, Purgatory, tradition. Very few Protestant groups would accept even two of these beliefs; for instance, the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ.

The sorrow of the separation of the Orthodox from the Catholic Church is evident in a country such as Lebanon where there are six Eastern Rites united with the Holy See and four Orthodox Rites. Together they represent 51% of the population; but Moslems are well over 45%. The separation, then, constitutes a weakness for Christianity, in spite of its thin majority.

For more than thirty years Jesuits from Europe and America, baptized in the Latin Rite, have been ordained for the Byzantine Rite which is used by the Russians. A New England Jesuit in Baghdad celebrates Mass in the Latin and Chaldean Rites. A Jesuit in Alaska celebrates Mass in the Latin and Byzantine Rites, since there are a number of Russian Orthodox Christians in Alaska. The active head of the missionary congregation of Propaganda in Rome is Cardinal Agagianian, the first Eastern Rite Cardinal in the central government of the Church for several centuries. There is



Unbroken as a circle, as a line without end, is the kind of unity depicted by artist Phil Franznick—the unity which Our Lord prayed for during His last night before He went out to seal that unity with His blood. "That they may be one, Father, even as we . . ."



a special Congregation at the Vatican for the Eastern Rites and the Church is preparing a special Code of Canon Law for the Eastern Churches.

The reunion of the Orthodox Churches with the Catholic Church would add 130,000,000 members who would be located with some strength in the Middle East and Northern Africa where the power of Islam is so great, while it would give wonderful strength to the Church in Russia and the satellite nations.

Modern Saviors and Prophets

While we are talking about the sorrow of the divisions in Christianity, we note a disturbing situation which has arisen in some parts of Africa. Some Africans are starting their own religions. These religions are a mixture of Christianity with strong emphasis on Old Testament Prophets and the Messias, of the local religions and of a heavy dose of nationalism and race-consciousness. The disturbing feature is that many Catholics and Protestants are recruited into these new movements. Thirty to forty percent of the Christians of an area have joined these new religions which have become a political as well as a religious problem because of the vehement emphasis on the racial issues. No one of the movements has acquired startling numerical strength. But they do confuse the religious picture in the minds of many Africans. Catholics and Protestants have taken part in these movements for awhile; then many return to their former Churches, after the first burst of enthusiasm has died. These events show how important is the insistence by the Church on an African hierarchy and an African priesthood.

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Future plans for the Church in Honduras are explained by Father William Ulrich S.J.

GOLD IN THOSE

God keeps His word with those who keep His

word—and a Honduras missionary proves it

WILLIAM A. ULRICH S.J.

YEARS AGO I swapped my pen for a saddle bag and tried to develop the leg muscles and grow callouses to cushion the monotony of the mule's gait. As a consequence my writing arm has atrophied. Hence my long silence.

Here on the Honduras Mission my trips among the people follow a certain routine but never get monotonous. A few weeks ago I experienced my most difficult trip. After having three Masses at three different towns on Sunday, I set out early Monday, following a lumber trail up the mountains as far as I could go in the jeep. I then took the cushions out from the jeep, lest they be eaten by cattle, tied thorny brush with tie-tie vine around the car for further protection and left it there.

I then mounted a mule and began climbing—up hill after hill, until we dropped down in a river bed. There I had a bite to eat. Ahead of me was the *Nombre de Dios* mountain range, which had to be crossed to get to *Nuevo Florida*. This took me about three and a half hours. Then along the *Rio Lean*, finally arriving at my destination after five and a half hours of mountain-climbing via mule, during which time it had been raining most of the way. I had dismounted and was trying to get my knees back into their sockets when someone informed me that there was an *agonizanda* (dying woman) yearning to see a priest before she met her God.

"How far?" I asked.

"Right here, no further, the first house on the other side of the creek," I was told. This turned out to be about six miles. But what a thrill it was to see the celestial joy on that 94-year-old face when she saw me approach her cot and knew I had brought her the last rites of the Catholic Church!

I learned that my visit was the first of a Catholic priest in that village, so for 54 years, since her marriage in *Tela*, this aged woman had not been to the sacraments. "*O Maria santisima*, how good is my God!" she cried with her arms stretched upward as though she were reaching for an angel's arm to take her home. As she received the Last Sacraments, with glistening, peaceful eyes she repeated her *nunc dimittis*.

With great peace in my own heart I went back to the village of my main destination to hear the confessions of the 70 or 80 people who had arrived that very afternoon from distant scattered parts of the mountainous regions. That night, after confessions and religious instructions, everyone finally quieted down about 11:30, looking forward to the next morning when they would receive Holy Communion and be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The men slept outdoors and the women and children in the large house with its thatched roof, bamboo siding and earth under foot. I had a canvas cot, partitioned off in one corner with bamboo covered with crocus bags, so that I might have a little pri-

HILLS

Rugged are the trails of the Honduras mountains and rugged is the way of life there. The inevitable burro, the well, the babe in arms, are all essential components of the ordinary scene.





Relic of the Mayan civilization which flourished before Europe discovered America is this pillar in Central America.



Poverty is the lot of these dwellers in the hills but even that does not shake the deep faith implanted by the missionaries so long ago, as Father Ulrich's story well illustrates.



vacy. But little privacy was mine, with three hens setting beneath my cot and two babies heaped in a small blue denim hammock strung at my feet.

More people came the next morning for Mass. After breakfast I had 36 baptisms, besides blessing everything from corn seed to holy water and pictures. The long absence of a priest always means a multiplication of things to be done.

At about one p.m. I made my return journey back over the same mountains, through more rain, to *Bolsita*, where the people of that territory awaited me.

As we came down the pine slope my guide let loose a warwhoop which soon resounded from the hills walling up the valley on the other side of the river. The people of *Bolsita* caught it and more whoops came back. They lit a huge bonfire and gave me a truly cordial welcome. I felt right at home.

It is miraculous that these people have clung so diligently to the Catholic faith for so many years, with rarely a visit from a priest. They know their Rosary well and sing the hymns with much fervor. And I am sure that the confessions they make in their own way are very pleasing to Almighty God.

Two days later, tired but overjoyed that I had brought peace and happiness to so many of these good people, I returned to my jeep. I was relieved to find it untouched by the horns of roaming cattle, who can be very curious.

I then struck out in the other direction to Majada, where they were finishing a Novena in honor of St. Anthony. As I offered Benediction that evening I thanked God for the privilege that is mine—that of bringing His Word to the peoples of these mountainous territories and I ask the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* to pray that this grace will continue to be mine in my Honduras mission.

Mission Items

Prime example of the unity among Eastern Christians, as called for in the January Mission Intention, is given by the statistics from Baghdad College, run by the American Jesuits. Of the entire enrollment of 748, close to 60% are Christians of nine different Catholic and non-Catholic rites. The rest of the number are mainly Moslems. But an intangible thing like school spirit can overcome all the differences of centuries. The same union is noted in the high division of

Al-Hikma University where the proportion between Christian and non-Christian students is almost equal. And this is true in a country which has been recently beset by all kinds of political troubles.

Remember that the annual Chair of Unity Octave will be held from January 18 to the 25th. All parts of the Catholic world will pray fervently for the reunion of Christendom, the return of lapsed Catholics, and the conversion of all unbelievers to the one, true Faith.



Flying the wastes of Alaska is not the most desired job in the world. But Father Jules Convert S.J., shown here refueling his Super Cub plane, finds it much better than the dogsled he once used. It is necessary to change from skis to floats as the seasons change but he now can leave his main station at Kaltag and the villages of the mid-Yukon and say two Masses at different places. As a result, Unalakleet and other villages along the Koyakuk River are visited weekly. Our latest state needs our latest advantages.

Mission Items

Letters are fun, at least in the receiving, and we would like to quote a couple. Bill Kelly is a lay missionary in Alaska. Here's what he thinks of the youngsters whom he teaches at St. Marys: "What kids . . . you'd love them! They're so polite and when they look at you with those squinting black eyes, you can't help but melt. They're never fresh or bold and they are so full of fun. Even the boys make no secret of the fact they like you . . . they come running when you come outdoors; even the older fellows start asking about volley ball or the movie or anything. They are so simple, open, friendly and gentle. In a word, never did I meet such Christian people; they really love one another."

Another letter from a JM reader says, "Last summer my sons, Peter and Michael (7 and 5 years old), sold their comic books and made a whole dollar. Boy, they had great plans for that dollar so I asked them about sending it to the missions and no mother was ever so proud as I was of my two monsters when they agreed. Ever since, they have been haunting me to send it. So when I read in the 'Wanted' column that Father Morgan in Baghdad needed a dollar for 50 leaflets to distribute in his apostolate in honor of the Sacred Heart I decided that this would be a good cause for that dollar." After the mother's signature came the laboriously printed endorsements, "Peter" and Mike."

Good goods. Back in Cleveland after 32 years on the Patna Mission in India, Father John Brennan displays the same trousers he wore when he left this country in 1927. But there were other things which time had worn away. When he arrived at the airport he courteously inquired of one man welcoming him whether or not they had ever met before. After a stunned silence the man quietly replied, "Jack, I'm your brother!"

In Ceylon the one telephone directory which embraces the whole island speaks of the reduced rates at night for long distance calls, but also mentions something vaguely termed "disturbance charges." One morning Father Claude Daly in Muthur had to call Trincomalee. It was not yet eight o'clock so he could do it at a reduced rate. He hurried to the post office which was not yet opened, but the postmaster obligingly let Father in the back door. When Father Daly had finished his call, the postmaster asked for 55 cents.

"Usually it is only 50 cents," Father objected. "And before eight o'clock it ought to be only 30 cents. The book says so."

"Yes," the postmaster explained, "before eight o'clock the call itself is only 30 cents; but since the post office doesn't open until eight o'clock, you must pay a 'disturbance charge' of 25 cents. The book says so!"

Sometimes the early bird gets bit by the worm. And Father Daly is now reading the fine print in the telephone book.





Father Leo Butler spent nearly two-thirds of his Jesuit life in Jamaica. Last June Holy Cross College in Worcester honored him as its oldest living graduate. He converted thousands of Chinese in Jamaica and was loved by all who came in contact with him.

IN MEMORIAM

As we prepare this issue of JM for press word has arrived of the deaths of several other missionaries besides Father Cunningham (page 18) and Father Kammerer (page 30). They are Father Joseph Reith in the Philippines—he has never left there since 1932—who was formerly Business Manager of JM; Father Leo Butler whose length of service in Jamaica fell just short of the famed Father DuPont's; and Father Harry Birney, Rector of Jaipur in India and brother of Father Leo, JM's Circulation Manager, and of Father James, Jesuit missionary among the Indians of Sault Ste. Marie.

If we look at their ages or the geographical fields where they died they wouldn't seem to have much in common. Father Kammerer, 86, had spent over a half century in British Honduras; Father Butler, 81, was over forty years in Jamaica; Father Reith, 65, had put in 28 years in the Philippines; Father Cunningham, 53, had known Alaska for over a quarter of a century; Father Birney had been a dozen years in India before his death at the age of 46.

But one thing they all had in common. They loved God and they offered up their lives for Him and His Kingdom. May their reward be exceeding great!



Father Joseph Reith spent 28 years in the Philippines and all of that time was in what is now the Cagayan Archdiocese on the island of Mindanao. Every assignment was to a mission in the bush and, prodigious builder that he was, Father Reith transformed each place. R.I.P.

BLAME THE SUN

*Jesuit scientists in the Philippines
trace troubles from above*

PAUL B. HUGENDOBLER S.J.

ORINARY FOLK don't spend time looking into the face of the sun. It is a blinding experience and of no profit. A few there are, however, who make a profession of such looking—to see not so much the beauty of the fiery furnace of the Lord, but what we call the trouble spots on the blazing golden disc.

As Head of the Solar Division, Father Charles A. Miller S.J. of the Manila Observatory in Baguio, in the Philippines, is charged with the work of checking for sun spots every day. By making Calcium Filtergrams, Hydrogen Filtergrams and taking pictures in white light, the secrets

of Old Sol are uncovered. Recently spots larger and more active than ordinary appeared on his photos. Then shortly after things began to happen down here, 93 million miles away.

In another part of the Observatory, Father James J. Hennessey S.J. watched carefully the changes taking place 600 kilometers in the atmosphere, in the region known as the ionosphere. His electronic equipment reaches up into that region with its electric high voltage impulses—every fifteen minutes, and catches the echo as it returns. As Director of the Jesuit Observatory, Father Hennessey

sends out his information of Ionospheric storms—called S.I.D.'s (Sudden Ionospheric Disturbances) so that overseas radio communications work might know that danger lies ahead. In the upper region, radio waves of the short wave broadcasts usually are reflected to earth over great distances. When the S.I.D. changes conditions, these short waves are absorbed instead of reflected. Thus it is that radio blackouts occur.

The Manila Observatory is busy with research work. Its work goes on twenty-four hours a day and its records pile up

year after year. The results of its work are joined with that of the many other like stations throughout the world in order that our scientific knowledge might be widened and clarified. Thus its Jesuit staff is making a valuable contribution for the Church to world science in the most acceptably modern scientific way. The dedication of time, money and talent shows how seriously she takes her interest. In this way does she point the way to God and His great works in the heavens and deep in the earth, for all men to understand and humbly recognize.



Plotting in the best sense of the word are (top) Father Bernard Doucette and (left) Father Richard Miller of the Jesuit Observatory at Baguio in the Philippines. Their field of study ranges from the heavens to the heart of the earth. So Father Doucette studies two visual earthquake recorders to determine what kind of tremor is in progress while Father Miller scans the skies through a powerful telescope. The latter's findings send him scurrying (above) to the astronomy library. The observatory, formerly in Manila before it was destroyed in World War II, is well known all over the Pacific for the score of times it has sent out life-saving warnings of typhoons and tidal waves.



FATHER TOM CUNNINGHAM S.J., the Arctic priest, died suddenly a short while ago at his post in Point Barrow.

I remember way back in August, 1930 when I stepped off a Yukon boat. It was raining, the mud was deep, and the mosquitoes having a field day. Fr. Tom, clad in slicker and boots, greeted me with a smile, "Oh, the mosquitoes—they weigh a pound and sit on the log and bark!" He never did lose his quiet, but penetrating, gift of humor. He was only a scholastic then. He had come all the way from New Zealand to become an Alaskan missionary.

As years went by he sought out the hard places. He was the first pastor of Little Diomedé just across from Siberia. He was even captured by the Russians and escaped only through the agency of the Chief of Big Diomedé whose child he had saved the previous winter. He mastered the difficult Eskimo language whose root words have as high as 2,000 variations. His marksmanship saved an entire village which was on the verge of starvation. He was a first class boatman and one time came across from Little Diomedé alone and landed with his hand frozen to the tiller.

MEMORIES IN THE LONG

Those who have known the Arctic will experience
a lonelier and deeper emptiness now that the gay Irishman,
"Father Tom," has been called home by Almighty God

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

He mocked death at almost every step. He roamed around the Arctic wastes by dog-team alone and was able to pin-point his position by his knowledge of astronomy. His work on the ice-packs with a group of international geophysicists merited him a medal from the Air Force. But I think that it was these long sieges near the North Pole in total darkness that finally killed him.

When I last saw him I was shocked at his tired condition. Still he wished to go back to his post at Point Barrow, our farthest northern mission, right on the tip of North America. It was there that the angel of death finally overtook him just after he had finished Mass.

May he rest in peace, for he never rested here on earth. He literally burnt himself out. His life is a saga and only angels know what he actually suffered. His friends, whom he counted by the thousands, were shocked at the sudden A.P. flash by radio. He was only 53. The Air Force rushed a plane to Barrow to bring his body to Fairbanks. A fifteen-gun-salute showed what the Air Corps thought of him. Bishop Francis D. Gleeson celebrated the Requiem Mass. How we shall miss Father Tom!

NIGHT

"Father Tom" was one of those rare men who do everything well and in the very doing win all hearts. He loved God, and saw Him in these children of the North-land. So he traveled the lonely wastes of land and sea, his quick mind piercing the secrets of the Arctic, his hand ready for rifle or Holy Oils, his laughter a shy but warm one, his heart the kind that every priest would like to have.

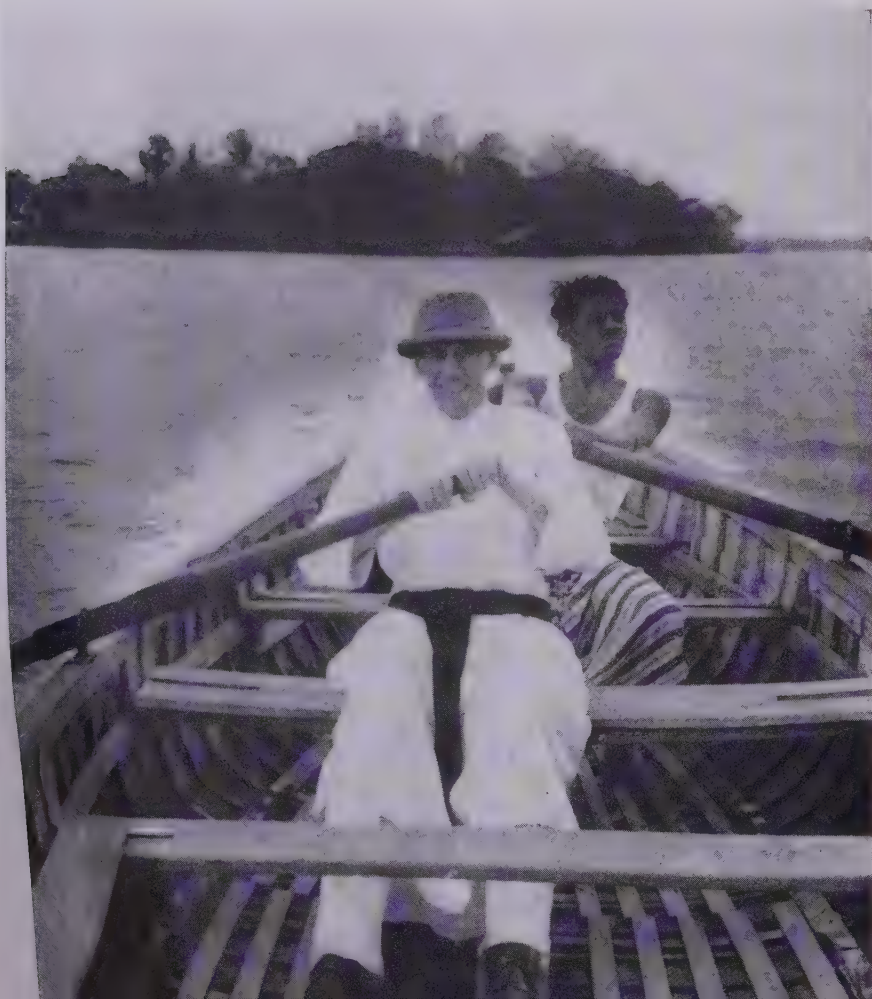
He went through so much we can understand God's, "Enough, Tom. Come and rest."



IT'S A LONG PULL

Running a seminary in Ceylon involves much more
than discoursing on the beauty and mysteries of
God—it involves the mysteries of human nature

JOSEPH H. MEYER S.J.



SEMINARIES are like monasteries—nothing ever happens. Oh, is that so? The other day one of my prize seminarians—Ignacy—came to me to say that he was not able to sleep in his bed. He was willing to keep the bed to save face, but to save his bones, he wanted to sleep under the bed. His complaint was that he kept falling out of bed, four and five times a night! We finally got him to keep trying and see if our local fall-out problem could be solved.

With the solution of one difficulty, another always presents itself. Chellan is the old man who waters the young coconuts around the seminary. Since he uses most of our water, it seemed reasonable that he should be the one in charge of running the pump and tank.

My instructions to Chellan were simply, "Keep the tank full!" Chellan understood and promised to do the needful. Several days later, however, we had no water in the house. So I went in search of the water supervisor.

"Chellan," I said, "I thought we had agreed that you would see to it that we always had water—'plenty of water.'"

"We got water, Father—plenty of water!"

"What do you mean 'plenty of water'? There hasn't been a drop of water in the house for the past two hours!"

"The tank is full, Father. Look at the gauge."

"How is it, then, that we haven't any water in the house?"

"Oh, I've turned off the valve leading to the house. If I let the water go to the house, the seminarians use it!"

But while we're on water and water tanks let me tell you another. We have an electric current which, however, is very unstable. We're a long way from the powerhouse—almost at the end of the line. If a lot of users along the way switch on the current, we might get only enough to make a 100-watt bulb visible with a dim, flickery glow. Then again it might come on with such power

that all the bulbs in the house look like arc lamps. This is not too good for an electric motor, so we haven't installed ours permanently. Whenever we use this motor it is necessary to stand by at all times to turn off the current if it becomes too much or too little for the motor. I was doing this "stand-by" duty one day while the water tank was filling. I didn't dare leave the motor unattended, but I wanted very badly to see what the gauge read on the water tank, and I couldn't see it from where I was. Our tank has a queer little gimmick—this gauge—which the contractor invented all by himself. It generally works, but it's not the simplest thing in the world to read. While I was watching the motor, the seminarians were having a game of volley-ball a short distance away. I called one of them over and asked if he knew how to tell how much water was in the tank.

"Of course," he said.

"Well, go see then."

"I know how to tell how much water is in the tank, but I don't know how to climb up to the top to look in."

I dismissed him and called another. "Do you know how to tell how much water is in the tank?"

"Yes," he said, and thinking I was looking for a translation, he put my question into Sinhalese for me.

He also got promptly dismissed, and I tried a third. "Do you," I repeated, "know how to tell how much water there is in the tank?"

He studied the problem a minute and then said: "Length times breadth times altitude times 6.25 will give you the answer in gallons."

I guessed that I was not making myself very clear. I was glad to find that one of the seminarians was sharp in arithmetic, but to find out how much water was in the tank, I shut off the electric motor and went over and took a sharp look at the gauge myself. Ah, peace! But it's a long pull!

TETANUS MEANS TROUBLE

*In India a missionary must
be a doctor and an analyst
as well as being a priest*

E. VINCENT GALLAGHER S.J.

OUT HERE in India when a baby is born we don't think about the birds and the bees nor do we look for a stork flying away. But what we do look for is a rusty knife which the midwife may have used. For that means tetanus—and tetanus means trouble.

Recently we had a sad experience in Awarhi, where there are quite a number of Catholics. Within a period of about three weeks, five babies were born. Two of the first four born died of tetanus, because the midwife had used a rusty old knife and the infants had not received the anti-tetanus serum.

Six days after the third baby was born I was called to Awarhi. Hearing the symptoms I immediately suspected tetanus and used up all the anti-tetanus serum I had, both preventive



and curative, and then brought up all the serum available in Koath. When that was not enough, I sent to Patna. The messenger traveled all night only to find upon his return the next day that the infant had died.

I would like to keep enough serum on hand to handle such heart-breaking situations. But the trouble is the expense. The preventive dose is not so bad and we would like to give that to every one of our new-born babies, because so many of them die of tetanus within a week of birth. This preventive dose would cost about two rupees each—or one dollar to save the lives of two babies.

A baby who doesn't get the preventive injection and gets the rusty knife treatment is a heart-breaking case indeed. We do all we can for the little one and

give him what we call the big needle—the curative serum. One injection costs about three dollars and the baby needs four of these injections every day until the symptoms of tetanus disappear. And even after all this serum is used, and six or seven men are worn out in the inescapable trips to the villages and back for more serum, chances are about one in 1,000 that the baby will survive.

I am working on the idea of sending some of our more intelligent women to one of our Catholic hospitals for a short course in pre-natal care and midwifery. Prevention is better than cure at all times in tetanus. Our own women trained in our own hospitals and having the necessary instruments and medicines at hand could prevent most of the tetanus among our own Catholic babies. But at the

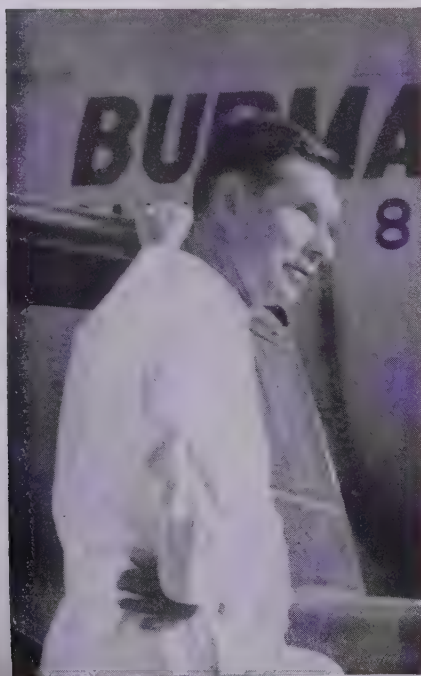
Poverty is always hardest on the young and those who do escape a disease like tetanus must still be cared for. Proper care can only come through skilled training and that is why Father Gallagher, as many another missionary, dreams of sending young girls to school at a top place like Holy Family Hospital in Patna.



moment. I fear the cost to do this would be prohibitive.

With regard to non-Catholics the situation is quite different. When a new-born baby begins to twist its mouth, clutches his little feet and screams with pain, the non-Catholics say that the god Jum has taken hold of the child. They consider this something like our diabolical possession. Hence they go looking for a goose which is supposed to be the favorite animal of Jum. The goose will immediately envelope the child with its wing and will not let go till the child recovers or dies. Since there is no way of telling whether the child really has tetanus or not, there is no way of check-

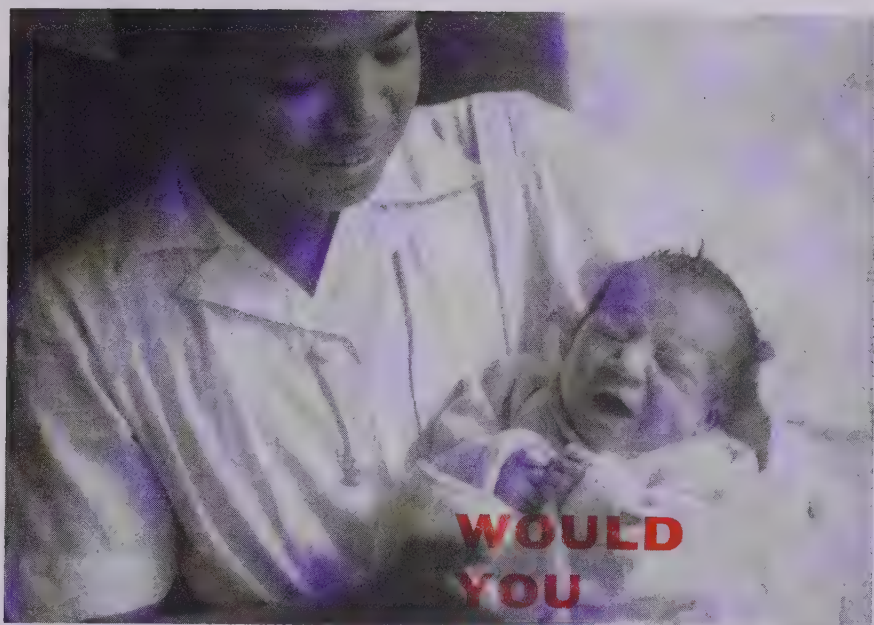
ing on reports that children get better through the goose treatment. Actually, I have never heard of a case where the people claimed it was tetanus and the infant recovered, but very, very few non-Catholics in this part of the world doubt the Jum theory. At times I fear that these old superstitions show themselves in our new Christians, so you see why I want to send some of our more intelligent women to the hospital for intensive training in the fundamentals of simple midwifery. And why, in the interim, I want to get a sufficient supply of anti-tetanus serum on hand so that every Catholic baby born can be guarded against this dread infection.



The author, who still keeps his sense of humor despite what he must face, insists that there is absolutely no connection or significance in the gas tank in the background and his own presence.

Love shines more brightly in the eyes of this Indian lassie than do the beads which intrigue her young charge. But the future years of poverty and malnutrition may put a quick end to that brightness.





**WOULD
YOU
LIKE
TO
HELP...
PLEASE**

Would you give 50¢ to help to save the life of a baby? Father Gallagher, whose story is told on the preceding pages, desperately needs help. He must have anti-tetanus serum for these infants and he would love to have some funds for training nurses in the care of new-born babies. Send any size gift, to save one baby or many, to:

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NORTH POINT in Darjeeling, the Georgetown Prep of India, run by the Canadian Jesuits, challenged the Goethals Memorial School, run by the Irish Christian Brothers, and situated in Kurseong just a short distance from our St. Mary's College. North Point had just changed their wooden basketball supports to beautifully arched concrete posts and this was to be the inauguration of their new court.

The Goethals' athletic director asked me to help get the team in shape for the match, the first they had ever had. Besides the practice sessions at Goethals, twice in those two weeks we had the boys come over to play the Jesuits. Both times, as the boys put it, Father Dietrich was too much for them, but that valuable experience taught them much. In fact, we were to find, to our sorrow, exactly how well they had learned.

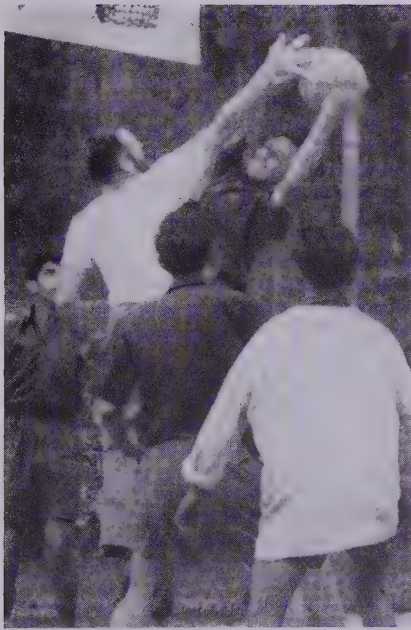
On the big day I went along to Dar-

HIMALAYAN BASKETBALL

The mountains are the highest

*but the students attempt to go
even higher while on the court*

RICHARD C. McHUGH S.J.



No beatniks here although bearded Larry Dietrich S.J. of Philadelphia may give that impression. But ask those who have to stop him on the Himalayan basketball court not far from Darjeeling where Jesuits from all India spend their theology days.



jeeling as coach, Father Dietrich as referee and, just to be impartial, we had a former teacher at North Point, now at St. Mary's, as the other referee. Of the ten boys who made the trip, eight are Chinese from Calcutta, one Punjali, and one Goan.

There is Lee, the center, who is the brains of the team, and calm and cool on the court. He hardly misses his jump shot from the pivot. C. K. Yung, whose nickname is "Sickness," and who shoots quite accurately with his eyes closed, starts as right guard. Shong, the bookworm, controls the backboard on offense, and is a real workhorse with a good lay-up. Chin takes the ball up for the team and starts the plays working. On defense he's always dangerous. Then there's Fatty Lin, every inch of whom is solid steel. He's fast and shifty and hard to beat on his drive-in for a shot. D'Santos, No. 1 sub, is a master at deception. Be-

fore the other team even discovers that he's playing (he walks around as though he has lost something) he manages to score six or eight points.

The whistle blew and the boys worked like a clock. After ten minutes of play the North Point rooters were stunned by Goethals' smooth offense, and drumtight defense. Whispers were going back and forth, "How do they do it?"; "We don't have a chance"; "At least in cricket we win." Half time score showed Goethals ahead 26-6. The second team had played the last four minutes of the first half and they stayed in for the second half. Final score read 48-17. About the game itself all that can be said is that Goethals had their own way. They looked like champs. After the game the hosts provided a very nice tea, and then with a much more costly sportsmanship than Goethals needed, gave us a friendly send-off. So back to North Point.

GRAND OLD MAN

For over fifty years he served God

in a forgotten corner of the world

EVERYBODY in British Honduras knew "the grand old man," Father Joseph B. Kammerer S.J., who died there recently at the advanced age of 86. He had spent 52 years on the mission and he had literally worn himself out for Christ. This past year a questionnaire had been sent out to our missionaries from JM and to the question concerning one's present duties Father Kammerer had answered simply, poignantly, "I'm an invalid confined to my room."

But there was many a year when this priest had traveled the jungle trails and endured the hurricanes and storms which so often had made a shambles of this coastal colony. During his last years he lived mostly in the Corozal District in the north and most of the people there proudly claim that he baptized them, married them, or taught them in school. This had been "home" for him during many years of his early ministry and his zeal is well attested by the fact that Holy Communions in his first year numbered 3,973 but that seven years later they had risen to 16,305. All this happened despite the fact that the district was heavily penetrated by the persistent Seventh Day Adventists and anticlericalism in general.

Father Kammerer was Superior of the Mission from 1921 to 1928. During this time he was also head of St. John's College and as such he led the fight against the yellow fever epidemic which had broken out. His coolness and resourcefulness resulted in the saving of many lives. Not one of the students died from the devastating disease.

During his regime as Superior the mission made tremendous progress in building up the educational system of which it can be so rightly proud. What did it matter that in a few short years the material side of that program would be smashed into rubble by the hurricane of 1931? A pattern had been set, and heartsick men in this "mission of beginning again" would start anew the tedious task of forming that pattern once more, made stronger by experience.

So "the grand old man of the mission" has gone home at last. He had come to British Honduras before the first World War and in his time he had seen roads and automobiles replace the bush trails and the horses which he had used so often. The long boat trips up the jungle rivers are over now for this veteran of Christ. His reward will be exceedingly great, even as his labors were.

"Grand old man" of British Honduras, the late Father Kammerer, has left a record of achievement.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

Footnote to the Picture of Father Convert (p. 15) in the plane he flies the dangerous Alaskan routes is the following: "I had to put larger skis on the plane for this winter because the original ones couldn't take the deep loose snow on which most of my landings are made. It cost me \$500." Any plane, ski, or just mission enthusiasts who can send a dollar or two to keep Father flying?

A Shrine to Our Lady is requested by Father Wilzbacher of Samastipur in India. "Our little church is only a big room in an ordinary building. Our little shrine would be on an elevation forty feet above the road and be visible for a long distance. We can manage cheaply, digging up the broken brick ourselves from ruins nearby . . ." What sweeter attraction could there be to those who know not Christ than the lovely Mother who wins the hearts of all? We will gladly send on your gift, \$1.00, \$2.00, or more.

It's the Little Things which mount up and make life a little more worrisome for the missionary. There are a score of ordinary, day-to-day items which he must have but they sound so insignificant he hesitates to ask for them. For example, a month's supply of Mass wine costs, on some missions, about \$2.50; candles for a month come to about \$1.50; to run the parish rectory around \$2.00 a day. A church in Formosa has so many daily communicants that the monthly bill for

Communion hosts is \$20.00. When a man has to count carefully his pesos or rupees or shillings he gets a big lift out of a small gift designated just for these daily expenses. Could you send a little gift for little things?

Mueffel's College at Orange Walk in British Honduras may not get the headlines often but the Missouri Province Jesuits there have headaches instead. One of these is the attempt to make the day to day expenses. Because of lack of funds many prospective pupils cannot attend. Tuition is only five dollars a month but that is just too much for many families. Could you help someone receive the very necessary schooling by contributing a month's tuition, or a part?

Deep in Jamaica's Hills lies the little village of Avocat. It has long been a Catholic center and is a mission station of Port Antonio. Father Gardiner Gibson writes: "I am under pressure from the Ministry of Education to fix up the school which is in terrible shape and to build a new Teacher's Cottage. The government will pay most of the cost but my share will run to about \$1,000—which I just don't have. I have never before been in such desperate need for help . . ." And Father Gibson, to benefit from the government allotment, must finish before March when the financial year closes! A dollar or a thousand dollars would be prayerfully welcomed.



FOR MARY'S ALTAR

The Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Hsinchu, Formosa, is badly in need of vestments that will befit its new and beautiful altar. Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J. asks especially for vestments worn at Solemn High Masses. Two sets are needed, one red and one black, and each will cost \$150.

Could you contribute at least part of the cost?

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THE WINTER IS LONG...

on the plains of the Dakotas and Montana. Here in the Northwest American Jesuits conduct missions among the Crow Indians, the Sioux, the Flatheads and other tribes. It is a terrific problem to provide even the necessities like fuel, potatoes, bread and clothing for these poor people during the long winter. Will you help with a gift of \$1.00, \$2.00 or whatever you can afford?

Send your contribution to

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JESUIT MISSIONS

MARCH 1960



**WORLD
REFUGEE
YEAR**
1959/1960





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

**Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:**

Baghdad
Ceylon
Alaska
Belize
Japan
Burma
China
Caroline Islands
Formosa
Jamaica
Jamshedpur
Korea
Patna
Philippines
Marshall Islands
Nepal
Yoro
American Indians
Puerto Rico

March, 1960, Vol. 34, No. 2



THE WORLD REFUGEE YEAR



In 1958 59 members of the General Assembly of the United Nations voted for a World Refugee Year, to run from July 1, 1959 to June 30, 1960. The purpose was to focus the world's attention on these poor people who so tragically symbolize the unrest of our time and to intensify both government and private efforts toward a solution of a problem which concerns all of us. JESUIT MISSIONS attempts to spotlight the hunger that tears at so many millions of our fellow humans, a hunger that is not limited to the refugees only but embraces all who know the depths of this world's misery. The men and women who are missionaries of Christ come face to face and heart to heart with those who hunger and thirst. We pray that the tiny glimpse offered in these pages will remind all who read that every image of God is also our brother.

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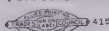
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The face of Krishna (left) tells the story of the world's hungry and destitute. This is a moment to cherish, to hug as closely as the precious bowl of food. This is a scene in India at a center where the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) provides food and care.

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The World Refugee Year
spotlights a real tragedy

...exile is

ARISE, and take the child and his mother, and flee into Egypt . . . for Herod will seek the child to destroy him" (Matthew 2, 13).

Long ago it was the Son of God-made-man fleeing before the murderous madness of the despot, Herod. Now millions flee before the inhumanity of modern despots. Then it was from Bethlehem to Egypt. Now it is from East Berlin to West Germany; from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia to Germany, Austria and Italy; from China to Hong Kong and Formosa; from North Korea to South Korea; from North Vietnam to South Vietnam; from Tibet to India. In spite of Iron and Bamboo Curtains thousands desperately take the road into exile, often with nothing more than the clothes on their backs; old people and little children, the strong and the mature. Night and day they steal across policed borders, seeking freedom and the chance of a better life. They could not take any more of the godless paradise of Communism. They were not content to have bread alone, for "not by bread alone shall man live," were the words of the first refugee of the Kingdom of God, the Lord Himself.

their lot

Exile and flight have been a constant experience of Catholics for centuries. Either they have been expelled or fled from their native lands because of attacks on their religion. The Apostles had to leave Jerusalem because of persecution. Today so many Bishops and priests have been expelled from China. For some this constant persecution of Catholics is a scandal which weakens their faith. For others it is the occasion of their lapse from the faith. For most others it is the fulfilment of the prophecy made by Our Lord. Even as He, the Church has gone about through the centuries doing good. And even as He, the Church has been hated and persecuted.

How very pertinent to our times is the word of Christ, "I was a stranger and you took me in." What a sad commentary on the boastful age, when millions of refugees and expellees wander the roadways of the world or are herded into camps. As the horror mounts, so must the charity shown to the least of Christ's brethren. It is a time of horrible injustice and inhumanity. But it is also a time of most generous and sacrificial love of the neighbor.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.





The homeless the almost



WORLD Refugee Year runs from July 1, 1959 to June 30, 1960. But no single year will suffice to bring life and light again to the almost dead eyes of over two million human beings. That brief period of time can only serve to concentrate our attention on a problem born of our own age and to take some initial steps towards its solution.

It is a year that follows closely upon the International Geophysical Year when the emphasis was placed upon scientific findings and achievements. This is a "human" year, and our tortured world sorely needs the soul-searching which it involves. A part of mankind roams the earth, homeless, rootless, its hope hardening into desperation. Some of them have known this bitter existence for over a decade; their children are growing into manhood with eyes dulled by the chill gloom of refugee camp living.

It is a problem that concerns all of mankind, for all of us were there in its beginning or are present now when it cries out for solution. The image of God walks the earth and has no home.

hopeless



It is not a catastrophe that has happened once and for all, like a fire or explosion, so that it involves a remedial process alone. It still goes on today—and as this is written weary and footsore Tibetans are crossing the border into India. Over 13,000 of them have fled in the last ten months.

Who and where are the refugees? The following summary includes only the main bodies:

Asia—over 1,000,000 in Hong Kong.

9,500 Europeans in China

1,000,000 Arabs in Near East

Africa—170,000 Algerians in Tunisia and Morocco

Europe—30,000 “alien” refugees in camps in Germany, Italy, Austria, Greece

100,000 “out of camp” refugees in all of Europe

Elsewhere—Chinese in Formosa, Thailand, Macao, Laos, Vietnam.

Tibetans in Nepal and India.

Refugees from Egypt

Displaced “nationals” from

Korea, Pakistan, Vietnam, etc.

So far the greater number of these people have taken refuge in missionary countries. That very fact accentuates their need. They fled to nations which themselves are undeveloped and are still lacking in material resources. That places a further strain on a limited economy. One look at the primitive conditions under which the refugees must live reveals a squalor and misery that is revolting to all concept of the dignity and pride of human beings.

It is a world problem, as well as a *de facto* missionary problem. These refugees fled from a terror which was born of inhumanity. But the fear which sent them flying was not a naked thing; it was veiled in hope. Escape was not meant to be the ending but only a beginning again. Now as the long days crawl by, that hope can lose its elasticity, it can harden into a caricature which ill befits the image of God. They are homeless; let them not be hopeless, too. The refugees, and all the poor and hungry of the world, belong to God—and to us.



Last mile from Communist China into freedom is covered by train with its anxious-eyed passengers.

HONG KONG: the crowded doorway



OVER a million refugees have swarmed out of China into this tiny island that is only 32 miles square. One out of every three persons is a refugee, risking life itself to cross the border and pass through the narrow doorway to freedom.

What does it matter to them that home will now be a shack of the crudest kind, that they may be forced to scrounge in garbage heaps for their food? They have escaped Communism, they are free, and in their hearts burns the eternal hope of every refugee the world over, "This is only for a time; soon I will have a home, a new life!"

From the village of Aberdeen on the south-western side of the island we have a good view of this emotion-packed

Bustling street of Hong Kong is crowded to overflowing these days with well over one million refugees from the mainland.



Stanton Creek houses three thousand families in close-packed sampans, the only homes many of the refugees are able to find.

drama in which a million souls play their parts. Here at the Regional Seminary for South China the Jesuits teach the young men who are preparing to become diocesan priests. Between the Seminary hill and the main road which encircles the island there is a neck of water called Stanton Creek. The creek is a useful typhoon shelter when the storms rage; it is at all times a sort of floating town for the poorest of the poor. More than three thousand families live there on little boats.

The seminarians do their best to bring whatever help they can to these suffering and hungry refugees. It is only a small part of the overall picture that is Hong Kong today but it is a true glimpse of the entire dark drama.

The refugees along Stanton Creek know the seminarians by now, and faces light up as these priests-to-be make their way along the cluttered river bank. They distribute food and clothing,

donated by generous America through the National Catholic Welfare; they assist at the mobile clinic, run by the Catholic Women's League, where for about three hours in a morning two hundred or more of the suffering gather around the motor-van for treatment.

Hong Kong is wonderfully blessed in one way—there seem to be a million children here. But the problem of educating them is ever present. Our poor children of Stanton Creek are too poor or backward to find a place in the ordinary schools. So the seminarians have divided them into three groups and instruct them four or five times a week.

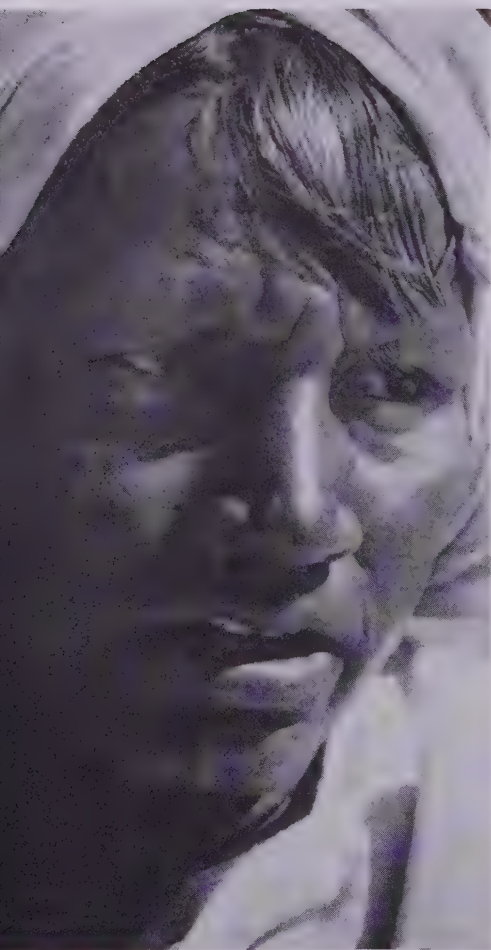
Very few of these poor people are Catholics. They badly need apostles who understand their ways; who are patient, endlessly patient, with them and entirely devoted to them. For never again must they know the terror which drove them through that crowded doorway!

JOSEPH GARLAND S.J.



Mission fields are a dark mirror
of the suffering of all the world

...who



Faith and Food

THE WORLD Refugee Year concentrates on a problem that is particularly of our generation. But there are other problems, similar in nature, which belong to all generations. No one is more familiar than the missionary with the heartaches which fill the world, the heartaches born of hunger of body, hunger of mind, hunger of heart. So Father Daniel Rice S.J. in India graphically sketches one instance . . .

Faith comes relatively easy to the Santhal aboriginal, because he is *a man in need*. He is starved both in body and in soul. His body, worn lean with toil, further weakened by malnutrition and the twin killers, TB and malaria, has little energy left for anything but bread-winning. From early morn till the owls begin their nocturnal wail the Santhal, as we know him, is literally obsessed with *one only* dominating thought: "*Jom! Jom! Jom! Food! Food! Food!*"

Yesterday brought out a typical pre-corn harvest crowd of destitute Santals from their distant villages to our mission station. Nursing mothers mostly, with babes in arms, had walked along jungle paths, across rice fields—some two, or four, or eight miles—in the hope that the Father Saheb would give them some little bit of wheat.

hunger and thirst

Monica with her one-year old baby girl was one of the crowd. I had seen her at church on last Sunday. She had come in during my sermon.

"You were late Sunday, Monica."

"Yes, I know Father," she admitted. "I tried to get my mother and sister-in-law to come to Mass with me, but they said they were hungry and were going off to some relatives to beg for corn. I finally decided to come to Mass alone with the baby—so, I was late—"

"But, Monica," I asked in surprise, "Haven't you got any corn?"

"No, Father," she answered simply. "The rains were late and we couldn't plough in time; besides, the little we did plant was eaten up by caterpillars."

I knew the answers to the other questions before I asked them. There would

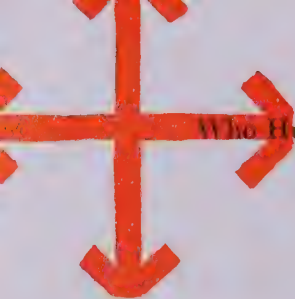
be no millet or pulse because the seed merchants would not give seeds on credit. There was no rice crop because of the late rains. Monica was too weak to cut wood in the distant jungle. What could she possibly do, she and her baby, to survive? I knew that answer, too, before she actually gave it.

"Father, I'll stay here at the mission."

There you have it! That is the answer we receive from dozens of destitute famine-stricken Santhals coming to our stations, seeking hope, consolation, alms, charity . . . "We want to stay here!" sounds strangely evangelical, like Peter's exclamation on Mount Tabor. The Santhal sees the vision of Christ in the splendour of the Mission's charity and that is enough. In their hunger for food they find the truth Faith.

Waiting is a routine experience when life itself depends on weather or a single crop.





Who Hunger and Thirst

Christmas Village

ADACHI Ward is the heart of Tokyo's slums, and few areas in the world can approach the subhuman living conditions that are found there. In one section 40,000 people are living in dire poverty. Over a quarter of these are rag-pickers, men who scrounge the streets and alleys from late afternoon until the sun has risen again. Their earnings are only pennies a day and they live in pitiful, floorless shacks.

Hope was a stranger in Adachi until a Jesuit priest, Father Francis X. Meyer, from Sophia University, picked his way down the cluttered, stinking alleys where malnutrition and disease were rampant. He sensed the hopelessness that pervaded Adachi and its dead-end streets of apathy and surrender. He went back to Sophia and organized a small group of students. He led them into Adachi and showed them one village where 70 families lived.

It was a sight that would open the eyes of the most indifferent. The huts were no bigger than 6 x 9 and five and seven people were crowded into them. One single water faucet served all 70 families; a foul stench hung over the whole area; the loudest sound was the incessant coughing from the TB-ravaged huts. This was only one "village" out of many. The Sophia students

Hungry orphans in the slums of Tokyo await the opening of Father Michel's soup kitchen.





Welcome is evident as a Jesuit priest from Sophia University visits Adachi Ward alley.

were appalled; they might have quit then and there save for the quiet-voiced priest with the heart of hope.

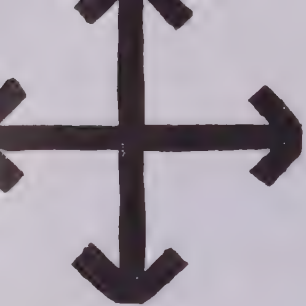
Briefly he outlined his plan, a small start which would mushroom even beyond his own optimistic idea. Win the confidence of the rag-pickers (the first Sophia group did this); send in more social workers from Sophia to compile a list of those who needed help immediately; enroll every possible agency and person who could contribute help. Food, clothing, medical supplies, housing—a step by step buildup.

It was not to be temporary. They must build "Christmas Village," so named because it held all the hope of all the world. Land was bought and a dream

took on material shape—a dispensary for the sick (doctors had given their time free of charge) and services which embraced education, jobs, housing, co-operative buying, home-visiting, etc. Japanese and American welfare agencies backed the project strongly. Today hope walks in Adachi, because of the quiet-voiced priest who was trained in the sympathy of Christ.

Beggar woman plays her musical instrument in effort to entice alms for her family.





... Who Hunger and Thirst

The Mind's Hunger

ANOTHER kind of hunger grips the world today, probably more demanding than in any previous era, the hunger of mind, the yearning for education. The importance of intellectual training is realized in every continent and the universal recognition that it is the springboard to leadership has made control of the classroom a rich prize.

The educational field has become the battleground between the forces of Communism and those who believe in the

dignity of man and his God-given heritage. The missionary is in the front ranks of the conflict and knows only too well the strategy, the booby traps, the face of the enemy. Traditions are falling, the old ways pass, and the young of every land are crying out to be intellectually fed. Truth must be given them, no matter what the cost, or they will be lost, like the youth of China now, in the Communistic labyrinth of untruth, suffocation and mental starvation.





Worlds apart geographically and in present interest are these American Indians (above) who admire, with Father Dougherty S.J., their prize-winning clay models of an Indian village and the artists of the island of Formosa (right). But they are both one in their innate hunger to satisfy their human cravings to express themselves.



Rusting of iron is a symbolic study for these New Guinea students at the Rabaul Technical Training School. New Guinea is a Trust Territory, administered by Australia, and education there is run by the government, the Missions and the Village Councils. Human iron is rusting away in refugee camps and wherever there is no outlet for man's creative urge.

(UN photo)

... Who Hunger and Thirst



Japan. Avid students use even the lunch hour to learn from John Carroll S.J. of New Orleans.



Formosa. Taiwanese youth pays visit to Vocation Exhibit, "The Training of a Priest." Father Louis Dowd S.J. is organizing a Center for the young workers who are easy prey for the Reds because of their lack of education and surrounding paganism.

Madagascar. The moment beyond all others. On the fourth largest island in the world, off the east coast of Africa, a dark-eyed miss reverently receives her first Holy Communion. The Bread of Angels is the only nourishment which can satisfy the inner hunger of the heart.

The Soul's Hunger

THOU HAST made us for Thyself, O God; and our hearts will find no rest until they rest in Thee." St. Augustine's cry was not of the moment; it was for all time and for every soul that ever knows its bitter emptiness without Him. The heart is God's and He has fashioned it in such a way that He, and He alone, can satisfy its boundless hunger.

Yet it is a human heart, and so God became man, that in His humanity every heart would find its love supreme. All the loves of the world, of mother for son, of boy for girl, are but tiny baby steps in comparison to that glad rush of the soul into the divine embrace that has no ending. In Him, and Him alone, the heart will find no hunger evermore.

The men and women who bring Christ to those who do not know Him are keenly aware of the precious treasure entrusted to them. It is a humbling realization, yes; but they remember their own hunger and how He fed them with Himself, with a love beyond all counterpart, an all-sharing love. So they can appreciate the hunger of others who have not been fed, who do not share the same treasure. That is why they willingly go to the ends of the earth, why they face all the stumbling blocks of earth and the massive deceptions of Hell itself. There are no limits to that kind of love as there are no limits to their giving. Wherever a soul hungers, there will be Christ and His embracing Love.





The Pope's Mission

and the funda

The

Boy wonders what lies ahead in the Africa that is racing down new paths, almost at too fast a rate. Will he thoroughly shake off the past, typified by the village behind him, the family compounds which can have as many as twenty houses connected by a mud wall and where a hundred families live?

Pride of progeny is deeply implanted in the African character but that virtue is constantly beset by traditional evils, polygamy, adultery, divorce, even murder of defective children. An insight into their point of view can be found in one of their proverbs—"The education of a child is more important than his birth." But unfortunately that education is too often restricted to tribal customs and lacks all moral principles and true religion.

(Photos from United Nations)

attention focuses our attention on Africa

mental and important problem of its family life

Seed and the fruit

DURING the month of March the Holy Father asks us to pray that family life in Africa be profoundly imbued with Christian principles. It is a prayer that must overcome a hundred obstacles which past centuries have strewn across the way of Christian living. In this respect, the Dark Continent has lived up to its name. Now the missionaries face the task of uprooting the customs deeply imbedded in suspicion, paganism, tribal life, etc.

The best way of implanting Christian

principles is through the mission schools. It will take time, and there will be many failures, before the sanctity and beauty of the marriage bond and family life are fully understood and lived out in that fullness. In many ways Christian principles appear to the Africans as directly opposed to their centuries-old way of doing things. So our prayers during March must be the more fervent because of the difficulty, more constant because of the importance of the problem which confronts a whole continent.



Window on the Mission

Population Explosion

EVERYBODY is talking about it, because the headlines feature it. A special TV program was dedicated to it. It has become a political issue whereby the Americanism of presidential candidates is to be tested, especially any Catholic aspirant. And, of course, the Catholic Church is being roundly criticized for its stand on birth control.

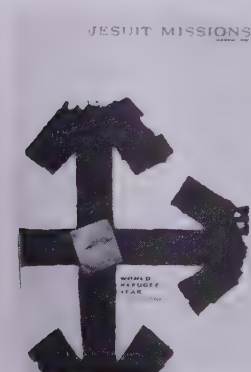
From here it looks somewhat phony that the subject should suddenly blossom into the greatest problem of the day in a presidential year. We thought Communism was the worst threat to mankind and the most formidable enemy of all we stand for. But it seems we have been wrong, because now men and women who have children have become the worst enemies of the human race. Undoubtedly, Khrushchev and his boys will be glad to know that we have shifted our emphasis from them. It will make it easier for them to do their job of destroying Christian civilization.

Anyone who has had any mission experience in Asia is very much aware of the teeming populations in India, China and Japan. Many have dealt with the

victims of famine caused by natural catastrophes, floods, droughts and pests. They have seen beggars swarming in city streets and the bellies of children swollen with hunger. They have seen these things with their own eyes and they have choked back the tears at human suffering, which is more than can be said for the panic-propagandists in this country who sit comfortably in their well-appointed and well-stocked homes, sound off about the population menace, and find easy remedies in contraception and abortion with a pretense of scientific enlightenment. One wonders at times if their concern is prompted by compassion or selfish fear or just a desire to run the world.

Of course there are vast populations to feed. Medicine has helped that along by reducing the infant mortality rate and increasing life expectancy and we don't blame medicine for its concern about the preservation of human life. That is the job of medicine. But it is not the job of medicine to destroy human life by abortion or to prescribe specifics to eliminate the possibility of life against the moral law. Who is running this world? Some cold, unmoral, impersonal thing called science or intelligent, morally upright human beings? This is not a mere laboratory problem. This is a problem that confronts human beings who are creatures of God and subject to His holy Will.

Most missionaries are close to what



Cover. The uncertainty and the bewilderment of the refugee are graphically illustrated by artist Phil Franznick. He sees the exile at the crossroads, not knowing which way to turn, fearful of a road that may lead back instead of away, wary of a step that may plunge him into depths of new misery.



is called the population explosion; in fact they are living in the midst of it. It is disheartening to be trying to teach people the exalted and demanding ideals of life in Christ, while the rest of the world is cutting the ground from under the missionary by sponsoring immoral projects. He thinks of the better housing, better tools for agriculture and trades, thus improving the standard of living, which could be bought with the money spent by birth control projects. He wonders if the demographers know as much about population as they say they do, since they have been wrong so often in their recent prognostications, even in the U.S. Knowing that contraceptives and abortion are against the moral law, he rightly wonders why these people are not trying to give other answers which would encourage the morality and virtue of his people.

He hopes that the genius of man which has found the answers to so many things will be put to work on this issue and come up with answers other than the wholesale slaughter by abortion, such as prevails in Japan at the moment, and irresponsible, immoral family life. He thinks of the billions of dollars and highly trained minds expended on rockets, electronics and atomic research and wonders why human talent and money cannot be spent on reliable research into this human situation. In the meantime he must try to convince his people that the present answers are against the law of God and a degradation of the holiness of marriage. The population experts are increasing his struggle to bring Christ to the world. Let us give him all our support in his battle to uphold the law of God.

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AND MISSION DIRECTORS**

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1103—16th Ave.
Seattle 22, Wash.

**BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO
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St. Louis 8, Mo.

CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS
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CHINA AND FORMOSA
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39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N.Y.

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Rev. Will A. Keating S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Oregon

Modern medical techniques, plus
sacrifice, evoke Bartimeus' cry

"That I may



see!"

ONE EVENING in December, when the sun had set, anyone watching the church gate here at Buxar in India would have wondered what was up. The picture was a moving one. Holding hands in a line and feeling their way along with the uncertain steps of the old and infirm, several blind people were being led to the church door.

Two of them were blind no longer. Two old ladies could see, and the wonder of it, the amazed thankfulness of it, was still upon them. Their eyes were watery, and the light was still painful to them, but they could see!

The story of their miracle began far away in Rochester, N.Y., in the office of a skilled ophthalmologist of that city, Dr. William C. Caccamise, M.D., who had been planning for a year and a half to revisit Patna Holy Family Hospital where in 1951-1952 he had so successfully restored sight to several hundred people. His purpose was to use his skill and the most modern techniques to give sight to scores of India's great army of the blind who would otherwise never have this golden opportunity.

It is a story that began even further back on the day when Mother Dengel and her early companions in the Medical Mission Sisters decided to establish a modern Catholic hospital in Patna. It is this hospital in its beautiful new location with its devoted Sisters and student nurses which made it possible for Dr. Caccamise to establish a blind center.

The cry of the blind man in the street, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me," which made Jesus pause in his

journey one day and ask, "What wouldst thou have me do for thee?", and the poignant petition of old Bartimeus, "Rabboni, that I may see," drew from the sympathetic heart of Jesus an instant cure.

These old people, still somewhat amazed, who have recovered their sight, have seen the Church walking in the steps of the Master. What drew Him, still draws His Church—the blind, the lame, the lepers, the deaf, even the dead, the poor, and sinners.

One of the old ladies, Teresa, lives here now with the Sisters. She is a holy old soul, always working or praying when she was able, and lately always praying because she was blind and could no longer work. The children call her "Grannie," and they love her very much because she is patient and holy.

So it was a real joy, a high point in the many consoling things I have seen in the ministry, to take Grannie Teresa down to the convent and call out the Sisters and the children to see the miracle of restored sight. Her blindness was a familiar thing to them. They had led her by the hand and lived with it. Now she could see, and they could hardly believe it. Each girl had to come and see for herself, and each one had to ask, "Can you see, can you really see, Grannie?" And the good old lady, whose tired back is bent with the weight of her years, smilingly nodded for each and answered, "Yes, I can see. I see your fingers, I see your dress," and to me she said, "I see your hat."

It was a wonderful thing there in Jericho for Bartimeus sitting by the wayside, that he saw. In these modern cures there is the wonder still, and in the case of these two old people there is an echo, too, of Christ's wonderful words to Bartimeus, "Go thy way, thy faith has saved thee."

Hopelessness of blind woman, indicated by gesture, will dissolve before nun's charity.

Strange case of the



Barefoot Reporter

He is not afraid of thorns, for he himself is a thorn—in the side of Communists. He works for the *Sanjivan* paper in Patna, India, but he is rarely at headquarters. He is traveling the dusty roads, riding third-class in crowded railway coaches, carrying out a mission of tremendous importance to all India today. Not only does he tell the story of truth, he also sells it.

The reporter is typical of the entire operation of *Sanjivan*, as you can see in the following pages. Father Barrett needs a lot of help to spread the only Hindi Catholic newspaper across the land. The Communists subsidize their press—why can't we? Five dollars will bring Catholic news to *five* villages a year. Can you give five dollars to spread Catholic truth in India?

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28

Truth is the greatest weapon against the Reds
and in India a missionary works to provide it

It says in the papers

FRED V. MOORE S.J.

THE SCHOOL master at Gayzing is a young man with a problem. The Himalayan hamlet where he teaches is in the State of Sikkim, the Buddhist land of the Thunder Dragon, forbidden to Christian missionaries. To get to Mass he has to cross the border into India, a full day's march to Darjeeling. He can make it only once or twice a year. For the rest of the time he is out of touch with the throbbing life of the Universal Church . . . eyeless in Gayzing.

Yet not altogether eyeless. For every week a postal runner plunges down

dizzy paths, wades rivers, pierces dark cathedral pine forests to bring the school master a weekly Hindi Catholic newspaper, *Sanjivan*, that opens for him a window on the Catholic world.

Sanjivan renders a similar service for thousands of migrant workers in the tea gardens of Assam and West Bengal; for Indian Catholic lumberjacks in the forests of the Andaman Islands; for Indian Catholics in the Fijii Islands of the far Pacific as for others in Guiana on the Atlantic seaboard. Catechists in Indian villages at home read *Sanjivan* to the

Truth is sought, and found, by these Indians reading *Sanjivan*, "the One Who Gives Life."



It says in the papers

unlettered country folk; Catholic Information centers in our big cities display this newspaper on their shelves. For *Sanjivan* has a unique place in the world of Catholic publications: it is the only Catholic newspaper published in the national language of India. As such it is eagerly read by India's polyglot millions at home and abroad.

The newspaper was founded ten years ago in answer to a great need. The Church's point of view had been put forward until then by three English-language Catholic weeklies published in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, and one south Indian language journal. Hindi had just been declared the national language by the Constitution in 1958.

Episcopal approval is shown by Bishop Wildermuth S.J. who was also a founder of paper.



Literacy was increasing among the half million Hindi-speaking Catholics of the north. The time was ripe for an organ of Catholic opinion in the national language. In November 1950, with the newly defined dogma of the Assumption bannered on its front page, *Sanjivan* hit the news-stands.

Its birth was dramatic, for on the very Sunday of the first issue the lank form of its founder-editor, Father John Barret S.J., was hauled out of the wreckage of the Patna Mission plane which he piloted. To the superstitious this would seem an ill-omen. But Father Barret soon made it clear that he hadn't crashed in his editorial capacity. Having got his paper off the ground he has piloted it against formidable difficulties with all the zest and determination symbolized by his red hair and blue eyes.

Sanjivan is put to bed every Wednesday in Patna and is available all over

India at church doors on the following Sunday morning. For the equivalent of one cent in American money, the readers get six or eight pages of Indian and world Catholic news contributed by NCWC, Washington, and Fides, Rome, aided by sixteen Indian correspondents. The editor supplies editorial opinion on topical issues, and a digest of world news. The number of features crowded into these pages is remarkable—a serialized Catholic novel; "No Secret is Safe" by Father Mark Tinnien M.M. about the Communist take-over in China; a Women's column by an Indian convert; a Question Box; a column of spiritual advice by St. Francis de Sales; and a Children's Corner by Aunt Mary (who thinly disguises a baritone voice and size 14 shoes).

Two big national issues have aroused a crusading spirit in the newspaper in the decade since its foundation: the anti-

missionary Niyogi Report on Christian activities in central India, and the assault on the Catholic schools by the Communist government in south India. For the first time Hindi-speaking Catholics were kept abreast of events and informed of the Church's rights and difficulties. Interest in these struggles ran high and the Catholics of northern India lent their support to the victims of the anti-Catholic forces.

A decade devoted to building up *Sanjivan* has left Father Barrett decidedly greyer, but still a young-looking 51. A veteran missionary of 22 years in India, he has today the same enthusiasm, the same quick-fire habit of speech, that he must have had as a fresh-faced youngster in the Christian Brothers school at far-off Syracuse, and later at St. Ignatius High School, Chicago, when his ambition was already formed to be a journalist and editor.

His work in *Sanjivan* isn't over yet.

Father Barrett now plans an 8-12 page *Sanjivan*, with its own all-India professional news service. He hopes to raise *Sanjivan's* standard to a point where it can syndicate Indian Catholic news to the secular newspapers. He wants to build up circulation until it will attract national advertisers, and the revenue will finance further improvements. And he's red-headed enough to take on this task with confidence in the tough decade that lies ahead.

All over India there are eager young men—in factories, tea plantations, on railroads, in offices—ready to stand up with him, proud to have a Catholic weekly newspaper in their own national language. All over India there are growing Catholic communities, or isolated individuals like the school master at Gayzing, waiting for a bigger, better *Sanjivan*, "the One Who Gives Life."

Where and how of the *Sanjivan* Press is explained by Father Barrett to Father Jerome D'Souza S.J., Assistant to the Jesuit General for India and East Asia. There is no need to explain the why for Father D'Souza, formerly Indian Delegate to the United Nations, is well aware of the value of *Sanjivan*.



DURING most of its 70-plus years of existence the Alaska Mission personnel consisted of priests, nuns and brothers. There were never enough of them to man all the areas of our vast new state; their forces had to be deployed in the most strategic manner possible. So there would be a concentration in a few places which would be headquarters for a school and for the surrounding area with its outstations.

Hearts reached out to help. These are the lay missionaries who volunteered to spend a year or more on this mission field, teaching, nursing, helping in whatever way they possibly could.

Who are they and where did they come from? We cannot name them all because of space but let us touch upon three now at St. Mary's. Bill Kelly was born in Jersey City and grew up in Patchogue, Long Island. After college,

Alaska is a new state and there is a new

brightness to it because some selfless

men and women have injected a new life

The real Northern Lights

Individual missionaries would try to cover the more remote places—and in Alaska that means most of the territory—so that the scattered Eskimos and Indians in those regions would at least receive the Sacraments from time to time.

Under the circumstances of limited personnel and resources there didn't seem to be much hope for expansion on any great scale—until a few years ago. Then, suddenly, a new brilliance lit up the northern sky and young hands and

he taught Civics, English and Psychology at Port Jefferson High School. Then he heard of Alaska's need . . .

Patricia Sanford came from Memphis and graduated from Agnes Scott College in Georgia. She became a convert three years ago and on a trip to Alaska with her sister and brother-in-law met Father Whelan in Anchorage. While doing volunteer secretary work for him she happened to mention the lack of opportunity for a lay person to help in



the work of the Church. Now she is at St. Mary's . . .

Monica Smith is a New York City girl who was educated by the Ursulines from grade school until her graduation from the College of New Rochelle. She plans to go into medical research after her time for God at St. Mary's . . .

What were their first reactions to the limitless expanse of the Northland? Patricia Sanford flew into Bethel and

that such a modern plant could operate out here in the middle of nowhere!"

How do they feel now? Bill Kelly: "I find Alaska exciting, interesting and purposeful. The people possess a simplicity that I haven't found anywhere and are endowed with many virtues."

Monica Smith: "Once you know the children you can't help loving them. What these people have up here—simplicity and happiness—is rare outside."



First lay missionaries at St. Mary's are Bill Kelly of Long Island, Monica Smith of New York and Patricia Sanford of Memphis. And the Northland has plenty of room for others!

wondered, "Have I come five thousand miles for this?" She boarded the bush plane there with a feeling of relief but as she approached the mountains near St. Mary's she felt the butterflies in her stomach. "Perhaps I have bitten off just a little bit too much . . ."

Monica Smith felt the same way. To her Bethel seemed like the end of the world. But St. Mary's: "Then from the middle of nowhere, the Mission appeared, nestling on the banks of the Andreafski. It was almost unbelievable

There are lay missionaries also in Holy Cross, Copper Valley and Dillingham. At the last named place Father George Endal reports: "None of our seven teachers look forward to leaving us this year . . . We are extremely fortunate in having two who are interested in the teen-agers' problems. So much so, the public dance hall has closed on Saturday nights because the teen-agers prefer to attend ours! . . . Our plan to have some children placed under the care of young couples as foster parents looks promising. Two of our lay teachers, Rose Marie Stanton and James Bieker, plan to marry soon and are willing to take responsibility of some children. And another recently married couple are coming to do the same."

St. Mary's Mission on the lower Yukon, "in the middle of nowhere," has long been a center of education and love for the young of Alaska.

MISSION MOMENTS



"Ferocious lion" is the translation of Father Ferruccio Leoni's name but it shows only in his tremendous activity for God.

IN THE PHILLIPINES Father Joseph Stoffel reports that he and Father Cerutti joined Father Leoni at Maramag for a spaghetti dinner: "The high school boy who cooks for Father Leoni didn't quite get the idea of what an Italian spaghetti dinner is. He prepared exactly three meat balls and cooked up something labeled 'spaghetti sauce,' but blissfully forgot to cook the spaghetti. Poor Father Leoni, an excitable and intensely dedicated person of the absent-minded professor type, is gaunt and haggard looking, a prey to his own abstraction and the neglect of the irresponsible boys in his household.

"As a result he lives in a state of perpetual distraction and chaos. The churchbell is rung at whatever time Father thinks of telling the boy to ring it and mealtime is whenever Father thinks of telling the boy to prepare something to eat. I don't think Father is conscious of what he eats, for it consists almost invariably of boiled rice and fried pork fat, which is usually cold by the time he thinks of getting around to eating it. Breakfast is apt to be the cold leftovers of supper, guarded by an encrusted sugar bowl and salt shaker, both empty.

"Such a regimen of chaos and confusion would drive an ordinary person crazy, but it seems to fit Father's temperament perfectly. He dashes around to his barrios at furious speeds on a motorcycle (once smashing both the motorcycle and his collar-bone when a car got in his way), has built up enrollment in his parish high school to unprecedented numbers, is now preoccupied with building a new school building, and for all his gaunt appearance seems incapable of exhausting either his energy or enthusiasm."



Zi Ka Wei is more than a building and a tradition now: it is a monument to heroic fidelity.

Memories

Zi Ka Wei in Shanghai was the location of a Jesuit Center in China. The Observatory was famous all over the world for its studies in seismology, meteorology, magnetism and the determinations of fundamental longitudes.

Now Zi Ka Wei is used as a forced indoctrination center for priests and sisters by the Communists. Six of the Chinese Jesuits who were held under

house arrests in their Zi Ka Wei residence were imprisoned in April of 1959. For a whole year 300 sisters were held in concentration camp there. The fame of Zi Ka Wei now is no longer in the field of the sciences. Its present fame rests on the heroism of the priests and sisters who refuse to take the road to apostasy from the faith. Zi Ka Wei still holds its memories of greatness, of yesterday and today.

A Reminder

No doubt you are well aware that the Federal Income Tax is about due. But may we remind you that deductions permitted to some charitable organizations may run up to thirty per cent of your adjusted gross income? JESUIT MISSIONS is one of these organizations. May this reminder be of help to you in preparing your '59 returns. We are most grateful for your help to us during that time.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 East 87th St., New York 28

Mission Moments



Bishop John McEleney S.J. of Kingston, Jamaica, recounts an incident that is apropos of World Refugee Year but even more a reflection of the Christ-bearers. "Driving out one hot afternoon to the chan- cery, I had Stephen give a lift to a very young mother carry- ing in her arms a very young baby.

They were going off our route and we drove them down Mountain View Avenue beyond Deanery Road beyond several stops they thought were theirs until we reached their turn. Their lane seemed to stop at a low parapet but actually swung around it along a wind- ing dusty passage which ran on and on by low underbrush and small trees. I was thinking no cars ever passed there when a small truck went by. Eventually we stopped at a half sheltered, half cleared, half clad village, to judge from its appearance. There is nothing else to the episode of that afternoon's ex- cursion into a remote village thirteen miles out except to add that the sign at the turn of this village lane, as we noted on leaving, was 'Friendship Road.'

"We have not wealth to give, nor much to soften the hardships people endure in many quarters—what with so much evidence of scant diet, clothing and widespread unemployment. Yet we can give something. It's our greeting. It's our warmth of interest. It's our friendship. With today's technical and scientific progress, social justice is, I maintain, within the grasp of our good will." It is a lesson that well fits the life of everyone of us, in some way or another. Let us remember it.

Kindness under fire might sum up the story of Lin Ch'in-fang, a crippled girl of Matsu, the much-bombarded island off the coast of China. As an eight-month-old baby she was struck by infantile paralysis which nearly took her life and left her hopelessly crippled. That was eighteen years ago and her life held little joy until a short time ago.

Then the Nationalist Chinese forces moved in to Matu and close on their heels came Father John Dahlheimer S.J. as chaplain. Lin's story became known and one of the army officers contacted Father Dahlheimer. The latter, with an American doctor, visited her and ar-



ranged to have her transferred to a Taiwan hospital for examination.

But Lin's affliction had progressed too far and her legs were already hard- ened. So at her own request she returned to Matsu, where she had suddenly found a purpose in life. She has the use of her hands, and she has worked diligent- ly with them on behalf of the soldiers who have befriended her. She knits sweaters, mends clothes, and does a dozen things for the Matsu defenders in her gratitude for their kindness. Her story mirrors true humanity.

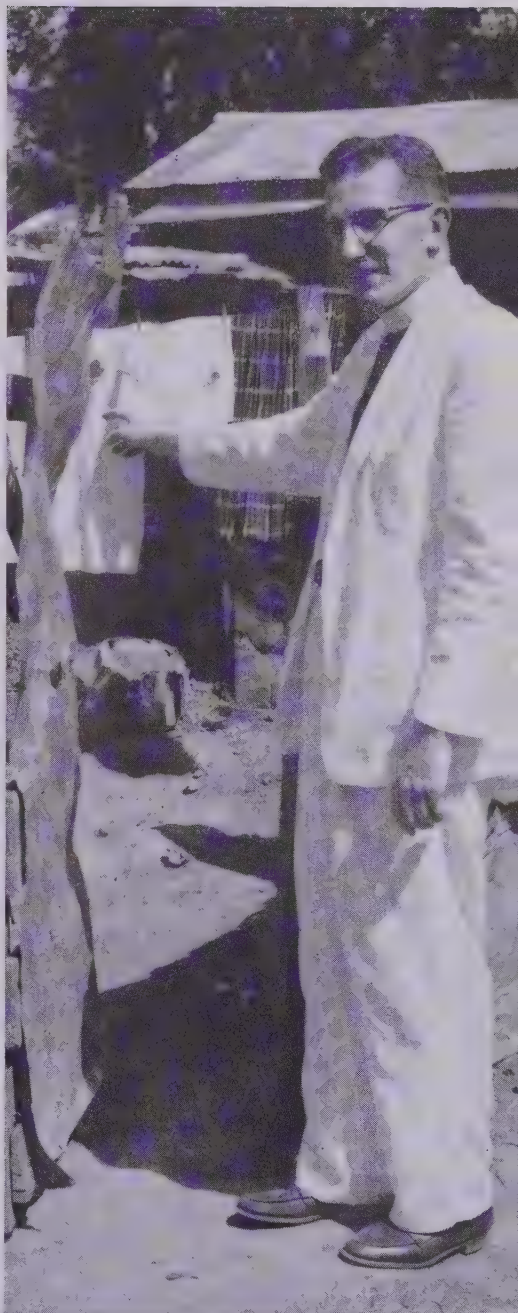
Father Harry Mallette plays the "numbers game" in his parish in Kingston, Jamaica. "My visits in the parish of St. Anne brought me one day face to face with East Road and some of the roads in the parish. Numbers are almost no help in finding a particular address. They merely identify a place, but they will never lead you to it. You have to be directed to a particular yard by some other means than by an orderly arrangement of numbered yards. Suspecting this beforehand, I thought I was wise not to venture into East Road's jumble without first making inquiries. 'Do you know where 7B East Road is?' I asked the girl who answers the door at the Rectory."

"Yes, Father, but it is not easy to find. 7B is on the left hand side going up, right by a tailor shop, not far above Greenwich Road."

"The directions were perfect and I found the place easily. I made my visit and came away. Now I was looking for number seventeen. Surely, I thought to myself, it can't be too far away on the same side of the street. Whatever made me presume that all the odd numbers were on the same side of the street! I soon put that logical thought out of my head. The next number was even, and well past the desired seventeen. A kind person saw my plight and pointed out the missing yard diagonally across the street from 7B. 'Thank you very much.' The words came as calmly as they could under the circumstances. Then unable to hide my impatience any longer, I added: 'Will you please tell me why these yards are numbered in such a crazy haphazard fashion?'

"The answer was as unexpected as it was revealing. 'Is not the Government what gives the people dem these number; people capture own number.'"

"So I returned wondering whose fertile imagination had 'captured' the number 5½ for St. Anne's Rectory."



Father Harry Mallette S.J. of Kingston, Jamaica.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

In Formosa it's the Year of the Elephant and Father Louis Dowd has plans of the same size—and importance. Many boys must go to work before high school age and what happens to them, physically and spiritually, in the “slave-labor” shops and factories is a tragedy. Father is opening a Center for these young workers but he needs a lot of help in his effort to save these poor lads. Could you help him with a gift of \$2, \$5, or more?

On Grand Cayman, the little island belonging to Jamaica, the new Church of St. Ignatius dominates the isle and is a landmark for sailors. But Father Harry Ball is concerned about the furnishings for the inside. He has a score of needs which range from \$1.75 to \$500. Can you fit your gift into that range?

In Chuhari, India, Father Felix Farrell ruefully refers to the church as the “Towerless Town Tabernacle.” Newly appointed as pastor, he found construction halted owing to lack of funds. Nothing is more discouraging than to step into a new job, find it half-done, and lack the means of finishing it. Will you help Father get off to a good start? A tower of small donations, \$1, \$2, \$5, would soon cap his unfinished church.

In Ceylon a dozen of your dollars can be stretched across a whole month and care for one person. With that sum Father Cooley can really treat his orphans (he usually scrapes by on \$10) or Father Meyer can support, with the meagre \$5 monthly fee, one of his Minor Semi-

narians. Both are eminently worthy causes and if a month's backing seems high could you give a week's at \$3.00?

In the Philippines Father Joseph Stoffel (whose description of Father Leoni on p. 28 neglects to mention that he himself lives with a can opener in one hand) has plenty of needs in the back country of the Bukidnon. They run from shoe laces which last more than a week up to the equipment necessary for his famed Audio-Visual Mobile Unit which means so much for the spread of the Faith in the Filipino hinterland. Father Stoffel has always been a faithful correspondent and we would like to help him as much as we can. The best way is to provide him with a sum he can use for the immediate needs of the moment. Can you make a small contribution—\$1 or more, if possible—to this selfless missionary?

In Piru, India veteran missionary Father Bertram Ernst is badly in need of several chapels to take care of his scattered people. At present he is forced to say Mass in private houses, and in India these are too small to accommodate the number who attend. Three chapels are needed in various villages visited by this tireless priest. Each chapel would cost \$1,000—and that is far beyond Father's reach. But we would like to get at least one chapel started. Perhaps you could afford part of that \$1,000; maybe by knocking off one or two or even three of the zeros in that sum. Any donation would be most gratefully received and forwarded to Father Ernst.

Against the Philippine sky a monument to God is being reared. The readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have done much to make it possible and Father Gerard Braun S.J. thanks you with all his heart. His last letter was not a begging one; he spoke only of his gratitude. But we know from other sources that there is still much to be done—and not enough with which to do it. Will you help finish that chapel so God can have a fitting abode, day and night, in the Blessed Sacrament?

Send your contribution to

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A CHAPEL FOR CAGAYAN

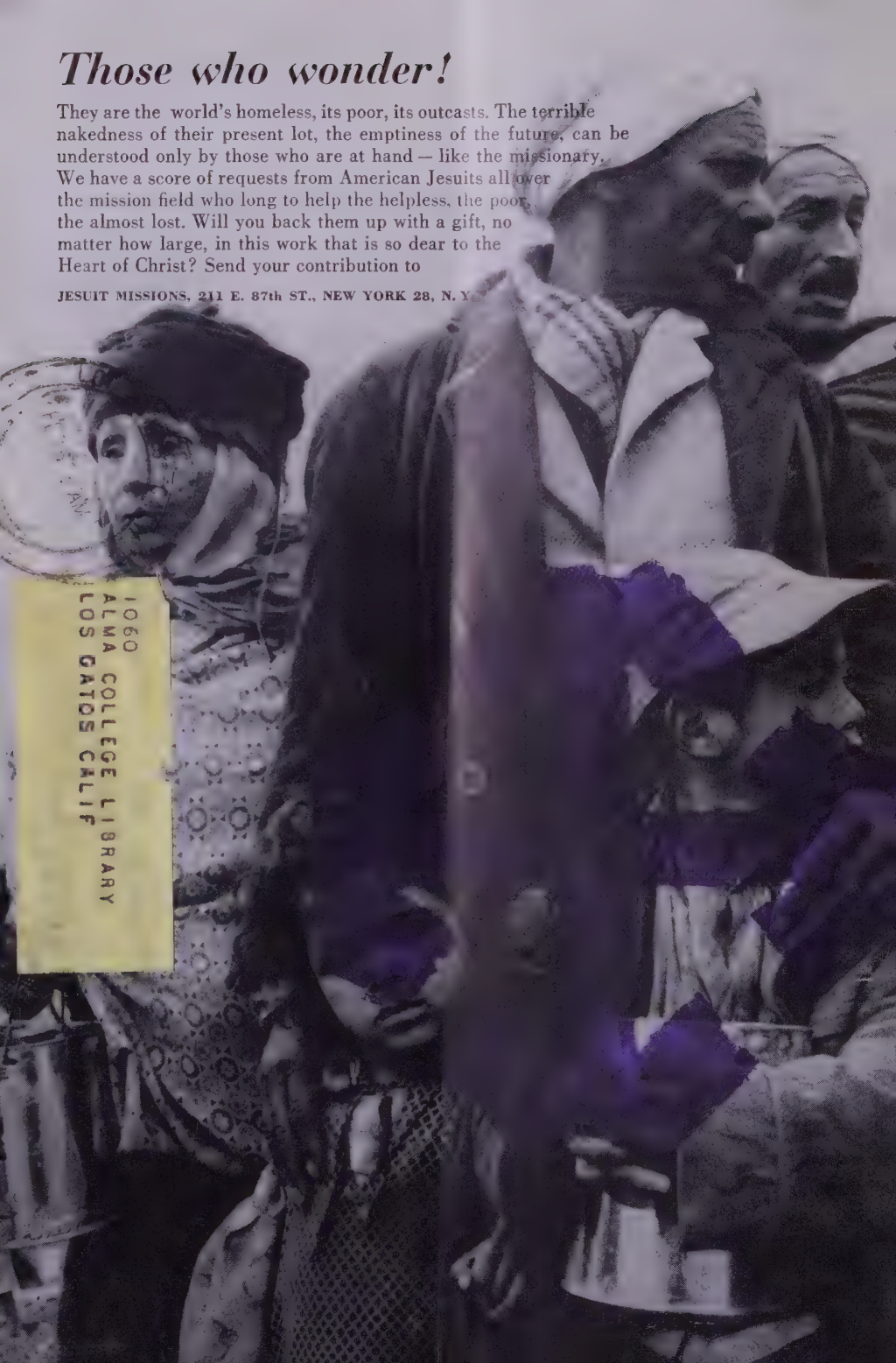


Those who wonder!

They are the world's homeless, its poor, its outcasts. The terrible nakedness of their present lot, the emptiness of the future, can be understood only by those who are at hand — like the missionary. We have a score of requests from American Jesuits all over the mission field who long to help the helpless, the poor, the almost lost. Will you back them up with a gift, no matter how large, in this work that is so dear to the Heart of Christ? Send your contribution to


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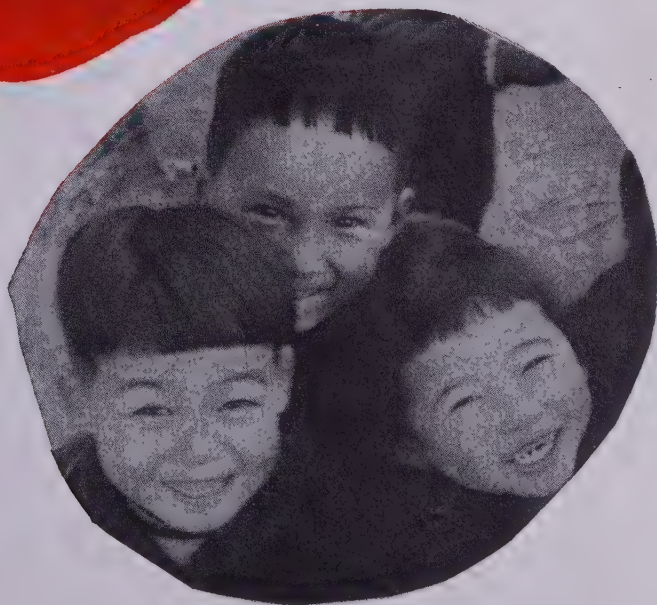


APRIL 1960

JESUIT MISSIONS



*Japan:
Youth in
Transition*



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JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
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by the Pope:

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Nepal
Yoro
American Indians
Puerto Rico

April 1960, Vol. 34, No. 3

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Japanese Lantern Festival (left) is one of the more picturesque celebrations in the Land of the Rising Sun. But the visitor to Japan is struck by the clash of the traditional Eastern and the modern Western modes of life. And danger lies in the complete abandonment of tradition with a subsequent rootless modernization.

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Two Jesuit missionaries study the youth of Japan

and discern in their modern restlessness a real

BLUEPRINT



Phoenix, symbol of the new Japan, rises high above the erstwhile ashes of Hiroshima city.

IN A BROADCASTED interview between Japan's Minister of Education, Toh Matsunaga, and Tokyo primary and junior high school children, one of the most controversial questions in the education of post-war Japan arose. The questions asked by the boys were sharp and revealing. "Minister Matsunaga, do you believe that the character of children in the post-war years has improved?"

"You have improved considerably," said Mr. Matsunaga. "You express your opinions freely and have the ability to judge things."

But the Minister was unable to give a satisfactory answer when he was asked further, "Then, how are you attempting to place further stress on moral education?" Today there is a pressing need for a code of moral values to be taught

in the schools. Of the three thousand persons polled in the public opinion survey on the education system of Japan conducted by the Council of Cabinet Ministers, sixty-two per cent were in favor of including moral education in the school curriculum because they believed the younger generation had "degenerated." On the other hand some were opposed to the introduction of moral training on the ground that it might be a revival of the prewar militaristic ethics.

But let the Japanese boys speak for themselves. In the answers of ten thousand senior high school boys from two hundred schools across the country to an opinion poll question, "What is your biggest worry now?" a tremendous spiritual vacuum was revealed. The answers cover the fields of studies, character and ideals. Summing up the inner problems of these boys are the following worries: "Lack of self-confidence," "a weak will," "lack of anything to believe in," "the ills of society," "lack of a friend to confide in."

A letter of a pagan boy to a Catholic missionary shows clearly the yearning of the Japanese soul. "Up till now I have had the idea that happiness consisted in always doing my own will, eating pleasant things, and enjoying a healthy

Demonstration is staged by Students Federation (the *Zengakuren*) outside the Ministry of Education. The occasion was the Government's announcement to rate the efficiency of teachers in the public schools.

FOR TROUBLE

body. But I see now that, although one takes a materialistic view of life, there always remains a certain dissatisfaction.

"But as you said, if one does not overcome this dissatisfaction, there is no way to real happiness. More earnestly day after day I am thinking of the true religion and praying to find the way to it. I am worrying about it because I feel unable to reach it by myself . . . About God, I cannot help thinking that there is a God, but this is very puzzling.

"Please, teach me how to overcome this foolish skepticism and to be a

perfect Christian. Please, I beg you."

Japan is again in the vanguard of Far East civilization and, because of its industrial advances, a long desired target of Communism. In sharp contrast, Christ is not yet known by the Japanese. A spiritual crusade of help and prayers is needed to support the works of the Catholic Church, mainly by higher educational institutions, proving that Faith and Science go together, now that the winds of raw materialism threaten to sweep over the Land of the Rising Sun.

MANUEL GUILLEN S.J.



BLUEPRINT FOR TROUBLE

There was a time, they say, when the Japanese student body was considered the best behaved in the world. The students, from primary school to university, respected the authority of their teachers; the teachers in turn respected their superiors who ultimately received their authority from the Emperor, the father of the Japanese nation.

The war and subsequent defeat changed many things in Japan, both for better and for worse, and the former feeling of family unity has largely disappeared.



Democracy has taken its place but all too many people are only willing to make use of the privileges of democracy and forget its responsibilities.

Whatever the causes may be, the world of education in Japan today presents a disquieting picture. "20,000 Students Demonstrate at US Embassy" headlined Tokyo newspapers last year at the height of the anti-nuclear tests campaign. (It is worthwhile noting that the students were too busy studying to demonstrate outside the Soviet Embassy at the time of the Russian tests.) "Students Picket Govt. Building," "Police Arrest 3 Students for Obstruction," "Students' Snake-March Jams Up Tokyo Traffic"—all these and other headlines are such familiar reading that they no longer attract much attention.

And so it goes on—student strikes, demonstrations, picketing—all organized by the powerful *Zengakuren*, the Students' League, whose officials are closely connected with Japanese Communists.

If the troubles were confined solely to the student world, the situation might be dismissed as mere youthful hotheadedness—"they'll grow out of it" would be most people's opinion. But unfortunately there is also trouble among the teachers and professors of Japan. Public school teachers recently called a strike to protest the new efficiency rating system proposed by the government; trade unionists were told to keep their children home for the day; teachers paraded through the streets of Tokyo, singing song and waving flags.

The Japan Teachers Union denounces the government as "enemies of democracy and peace" and pledges "to fight . . . against the tyrannical propertied

Outlet for this youth's restlessness is found in Sophia's Catholic Action group.



Questions of the day are eagerly discussed in the ever popular forum of the school cafeteria. The old ways of doing things are not accepted by the post-war youth.

Shinto festivals are still held but the traditional religions are fast losing their hold on the majority.

class" (surely such phrases have a familiar ring?). One professor of a leading university in Tokyo headed the Japanese delegation to the Cairo Conference and did nothing but blast "the Western imperialists."

Of course, the situation should not be exaggerated nor should it be thought that all the students and teachers are militant Communists. Far from it! The great majority of them are decent, hard-working people who do not meddle in politics. But it still remains true that there is a hard core, both among the teachers and students, who are extremists with great influence in the Teachers Union and complete control in the Students League.

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

Jesuit Judo? It looks that way as Michael Cooper explains to the Sophia judo team.



The characteristics of a people are often shown in their favorite sports. A glance at the forms favored by the Japanese reveals their fondness for bodily contact and roughness. The concentration on rendering the opponent helpless can be a dangerous tendency. Judo (jiujitsu) is a regular part of a school-boy's or soldier's training. It is a system of body skills designed to control or subdue, without the use of weapons, an opponent. "No holds barred" is the customary Japanese attitude in wrestling.



Indoor sport is the attempt to break two half-inch boards with the kick of a bare foot (above). The others join elbows and try to provide a solid wall for kicker.

Karate (right) is a very dangerous sport if not properly supervised. Here Yoshio Kobayashi of Sophia University leaps into the air with his extended leg at right angle to his body and at the proper angle to reach his opponent's head. This is one way to work off excess restlessness.



Elbowing his way through. Another form of karate is to break six or more clay tiles with one's elbow. It takes great force and is hard on the bones but Yamata Higatowa of Sophia finds that one gets used to it with practice. These are the kinds of sports which play a great part in boy's training.

Winner in the annual ten-mile cross country run around the Emperor's palace grounds is Yamura Kawayhiro, captain of the Sophia team. The Japanese concentration on detail is exemplified in their intensive training for the marathon runs which are so popular throughout the Land of the Rising Sun.



Fact and figures are the first step towards a
true understanding of the missionaries' problems



Pope John XXIII greets African student at Pontifical University of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome. Cardinals Fumasoni-Biondi and Agagianian look on. (Religious News Service photo)

AT TIMES so much is made of the difficulties in mission lands—and they are great—that one can lose sight of the fact that the Church is really growing on the mission field. The most consoling and inspiring growth is the constant increase in the number of Asian and African bishops and priests. A few of the latest statistics show the reasons for joy and encouragement. From 1918 to 1959 the number of priests has increased from 1009 to 7364. Since 1950 the number of bishops has grown from 35 to 89. In 1950 there were 33 Asian bishops and 2 African bishops. In June, 1959 there were 66 Asian bishops and 23 African

bishops. In Africa alone the number of priests grew more than twentyfold, from 90 to 1811, in forty years.

Missionaries may rightly wonder at times about the people in the home countries who are forever telling them what to do and how to do it, if they really want to succeed. They are reminded, too, of the mistakes that have been made as well as of their failures. Some people at home seem to be enlightened with unique insights which missionaries cannot get and which are going to solve all the problems of the missionary Church. At times, these home-fashioned insights are pure imagination.

The Church is Growing

For instance, the missionaries are told that they must completely divest themselves of all vestiges of their American or European cultures and become completely identified with their people. In the first place, that is practically impossible. In the second place, it ignores the fact that the Church in the last nineteen centuries has learned very much which is not purely western and which she should offer to all peoples.

Again, it is said that Islam can be brought to the Faith, and it would seem soon, by devotion to Our Lady, because she, as well as her Son, is mentioned with reverence in the Koran. Missionaries are told that they could convert India, for instance, much more rapidly, if they were poorer and holier. There are so many recommendations given to the missionaries that sometimes one wonders if they know anything. This does not mean that the missionary should not constantly strive to perfect himself and his work. Everybody has to do that, missionary or not.

One of the standards which Our Lord left us is: "By their fruits you shall know them." One of the accurate gauges of missionary success is the growth in local vocations to the priesthood and religious life. The Church of the future depends on them and the future of the Church in the missions is more and more promising, because God has rewarded the labors of missionaries by this growth. We should rejoice with all missionaries in the reward of constantly increasing vocations in the mission countries themselves. Who would have thought in 1880, when we first reached the depths of what was called the Dark Continent, Africa, that eighty years later there would be

so many African priests and bishops?

Where did they come from? Who is responsible for that growth? The men and women who labored to bring that about are practically nameless today, except with God. It is a part of the cross which they accepted willingly, joyfully.

We have much to praise God for and one feels sure that God would not resent some of that praise spilling over to our missionaries, since they are to share with the Triumphant Lord the successes of His Kingdom among men. Because the triumphs of the Mystical Body of Christ anywhere in the world are our triumphs, too, as members of that Body, we should be joyful over these advances.

Surely the above numbers are a solid reason for joy, though some might think them not very spectacular. Often the least spectacular works are the most important. Our missionaries are constructing a secure foundation for the Church of tomorrow in Asia and Africa.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.



Crucifixes are given to over 500 missionaries by His Holiness at a departure ceremony held in St. Peter's, Rome. (RNS photo)

There's noise and music and a difference in
activities which gives everyone an outlet

Ceylon Merry-go-round

CEYLON IS NOT always the quiet paradise which its many romantic names might suggest. For one thing the people are of different races and religions and recent events have shown that likes and dislikes are not vented in the most peaceable way possible. But even a solemn occasion can produce a suitable outburst of noise.

Father Claude Daly S.J. found that out recently when his parish at Sorikalmunai held its 150th Anniversary. There

are customs and rituals which must be faithfully observed on these occasions, such as the "ransoming" of a child, the blessing of the "congee," etc. It is a time for gaiety—and who ever enjoyed a good time quietly?

So what if it was a merry-go-round for a while? Underneath it all is the clear realization that these people have kept their faith for a century and a half. They have all the reason in the world, and in heaven, to celebrate.



Ready to ride in search of more pictures for JESUIT MISSIONS is our ace cameraman in Ceylon, Father Alfonse del Marmol S.J. That smile could mean that he has just left a new batch of negatives at the Rajah Studio or it might be pride in his Vespa scooter which generous JM readers provided for him. (If he was a mean man, which he is not, he might be gloating over the fact that in a minute no one in town will be asleep.)



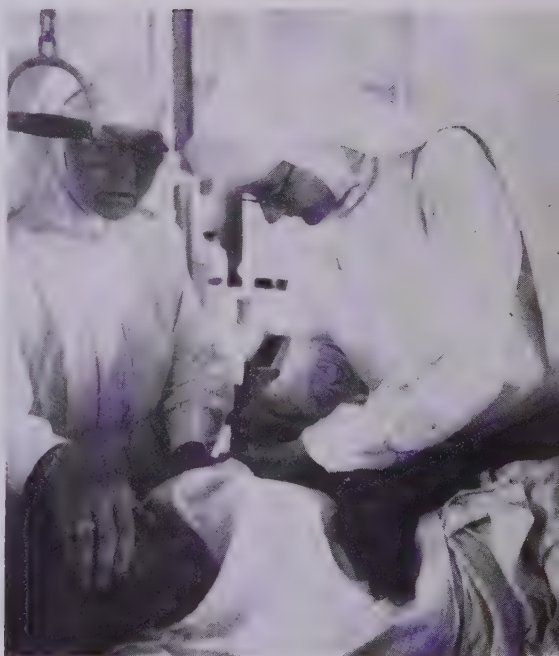
Blessing the "congee" is one of the customs in Ceylon during a feast. The "congee" is boiled sweet rice that is customarily distributed in thanksgiving for favors received. Father Claude Daly S.J. presides at the ritual which is part of the celebration of the 150th anniversary of his parish at Sorikalmunai, south of Batticaloa on the eastern coast of Ceylon. Father Daly claims they never had it better in his native Texas!

Strike up the band! What would a celebration be if there was no music? So the trumpets and drums are wheeled out and off we go. And the chances are that it will be a long night, for the people are not wealthy and chances to celebrate are few and far between. But how many of JM's readers can boast that the parish in which they live is 150 years old? This anniversary speaks of outstanding steadfastness to the Faith.



Ceylon Merry-go-round

Hurry call was sent out to Sisters at Leper Home when race riots caused Sinkalese nurses to flee Government hospital in Tamil area. Here Mother Superior from Mantivu comforts patient in Batticaloa. Only three nurses remained in hospital. Another unquiet phase of the Ceylon merry-go-round.



Ransoming of child at "auction" is an old custom in Sorikalmunai. It is a familiar ritual in parts of Europe also and reminds all of our own Redemption by Our Lord. The teachings of the Catholic faith are more deeply impressed by these outward symbols which everyone can readily understand. And, of course, it gives the baby a loud part to play in the chorus of sound, something most babies do well.

Only at the very end did the hunter
discover his most important mistake

Hey, that's a TIGER!

DANIEL T. RICE S.J.

THE JUNGLES of India are filled with various types of cats, all the way from tigers and leopards down to bobcats and just ordinary cats which have gone wild. Here, around Chakai in Patna, these fast-moving, steel-muscled cats do a great deal of damage to the domestic animals of the people. Cows, goats, calves and especially village dogs are easy prey for them. Success makes them bold, and they will even break into the side of a house where people are sleeping in order to seize a dog or cat. Then they will drag their catch a short way into the jungle and eat it whole. The people have only axes, bows and arrows, and with such futile weapons they can only stand by helplessly at such a time.

Recently at Mariam Pahari, where I have been starting a new settlement, I visited a sick man. I was told that

My answer was an honest one. "Well, I'm not too interested in killing a panther. I'm afraid of those blessed things. I will finally get myself killed because they are dangerous, and this particular one has been killing so much around here that he may be a man killer by now." So I did not commit myself to anything but went back to where I was working, about a mile away, at another new settlement.

When night came I decided to visit the sick man again. I took a shotgun, as I always do when walking in the jungle. In my pocket I put two heavy cartridges, LG (for large game) shells, and in the gun itself I put another LG in the left barrel and in the right barrel a No. 4 rabbit shot or BBs. That last shell was for any possible rabbit which might show up and provide my supper.

Nimrod of the Patna Mission in India is Father Dan Rice but far more importantly he is a fine missionary among the Santals.

the night before a panther had broken through the side wall of his house, grabbed a dog from beside the bed of the sick man and dragged it into the jungle. The people made enough noise to disturb the panther at his feast and the big cat had slunk away. Now they asked me to try to kill the beast.



Hey, That's a TIGER!

After my visit to the sick man I found several of his neighbors waiting outside. "Father, we have built a little tree hut about 25 yards from the carcass of the dog which the panther killed. Will you sit in it and see if he comes back?"

I agreed and we went into the jungle where the dead dog was lying in the midst of thorns and briars, with vines all around. What was my surprise to find that the "tree hut" was right on the ground! But it was too late to turn back so two boys with axes joined me in it.

It got dark, the real dark of the jungle. One of the boys had asthma and was breathing very heavily. This got on my nerves, for I was well aware of what the consequences could be, and soon my imagination was working overtime—and I was afraid. Then at about ten o'clock, with a slight wind blowing in the pitch dark, the boy coughed a couple of times. That was enough for me and I sent him scurrying home.

Then it got very, very quiet, as quiet as death in that little place, and the pitch dark seemed hemming us in. We strained our ears but we could hear nothing, no crunching of bones, not a

sound, just like death. Finally, about 11:30, the boy said to me, "Father, this is useless. That panther is not coming tonight. We might as well go home."

But after sitting there for almost five hours I was reluctant to leave. I suggested we wait a little longer. So we did, and it was just as dark and just as quiet as before. Finally I said, "We might as well go. But very, very quietly!"

I took up my flashlight and, just to be sure, flashed it through the little aperture on the side of the grass house. About thirty yards away, and coming right at us, was this panther, huge eyes shining like headlights in the night! "Here he is! He's come!" I whispered to the boy.

I heard him breathe tensely, "Shoot it! Shoot it!"

But as the big cat moved again in the tricky light my heart suddenly stood still. "Hey! That's a tiger!" I gasped. All at once I remembered that two or three weeks ago there had been mention of a tiger in the vicinity. Now it was so close, and its eyes were so huge. "If I shoot that thing, he'll come in and kill us both," I thought.

My gun was lying across my lap, not even at the ready. Very quietly I eased it into position through a hole in the

April Mission Intention

During the month of April the Holy Father asks us to pray "that Catholics will be able to act efficaciously against the dangers of a harmful press in the missions." From the earliest days the missionaries made use of the printed word to spread knowledge of the Faith. As the famous Father Ricci claimed, "China will be converted to Christ more by writings than by the spoken word." He based this on the great influence of the teachers and learned men of China who preferred to make their own investigations through the medium of the written word.

Today the other side of the coin is only too apparent. Misleading and even false doctrine is being spread widely through the writings of Communists and Protestants. They are utilizing modern means to the utmost in their efforts to win followers. Foremost among these means is the printing press. That same method is the best means for the Catholic missionary also. But the importance of a Catholic press must be realized too by all the members of the Church. The missionary cannot do it alone; he needs the backing and prayers of all Catholics to spread the truth of Christ.

side of the grass house. Then I beamed the light carefully over the top of the barrel. Twenty yards away, down by the dog carcass, eyes were shining, big eyes. I pulled the trigger.

I snapped the light out. Then we waited about five minutes, although it seemed like a hundred. Would he come charging into this fool hut that had been built right on the ground? Was that sound the quick pad of feet before his dreadful spring? Couldn't he smell the fear that was in us?

I broke the gun open and put in another shell. Now I had only three shells left. Then I turned the light on again. In its sudden brilliance I saw the white of his stomach shining. I had evidently staggered him, but I didn't know exactly where he had been hit. I aimed carefully, just below the shoulder, and squeezed the trigger again. Immediately I snapped off the light. Another five minutes, interminable in its dragging. I had only two shells left when I switched on the light once more. The patch of white still showed—and in the same place! So I put another shot into his stomach, feeling for the first time that we might be on the winning side. Then we waited again in the darkness, this time for over ten minutes, for this is the advice of the hunters wise in the ways of the big cats. When the time was up we crept out of the grass house and headed quickly for the village.

The people of the village had all been waiting with axes and spears, bow and arrows. I suggested that we go back and get our trophy but they all demurred. "Not tonight," they said. But I kept after them and they finally consented to enter the jungle with me. We crept back very carefully to the area of the grass house, for I was extremely conscious that I had only one shell left.

The tiger was lying there, right beside the dead dog. His eyes were glazing now. I touched him on the head with

the end of the shotgun and he didn't move a muscle. "He's dead!" I announced, and there was more relief than triumph in my voice.

We carried the dead tiger down to the village and of course everybody had to see it, to touch the fangs and the fierce head on him. This thing had been a real killer in the neighborhood and now the people were happy. I myself felt real good about it—until I examined the dead beast closely and it suddenly dawned on me that I had made a big blunder! When I had fired the first shot I had forgotten that the heavy shell was not in the right barrel. My first blast had been with the rabbit shot! It had hit the tiger right between the eyes, right on the top of the forehead. The little pellets imbedded against his skull were mute evidence of that. But that shot had staggered him, and my second shot, with the large game shell, had torn into his shoulder and shattered it. But it was only the second shot which had killed him, not the first.

Well, I have sent the beautiful pelt down to South India for preserving and in due time it may well find its way to my old Ohio home. But all of a sudden I have lost my taste for rabbits. From now on I give up on the BBs and I intend to walk the jungle with large game shells only in my gun.





With body and dreams shattered, I

that the Chinese

Wheeled

XAVIER LAY wasted and dying on the island of Sancian, gazing at the distant blurred ridges of mainland China. His tear-dimmed eyes looked longingly towards the land he had burnt out his life trying to reach, but was never to enter. Deeply disappointed, but obedient to the end, he received his final orders—"Home!"

Just last year, on another wind-swept island off the coast of China, a young American missionary still studying for the priesthood felt his exhausted ninety-five pounds being unceremoniously fork-lifted onto an army medical plane. He too—disappointed but obedient—had humbly received his orders—"Home." As the plane taxied down the Formosan runway, Bob Ronald S.J., almost completely paralyzed with polio at twenty-six, strained through misty eyes for a few last fleeting glimpses at the beloved land of his dreams.

The plane bumped gently over air pockets into a cruising altitude while Bob, cradled in a stretcher, fought sleep trying to recall what had happened during those vague days of pain that already seemed so remote and distant; the sudden leaden pain in his head and back . . . the collapsing of his legs . . . the frantic ninety-mile truck-ride to

Smiling Bob Ronald S.J. exhibits the courage of a man who is crippled in body and in activity but steadfastly refuses to quit.

came home to learn anew

JOHN J. DEENEY S.J.

word for "tomorrow" is truly "bright day"

hair Missionary

Taipei . . . the distinct recollection of the Protestant nurses praying over him throughout the night . . . the brush with death on his birthday . . . and finally, the awful realization of his utter helplessness. Could he . . . would he be ordained? Was it possible that after hardly a year's time on the China Mission to test his zeal, he must spend the rest of his life on his back?

But there was a brighter side and the many letters of comfort and hope he received from fellow-missionaries all over the world wouldn't let him forget it. Most consoling of all were the letters he received from his many Chinese friends. He thought of Peng Wang, the boy he had taught English; the Chinese youngster said so much so simply: "We never know what God thinks is good for us. We are too little. All we see is the outside of it. Don't worry, we all are praying for you. I prayed for you during Forty Hours devotion and hope you get well very soon. Our people over here need you so bad. They want to know more about Our Lord. They need your instructions. God bless you. I will keep on praying. God love you always."

Bob smiled as he thought of an American counterpart to Peng Wang's letter from a high school freshman. With

typical adolescent assurance, he had written: "My name is Jack Cusack. I have written to you before. I told you that I would offer a triduum of Masses for you. Well, I did. They say God gives the hardest trials to the best men. God has given you a great trial, so you must be one of his best men. Now I want to tell you that I will offer as many Masses as I can for you. I also hope that you took my advice and looked, and will keep on looking, upon all your suffering as a gift of God."

Then there was the thoughtful note from one of the Protestant missionaries who sailed part-way to Formosa with him: "News of your illness was a great shock. Certainly we know your great faith in God helps you to trust all to Him. It is our prayer that you may steadily return to normal health and strength. Certainly your ability to comfort and help others will have been strengthened. May you find comfort from Deuteronomy 33:27."

Therapy is more than physical and a former polio victim, now a therapist at Warm Springs, offers an understanding hand to Bob Ronald.



Wheelchair Missionary



First steps are mighty important ones for a man who feared he might never walk again.



Typing practice is essential for strengthening the finger muscles of a polio victim.

But all that was a year ago. Today Bob is at the Polio Foundation in Warm Springs, Georgia. There, he is receiving excellent care and has made such rapid progress that he has almost convinced the doctors he will be able to return to the China Mission even if it has to be in a wheelchair.

When I visited Bob on his first "anniversary" with polio, I was happy to find the same smile that has always been such an indelible part of his character. Bob's cheerful face fitted in quite naturally with the southern hospitality that surrounds the polio foundation. As a matter of fact, the optimistic spirit of the place is catching, and more than one visitor has gone away feeling he has been helped more than he has helped others. Friendly, sincerely interested therapists (some of them former polio patients), efficient service, and encourag-

ing fellow patients make life at Warm Springs a happy and homey one. Ample recreational facilities and a fully planned day leave little time for self-pity. I heard not a single complaint or murmur during my entire stay.

Bob is rarely found in his room. He is ready to roll at 8 A.M. for a whole day full of therapy, with each portion of the day mapped out for pool-exercise (90° F. mineral water piped right from the ground), stretching on the mat ("If it doesn't hurt we're not doing it right!"), walking practice, more stretching, typing practice (to strengthen the fingers), and so on. The evenings are left free but Bob is usually scooting hither and yon, visiting other patients, teaching catechism to the children, and what not.

Painful, but as a still-smiling Bob asserts "If it doesn't hurt we're not doing it right."

Every night the Catholics on the foundation who are free, gather together and say the Rosary—seemingly for everyone's intentions but their own.

"Preacher Bob," as he is sometimes referred to by the Bible Belt population in the area, is a tremendous inspiration to all those who come in contact with him. As one of Bob's classmates said about his fighting his way back to his feet: "He has a spirit no one can break—if Bob can't do it, it can't be done." I never felt prouder or more privileged than when I came in contact with that indomitable spirit as I helped Bob dress or carried him from wheelchair to bed.

Bob's missionary zeal has never flagged. He realizes the greatest tragedy in the world today is not suffering but the waste of suffering. Lying helpless on the cross that is his bed, he sees his prayers and sufferings as a flow of grace channeled into the hearts of his beloved Chinese now suffering so bravely on the mainland. After enjoying something of the active Xavier apostolate on

Formosa, he realistically accepts the sacrifice of entering on a less spectacular phase of mission work, a phase more characteristic of that other patron of the missions, St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Bob's superiors have said that his generous spirit of sacrifice has inspired more souls to a better life than he might ever have done in Formosa.

But Bob still dreams he is back in Formosa and often the language of the dream is Chinese. This is only natural, for much of his optimistic spirit is symbolized in that most difficult but most fascinating of languages. In this language of poetry in pictures, the literal translation of *ming'tien*, tomorrow, is "bright day." How wise, Bob muses, was the simple sage of yesterday who combined "bright" and "day" together as a symbol of the future, declaring the dogged optimism of the Chinese people, and anticipating all the hopes of mankind. For who, in the darkness of night, has not thought of the next day? And always that day is bright.





There is no such thing as a small mistake
when one is driving a dog team across the frozen
Alaska wastelands during the dark nights of winter

Death on the trail

HAROLD J. GREIF S.J.

I WAS VISITING in the tiny village of Pilot Point. Annie, a woman from Ugashik, another tiny place not far up the river, had driven a dog team to Pilot Point, shopped at the general store, visited with friends and then set out again for her home.

With Annie were her daughter of thirteen and an Eskimo named Moses. Her daughter had been in the States for six years attending a school and had returned home three months ago. During the day one of Annie's dogs had chewed and severed the towline, the rope which joins the team to the sled. Moses mended the rope with a knot. And so, at about eight o'clock in the evening Annie and Moses and the little girl began the return journey. It was very dark and cold.

Two days later a young Eskimo from Ugashik appeared in Pilot Point and asked for Annie. He told us that three of her dogs, one being the leader, had returned home the day before and that the people there thought that they had got away from Annie while she was in Pilot Point. They thought Annie was still visiting.

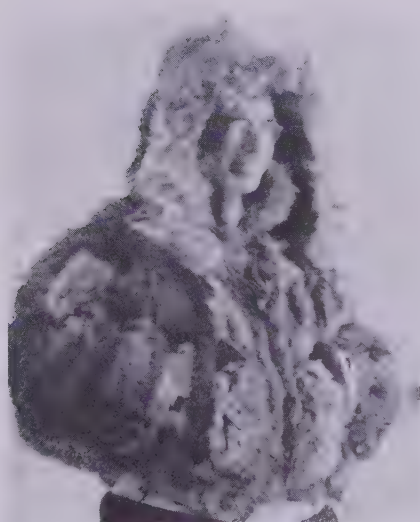
Everyone was in consternation. Annie had not arrived in Ugashik, and it had been almost two days since she had left. Then I learned too that Moses had returned back to Pilot Point not long after Annie and her girl had left. He said the knot he had tied had slipped

and three of the dogs had run away. He returned because there would have been too much weight for the remaining three dogs. Annie knew the country well and should have had no trouble in returning home to Ugashik.

Everyone knew what it meant to be out there on the open tundra, without shelter, for so many hours. The trail between the villages was only about ten miles in length and we were afraid to guess what must have happened. Something had to be done at once. People immediately started along the trail to Ugashik. It was easy to follow Annie's sled as the runners were wider than those on any of the other sleds there. The teacher closed school for the day and he and some of the older children joined the others. There were two planes in the village and these joined in the search for the missing women.

It took only a few hours to trace what had taken place after the lead dog with two others got loose and Moses returned to Pilot Point. Traveling on in the darkness, Annie and her daughter had broken through the ice covering a small body of water. Both were wet with icy water about up to their waists.

They went on and there was evidence that Annie was becoming ill. At Pike Lake they had tried to start a fire. Annie had taken off her stockings to dry them, it seems, but she left them lying



Author is a veteran Alaskan missionary whose present assignment is along the Yukon River.

on the ice. She must have been quite ill at this time and it seems, in crossing the lake, that she was lying on the sled with a hand hanging from one side so as to make a furrow in the snow. The daughter did not know the coun-

try well enough to find her way home, it must have been around the middle of the night and very dark, and without the leader neither would the team be reliable. Sled marks showed that the girl had driven around the lake three times. Then at the bank of the Ugashik River, where they were but a mile from home, the team went up the river in the opposite direction. The poor girl must have been very confused. Annie was found lying on her sled about six miles farther up the river. Still farther on was the girl, walking on in the hope, as she said, of reaching Pilot Point. Parts of her feet were frozen. She had asked her mother to walk too but Annie was perhaps no longer able to do so.

We buried Annie on the tundra just behind Ugashik. The coffin was of rough lumber and there were a few paper flowers. I offered Mass in the tiny living room of Annie's home; I haven't a church in Ugashik. Her husband wept bitterly. Death seems to be more sad here in Alaska, where life can be a rugged experience and people have so few of the pleasant things.

Mission Films

FROM TIME to time we are asked what mission films are available. At present there are four which may be rented by individuals or organizations for the nominal service fee of \$2.75 each. All are sound films, 16 mm., and in color.

"The Awakening" is a film of modern Japan which tells the heart-warming story of a Japanese boy in his quest for a college education in Yamaguchi, Hiroshima and Tokyo. Running time: 28 min.

"Tropical Battleground" is the story of American Jesuit missionaries in Central America and their efforts to bring Christ into the steaming jungle. The running time is 27 minutes.

"The Sisters" is a 12-minute vocation

picture which is different. It presents the ideals and glorious works of the Sisters against the background of the Jesuit missions among American Indians. Eleven Congregations are represented in picture or text.

"Blackrobe" depicts the Jesuit work on the Indian reservations in South Dakota and Wyoming and the efforts of the missionaries to restore hope and confidence—with the gift of faith—to a once mighty people. Twenty minutes.

Please write directly to our central shipping office:

Jesuit Mission Films
c/o Swanks, Inc.
621 N. Skinker Blvd.
St. Louis 5, Missouri



Mass in Alaska...

is just as important as Mass in St. Peter's in Rome. The place, however, is different. In *Death on the Trail* (p. 21) Father Greif tells of having to say Mass in a dead woman's tiny room, because there is no church in Ugashik. Mass has also been celebrated in the lee of a whale-boat (see cut).

Won't you help Father Greif build a chapel?

Send \$5, \$10, whatever you can afford, to

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

They are brief, but they trace the
outline of the hearts of missionaries

Letters from Belize

From Father Frank Stobie S.J.:

"This particular parish job in St. Ignatius Parish, Belize, is the best thing for me. I love it. I feel that people are around all the time. People, as you know, spend a great deal of time on the streets in Belize, because of climate and cramped quarters. So I'm talking with them almost constantly on the street.

Count up the different expressions on the faces of these school children of St. Ignatius Parish in Belize and see which is in the majority, the happy or solemn. But they're all God's children.



And when I'm inside the house they are always ringing the bell.

"One little girl, five years old, came to school the other day. She was cute in her little red dress, but she was sad as she said: 'I didn't have any tea' (the way they say 'no breakfast'). I took her to the house for a muffin and milk. Sister told me the little girl clung to her the day before, asking, 'Sister, take me home with you. Mother doesn't love me and my father doesn't want me.' Kids have to fight for existence sometimes.

"Every day I am more amazed at the generosity and interest of these people, who are so poor for the most part. I am new at parish work, but the sacrifices I

see people make for the parish and for the things I ask from them, make me confident of great things for the future. There is no end to the work and the progress to be made . . .

"Father Sutti is here with me now but we could easily use one or two more priests. There are about four thousand Catholics in the parish and soon we will have to put an addition on the school—nine hundred now jam the present building. And we need another chapel farther south, where the priest's influence is sadly lacking. Then there are the thousands of poorly instructed, lax and fallen away. It makes you feel that you can never dare to take a day off."



From Father Omer J. Sullivan S.J.:

"How to find time to write about our St. Vincent de Paul work and converts is a problem. All day long and sometimes at night there is a continuous stream of clients. We cannot help them all, nor give any of them all they need. Our saddest cases are those of pregnant mothers with two to five children already sleeping on the floor of some other person's shack, from which they must move with no place to go. I have had six in the last month.

"Our dry milk supply, which has been donated by the people of the United

States, through N.C.W.C. Relief (400,000 pounds yearly for ten years) finished the beginning of the year. No doubt we shall receive shipments of flour, a big help, but not a good substitute for milk, even dry milk. But we are eternally grateful for the past assistance.

"We have cards on more than 1,800 families just here in Belize, which represent over 9,000 persons. To these we give something—a box of dry milk, 5 pounds of flour, 15¢, half-a-dollar—something to each family nearly every week. With failures in corn and rice in several sections, with more unemployment than usual, things are quite rugged . . ."

Window on the Mission

Exiles Within China

CHINA IS OUTDOING Communist Russia in the mass deportation of its own people. The official line is that these people are great patriots, volunteering to leave their locale in order to contribute to the "great leap forward" in the development of the frontier provinces. No doubt some are volunteers, members of the Party and of the Communist Youth Organization. These will be the leaders and guards. Others sign up for safety's sake; their own security and that of their families will not allow them to do anything else.

Then comes the great mass, young people of both sexes, students, teachers, merchants who need reformation, all those whose ideas are suspect; and so many priests, sisters, Catholic laity who have refused to denounce the Pope. Word comes from Shanghai that one or more members of almost every Catholic family have been deported to the undeveloped provinces. An unknown number of priests and sisters have been put into these forced labor camps. The Communists pretend before the world

that they are heroes dedicated to the Party; we call them martyrs in our respect for the truth.

"Don't Fence Me In"

Several years ago Cardinal Cushing of Boston, who has such generous and deep love for the missions, remarked, "You can't put fences around charity." He meant by this that there are so many good works to be done by the Church all over the world that the generosity and charity might be stifled by attempting to restrict their exercise too rigidly. To say that all your aims should be given to one particular work and not to others would be to put fences around charity. Furthermore, such an attitude, if it become a fact, would paralyze so many essential works now undertaken by many missionary societies in the missions.

Many people are content to give to general works. Many others prefer to give to special works and to people known to them. There are so many motives for charity and so many different kinds of people who react to motives. In view of these facts, it is quite unrealistic to try to put fences around such generosity. Presumably the Cardinal thought that charity extended to many causes did not harm any cause he was sponsoring and he has been most generous in assisting missionaries and mission societies for years, while

and the JESUIT MISSIONS



Cover. The new era in Japan with its new and changed generation is depicted by artist Martin Gustavson in the light of the rising sun. The old adage, "Red sky in the morning; sailor, take warning" might well apply to the nation whose youth are veering from old ways.

accomplishing such grand things in his own archdiocese. When a prelate with such vast experience in charity refuses to put fences around charity, it must be presumed that he is acting wisely. The results testify to his wisdom.

Here and There

IN THE PHILIPPINES the Ateneo de Manila is establishing an Institute of Philippine Culture, of which a school of Linguistics will be an integral part. Father Frank Lynch will be the first director and Father McCarron will head the Linguistics section. The objectives of the Institute will be to make research studies of Philippine culture in its entirety and to apply the results of this research to Philippine problems.

In Alaska the Jesuit Superior, Father Hargreaves, points out to Catholic teachers the opportunities which teaching for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Alaska offers. A teaching couple could save about \$10,000 a year. A single teacher could make about \$5,800 yearly. The government pays transportation to Alaska (and back home after two years should teachers stay that long). A brand new school in Kwiguk, an all-Catholic village, has had no teachers since September. A new school opens next fall at Alakanuk in Father Llorente's territory. Living quarters plush. Enough for two couples. Three classrooms. Catholic teachers could assist the missionaries immensely by showing the Alaskans that there are white Catholic teachers. Father Henry Hargreaves S.J. is at Immaculate Conception Church, Bethel, Alaska. If anyone is interested, please contact Father Hargreaves directly.



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As a missionary career which has few rivals

draws to a close an aged veteran looks back and gives

thanks that he was allowed to help spread God's Kingdom

...this may be my last

Father Peter Sontag has been in India since 1923. In that time he has labored ardently and well for the Kingdom of Christ. He was one of the pioneer missionaries among the Depressed Classes in the Patna area. From 1929 to 1936 he was the Superior of the Patna Mission.

He was born in Mankato, Minnesota and his first mission assignment was not to India but to Central America. However, when the Patna Mission was assigned to American Jesuits, Father Sontag was among the first to enter this new field. An expert in the Hindi language, he has published many works in that tongue. Some years ago he began the Institute for Home Study (IHS) which is a correspondence course in Catholic doctrine. It has been highly successful, as he mentions in the accompanying letter, and it is a fitting crown for this veteran missionary who has never hesitated to give his all for Christ. Remember him and his work in your prayers.

De Nobili College, Poona, India

Dear Father:

My annual report this year is being sent you from the sick room here at De Nobili College. Though I am not confined to bed, I have strict orders from the doctor, a heart specialist, to take 6 weeks of complete rest. After serving me faithfully more than 80 years, my heart has gone on a sit-down strike.

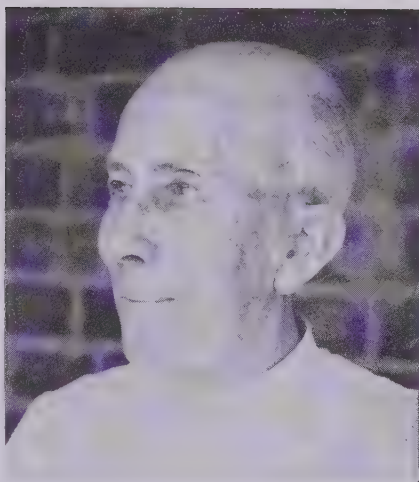
Apart from that, I am feeling O.K. and the doctor hopes to have me ready for light work after a month.

In a way this has been, as usual, a beautiful disposition of Providence. For it enables me with the help of a stenographer to do some more writing. Practically all my writing has been done while convalescing from serious illness.

I was booked to go to Patna last month for a bit of work and a celebration for my Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. But happily Providence disposed otherwise. It is good. For here in Poona the celebrations were simply wonderful. Besides the usual Jubilee celebrations here in our Jesuit Community, there was another one in Poona sponsored by the Catholic Association of Poona. Cardinal Gracías, the Archbishop of Bombay, presided over the function. These city celebrations were meant not only to honor me, but also to be a spur to the Correspondence Course movement. In eleven years I have seen more than forty IHS (Institute for Home Study) Centres, of which twenty are very active, spring up in India. These Centres have made more than 36,000 contacts with their non-Catholic neighbors, and distributed about 2,000,000 IHS lessons (high school level) and 36,000 lessons (college level). By this means we are making Christ and His message known in India. Our Instruction courses are

letter...

Genial veteran of India's mission field, Father Sontag is known personally and by his writings throughout the sub-continent. He has done a magnificent job in spreading knowledge and love of Our Lord to thousands.



now available in six of the native languages here in India, and six more in Eastern Asia—all the way from Japan down to Indonesia. Besides, the courses are under preparation to Belgium, Germany, etc.

At present I am not permitted to say Mass. Do please pray that I may again have that great privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice. And join with me, Father, to thank the dear Lord for all the wonderful blessings He has bestowed on my humble efforts to make Him known and loved in this pagan land. It has been so wonderful that it seems almost like a dream. Only heaven knows how many more souls will receive their first knowledge of the true God and Saviour through our IHS work, which I beg all of you to remember in your prayers, that it may continue to flourish as it now has for 10 years. Fortunately, Father Ted Bowling, who is taking my place, is a most capable and devoted man, and he will certainly carry on better than I can hope to do.

How strange God's ways! Recently one of our very valuable men, Father

Harry Birney S.J., only 44 years of age, the Rector of our big school in Jaipur, who was suffering just the same ailment as myself, died suddenly while engaged for a few minutes in a game with the boys. Father Birney called away in the prime of life, and I, no longer able to work, left to be nursed and served! God's ways are different than ours.

I need not remark that this may well be my last letter to you, since any little mishap may carry me off any day. So let me thank you from the very depth of my heart for all that your friendship and help in spiritual and material ways have meant for me and my work—or rather *our* work. For I have always considered all my apostolic success as much and perhaps more yours than my own. And yours is most surely a greater merit. For I have had the consolation of seeing much of the fruit of our effort, while your prayers are entirely a labour of Faith and Charity. May God love and bless you always for your devotion to IHS!

Your grateful brother in Christ,
PETER J. SONTAG S.J.



The

Jamaica gets a helping hand from lay missionaries (l. to r.) Richard Jodoin, Harrison Hobbes, William Arbogast, Thomas Hughes and Francis Brennan. Two are at St. George's and others at Annotto Bay.

THERE ARE a thousand streets in Trincomalee, and no doubt all of them have names, but you seldom see a street sign indicating this, and most of the streets are so short and insignificant that even the postman doesn't bother to learn their names. In Trincomalee you give and take directions by the more significant landmarks such as public buildings, outstanding trees, prominent junctions, etc. To say you saw a man "at the Post Office" simply means you saw somebody within a block or two of that place; or "at the railway station" probably means any place within view of the depot.

This particular method of designation can sometimes backfire, and the New Orleans Jesuits in Trincomalee are

chuckling over a recent example. (Of course they are not at the safe distance we are, so they are not chuckling too loud.)

Bishop Glennie and Father Vandenburg were traveling together in the Bishop's car. They were spotted by some of the seminarians who were returning from class. One of the latter promptly reported that he had seen the Bishop and Father Vandenburg.

"That's good. Where did you see them?"

"At the toddy tavern!"

Service with a smile as Bishop Glennie celebrates St. Joseph's Day at Old Folks Home. Father Vandenburg (left) also figures in the "scandalous" story told above.

From the Indian Ocean to the Caribbean

there are helping hands in the vineyard

whispers in the palms

The men pictured at left are giving a year to God on the Jamaica Mission and we think that you might like to know more about them. Richard Jodoin is from Marblehead, Mass. and is a graduate of Boston College. Harrison Hobbes hails from Bath, Maine where he attended Morse High School before he attended Boston College. William Arbogast comes from Alexandria, Virginia and went to

Gonzaga High before his studies at Georgetown University.

Thomas Hughes is from Belmont, Mass. and is a graduate of Belmont High School and Boston College. Francis Brennan is a native of Dorchester, Mass. and at present has been granted a year's leave of absence from his duties as Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County, Mass. All look happy under the palms.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Before it's too late can we give a helping hand to further the great work of Father Sontag in India? On page 28 you read his moving appeal "this may be my last letter . . ." We pray that it is not but we would like to give this grand missionary a concrete donation which would mean so much to him, to his work, and to his dreams. Any contribution—\$1, \$5, or \$100—will be speedily forwarded to him.

Letters from Belize (cf. p. 24) outline graphically the situation of poverty. Father Omer Sullivan mentions ruefully that the Poor Box provides just one dollar a week—and there are over 1,000 families to help! Even a small gift means a lot in such circumstances and a dollar or two is received gratefully. Could you make a small donation?

If you had a smile at Bishop Glennie's expense (see p. 30) maybe you can return the smile to him with his expenses. His new Home for the Aged, adroitly run by the Little Sisters of the Poor, has over 80 old folks. The monthly cost for each of these aged is about \$13. That's a heavy item for a slim budget. Could you lighten the load for the Bishop?

The Boat Show is over but those with an interest in it can understand Father Raymond Talbott's plea. On Kodiak Island in Alaska he needs a sturdy boat, which he has, and necessary equipment, which he hasn't. Could any boat lover give part of the \$100 he sorely needs?

Women and children first is the motto of Father Albert Klaeser in Hsinchu, Formosa. He needs materials for his Sewing School and Kindergarten—cloth, sewing machines, swings, etc. He could provide *everything* for \$500 but could you help him get *something* with a gift of \$1, \$2, \$5?

Time is important for Father Ludwig at Rampur in India. Before the next monsoon he must put a roof over his orphans and widows. The youngsters are so crowded it is difficult to walk between beds. A new building is needed but a roof for the old one is more urgent at the moment. Could your gift of a few dollars to Father Ludwig beat out the monsoon?

Troubles are routine for Father Daly in Ceylon, as you can see from page 10. But there is a certain amount of wear and tear involved and that is beginning to show on Father's cassocks. Patches are in order but tailors charge as much for patchwork as for making new clothes. The answer is a sewing machine, and right around the corner from his church is a Singer Sewing Machine shop. The price is about \$150. Could you help get Father Daly started around that corner?

Stringless gifts are very deeply appreciated. They enable us to give a speedy response to a sudden plea for help when a missionary needs assistance in a hurry.

Jesuit Missions
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.



Convent...

In Bar Bigha, Monghyr District, Patna, India, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart are living in a “temporary” convent. You can see what it’s like. A new building with windows and a non-leaky roof is desperately needed. A decent convent will cost \$2,000.

Can you help? \$5, \$10, whatever you can spare . . .

Send your contribution to

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

*Help the homeless
and hungry overseas!*

CATHOLIC BISHOPS' RELIEF FUND

**1960 WORLD REFUGEE
YEAR APPEAL**



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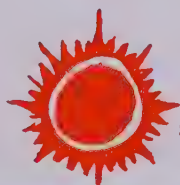
God will reward you

Send your contribution to the nearest Catholic Church, or
to Bishops' Relief Fund, Empire State Building, New York 1.

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JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1960



Shifting currents in the Caribbean

CUBA
HAITI
ANTIGUA
BARBADOS
JAMAICA
MARTINIQUE
TRINIDAD
PUERTO RICO
TOBAGO
ST THOMAS
NASSAU





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
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Ceylon

Alaska

Belize

Japan

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China

Caroline Islands

Formosa

Jamaica

Jamshedpur

Korea

Patna

Philippines

Marshall Islands

Nepal

Yoro

American Indians

Puerto Rico

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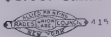
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Mother and Child (left) in a world apart, the two-fold
brightness which all the shadows of earth cannot veil.
Every missionary carries a similar miniature of these
two in his heart and each day of labor and suffering is
another chapter in the love story of his life.

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This was the field where Xavier toiled and

planted a seed which has blossomed steadily

through the years and still blooms today

Along



Wondering if any buyers will take her fresh catch. Very little profit is realized by the Christian fishermen who must sell their fish as soon as they arrive in port to well organized Muslim middlemen.



JAMES J. BERNA S.J.

the Fishery Coast

EVERYONE familiar with the life of St. Francis Xavier knows that he made most of his converts in India on the Fishery Coast—that strip of beach which lies between Trivandrum and Cape Comorin on the southwest coast of India. Today almost all the fishing villages in this area are Catholic and nearly 200 thousand Catholic fishermen live where there were none when Xavier first arrived. One of these is named Vizhinjam (pronounced VEER-in-yam), the last fishing village to the north where St. Francis Xavier is known to have preached.

Life in Vizhinjam, as on the rest of the Fishery Coast, goes on today very much as it did in Xavier's time. The surf rolls in from the Arabian Sea and

breaks on broad white beaches fringed with palm trees. The people still live in their small thatched huts made of bamboo and plaited palm leaves. The fishermen still go to sea in their primitive catamarans (raft-like boats made of three or four logs tied together) and their wooden dug-out canoes which now proudly bear small painted crosses on their prows. And the fisherfolk are just as poor as they were when Xavier walked through their villages ringing his little bell to call the children to Catechism class.

The Fishery Coast is now part of Kerala, but Communism has gained no foot-hold among the coastal Catholics despite their great poverty. Indeed, their loyalty to the Church was demonstrated beyond all doubt during the campaign last summer to oust Kerala's Communist Government. More than any other single group, the Catholic fishermen were responsible for the success of that cam-

Land's End in India is Cape Comorin, the last point along the Fishery Coast. This was the part of India which Francis Xavier evangelized and loved so well.

Father Berna is a member of the Jamshedpur Vice-Province and is attached to the Jesuit Social Institute in Poona, India. He recently worked among the people of the Fishery Coast, at the request of the Auxiliary Bishop.

Fishing village on India's west shore with the nets of the fishermen drying in the hot sun.



Along the Fishery Coast

paign. They were the ones who occupied the Catholic schools to prevent the Communists from seizing them, picketed Government offices and led the mass demonstrations which finally forced the Central Government to intervene and dismiss the Communist ministry. In this struggle eight fisherfolk lost their lives

and many others were injured, some maimed for life. Unprovoked firing by the police did not deter them. When told that some of their people had been killed one group replied: "We risk our lives every day on the sea; we are ready to die for the Church." Those words recall the courage of St. Peter, the Prince of Fishermen: "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee to prison and to death."



(Luke, 22:33.) Our Lord must have a special love for fishermen; He chose His first Apostles from among them.

In Trivandrum, Archbishop Joseph Attipetty of Verapoly said that this victory of Kerala's democratic parties, winning back the state government from the Communists, "saved the whole of India." The prelate hailed the three-to-one triumph of the democratic coalition

Farmers as well as fishermen need to be taught new methods. Here at the Lakhna Training School, conducted by the U.S. Technical Cooperation Administration, a student demonstrates the use of a cultivator. The trainees must be able and willing to demonstrate to other farmers the techniques and methods they have learned under experts.

as "a God-given victory over Communism." Only one who lived through those trying days realizes how close was disaster.

The Church is trying hard to improve the economic condition of the Catholic fishermen, who are reduced to near-starvation conditions during the monsoon when no fishing is possible. Co-operative societies are being organized which will provide them with better nets and marketing facilities. At present most of the profits are taken by Muslim middlemen who buy the fish at the beach as soon as it is landed. The fishermen must sell at any price since they have no facilities for storing or curing fish. Soon a marketing society will be formed to change this situation. Before long we hope to provide better housing and move some families from the most over-crowded villages to less congested areas. In one village over ten thousand Catholics live in an area approximately one square mile in size. Please keep the project in your prayers. It means much to Xavier's beloved fisherfolk.



Christian boy learns art of fishing at an early age. Father Berna, in conjunction with the Bishops, has been setting up a pilot project in four fishing villages.



Southward lies a world that has risen out of the sunlit Caribbean in strange, exciting forms.

THERE IS a legend that whoever eats the heart of the palm must return to the islands. It is a saying that mirrors a truth as bright as the waters which lap its thousand shores—the Caribbean has a fascination never to be entirely lost, no matter what paths a man may thereafter follow. The heart-hold it fastens on one person will not be formed the same way on another, for its appeal is not that of a single jewel but of an open treasure chest, overflowing with its varied riches. Its beauty calls out in a hundred different voices, exciting, alluring, overpowering, yet always there is the muted echo of history and gripping human drama . . .

One walks along Le Moule beach on the island of Guadeloupe, the green waters curling softly over truly golden sands. In the brilliant sunlight even the scattered driftwood appears bleached with gold. But those same waters are forever uncovering the shallow graves of

the French, the British and the Indians who made this beach a battleground a dozen times. Those are human bones by the edge of the water, grim reminders that in this tropical Eden pride and greed and the fury of Cain have walked time and again.

It brings a feeling which, in some form or other, is reborn in almost every other corner of the Caribbean. It is a shadow of other-worldliness, of the presence of an unfamiliar element, a half-heard note struck on a scale that runs from pleasure down to fear. You experience one aspect of that feeling when you enter the most beautiful harbor of the Caribbean, St. George's of Grenada, and the red-roofed houses of a design two hundred years old stand out on the steep hills, framed by vivid bougainvillea and flaming immortal trees. The scent of nutmeg is strong, even in the harbour. It seems unreal, toylike, of another age and world.

Caribbean: Shifting Currents

These are fantastic islands and the glamor of their
beauty plus their stirring history can blind us to
the elemental truth that human beings live here

It is the reaction of quaintness, and it is pleasing.

But it is a different other-worldliness which is conjured up in the lovely land of Haiti. The second oldest republic in the Western Hemisphere, it has all the beauty and softness of the other tropical isles. At night it is especially appealing—until, in the hills, jet-black beneath the moon and stars, the drums begin to beat. Somewhere in that darkness something that is evil is alive, something that was born long ago from the midnight womb of Africa. The voodoo drums beat nervously on through the night; the howling of hungry dogs has an unearthly sound; no cloud obscures the moon but a shadow falls across one's soul.

We look upon the Caribbean as a playground, a vacation resort, the dream hideaway for a temporary or even a lasting escape. A short distance inland from plush Ocho Rios in Jamaica a Massachusetts man in his early sixties has found his ideal retirement spot. In beautiful surroundings and with a comparatively inexpensive mode of life he is quietly content to spend all his remaining years, doing the things he enjoys. In a way he crystallizes for many of us our concept of the Caribbean and its way of life.

But that is not a true concept; it only gingerly touches the rim of a world which generalities cannot cover. The one thing which all the parts of this world embrace in common is the physical beauty of nature. We must push aside the lush curtain of its beauty and see that its inner sanctum is crowded with human beings, as different and as changing as the colors of the sea around them, unstable as its volcanic sands, restless as the shifting currents of the Caribbean.

The Spaniards came in the 1500s and opened up the gateway to this golden world. By the next century the French, English and Dutch were hard on their

Sugar is the base of the economy of many of the islands. At Grove Farm, Jamaica, a worker cuts cane on a co-operative farm.



The Caribbean: Shifting Currents



Winds and waves whip the beach below Chalky Mount, Barbados. On this tiny isle every inch of soil is so precious that lettuce is grown on Bridgetown's sidewalks.

Fishing fleet from Bathsheba sails out in early morning. Later on you hear the hawkers call off the names of their fish—"Ol' wife, doctah fish, buff'lo haid, li'l blue chub"—and the chowder is laced with rum.

heels and the Spanish Main was red with blood. The slaves of Africa were herded in to replace the vanishing Indians who have left in the islands few memorials of their passing. Gradually, all these yesterdays, 300 years of them, hardened into the complex pattern which we trace today. Spain lingers on in the language, customs and religion of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. France still holds Martinique and Guadeloupe, and the blacks of Haiti retain that language, forming the only French-speaking republic in the Americas. Outside of the few islands which make up the Netherlands West Indies, Britain controls the rest. These last today form the Federation of the West Indies: Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, with the Windward Islands (Dominique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada) and the present Leeward Islands—St. Kitt's-Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat and Anguilla.

This watery region was in former days the most prized on earth. In the early years of our own history our value was

far below that of the Caribbean. Even with the dwindling of the precious metals from the Latin American mainland, there still remained the richness of the islands' sugar, coffee and spices. The governorship of Jamaica was then the plum of the British Empire.

It was only in the last century that the bottom of the sugar market fell out under the impact of the beet sugar competition and the islands began to wither away economically. They fell into such a state of neglect that Lloyd George once referred to them as "the slums of Empire."

So the fury of Europe passed and even its greed found less to feed on. But the imprint of Europe has been etched deeply in the people who inhabit the isles today. It has left a moral stamp that is both good and bad on the physical wax that is predominately African. As one travels from island to island he can find varying shades of color, ranging from the unmistakably shining black of Ashanti Africa to a whiteness that is un-



identifiable. The difference in shade must not obscure the keen consciousness that color plays in this world. In his fascinating and thoughtful study "Family and Colour in Jamaica," F. M. Henriques underlines its importance: "Colour is the major determinant of social position and is the basis of middle and upper class frustrations. In fact colour can be said to pose the whole problem of 'cultural' values in the Caribbean."

Another facet of that imprint has been expressed, perhaps a little harshly, by Alec Waugh in his "Island in the Sun" when his Julian Fleury sums it up: "When you talk of democracy, you've got to remember the background and history of these peoples. They were shipped here as slaves from different parts of Africa, a mingling of different tribes and

races. They had only one thing in common, a sense of bitter injustice against their masters. That sense has never died. As for the planters, they had a deep-rooted sense of guilt which made them vindictive, first toward their slaves, afterward toward their laborers. They were frightened. They were so few, the slaves were many. All through the eighteenth century, and even after Emancipation, there were revolts. And the hatred, the

Cocoa also plays a big part in the economy. On Grenada a plantation worker examines the pods.
(Photos from British Information Services.)





Modern facilities are advancing rapidly. One example is the Princess Margaret Hospital at Morant Bay on Jamaica's south coast. The Princess opened the hospital during her 1955 visit.

fear, the longing for revenge still simmer underneath the surface. There've been troubles all down these islands since they were first colonized. You can never tell where an explosion will come; the slightest thing will set it off, here, or in Grenada, or St. Kitts. We're sitting on a keg of dynamite."

It is a slumbering volcano whose presence can be signalized in various ways. The Caribbean became of tremendous significance to the United States in World War II. At that time, when the Allies were reeling and the Western Hemisphere seemed the last bulwark against the enemy, there was much talk about the U.S. annexing some of the islands. The West Indians felt that their political ambitions and economic future would be attached to a rising star. But

once the imminent danger had passed and their relations with the Americans during that period were quietly reviewed, the desire of annexation died away. It might be summed up in a quote of those days: "The Britisher," said a Negro, "gives you 50 cents and calls you mister; the American gives you a dollar and a half and calls you, 'Hey, George'." Like every lesson in diplomacy, it is also a lesson in human nature.

There is a tendency, in speaking of an area which holds a thousand bizarre items, to dwell upon the little known eddies which the waves of history have left behind them—the "white legs" of St. John on Barbados, poorest of the poor, who are descendants of the exiled Royalists under Cromwell and have preserved through the centuries an unblemished

European strain; or the Maroons in the Jamaica Cockpit country, runaway slaves who have kept their fierce independence. What is true of people also applies to things. In food and dress and customs there are intriguing differences. But what is singular should not distract us from what is most important of all, the large majority of the people and their problems.

The Caribbean Islands are a body in which the strongest muscles, long dormant, are now beginning to flex. Most of the people have grown to a manhood in a groove constructed by four languages and four sets of customs. The symmetry of the Barbados sugar farms with the

Education is on the upswing throughout the Caribbean. The rapt faces of these Barbadian pupils also pinpoint the mixture of many races.



Typical of the Caribbean's diverse pattern is this meeting of the children of Africa and Asia in library of the University of West Indies.

tiny Norman churches standing out against the neat terraces which rise to Mount Hillaby's top speak of a "Little England" more British in its inhabitants than the power which has ruled it since 1625. Haiti is African, trained in 17th Century French pattern, with an overlay of 20th Century American. These are not necessarily two extremes but rather two examples of the Caribbean palimpsest. All these complex factors must be considered when we look at this world emerging in its new strength.

Its emergence is a restless one, but it is still a real one. The course of direction is far from clear. Which way will Cuba go, or the Dominican Republic? The Federation of the West Indies has not reached clear water by any means; it resembles a sluggish convoy trying to



The Caribbean: Shifting Currents



Cement is one of Trinidad's exports. Here bags from Claxton Bay factory are loaded at Port of Spain for South America.

gather itself into a unit and decide upon a course and speed suitable to all its differently constructed vessels.

One of the major problems has been the economic one. These are agriculture islands and they have faced a difficult time in recent years. Many of them are geared to a one-crop economy which is a desperate gamble in the face of world markets and the hurricanes out of the sea which spell disaster in a matter of minutes. As their people grow wiser they are looking to other ways to bolster a fragile way of life. So, for example,

Livestock improvement in Barbados
as local black-bellied sheep is mated
with imported British Wiltshire Horn ram



"Live like angels and produce like the devil"
is formula for Puerto Rico's Governor Luis
Munoz Marin. It fits the entire Caribbean.

the rise of the bauxite industry in Jamaica has meant a new orientation, a brighter one, for the people. More than 100 new industrial plants have been added in the last two years, thanks to the wisdom of the government in offering tax incentives to those who worked the richest bauxite deposits in the world.

But the economic situation in the islands is not so good that we can apply the official motto of the more northerly Bahamas: "The pirates are gone and business is fine." But among the sugar and coconut plantations of the West Indies can be noticed the two tendencies towards greater mechanization and the



increased size of farms. But these are tendencies, not actualities in the sense that they have already come into existence everywhere. But even the tendency is a step forward for there is an ingrained habit of farmers with a fertile soil and favorable climate to work the land only for what is necessary for themselves. The way of their fathers is not easily cast aside, especially when it demands more sweat, and that perhaps needless, on the part of the son. Yet under government persuasion the vista of better living is opening up to people with a quickened interest.

Outside of that wavering bond of blood, is there any other tie which unites these people of the thousand islands? Yes, there is one which transcends that of the blood of man, for it was forged in the blood of God. It is their religious belief, implanted long ago by Catholic

Hat shop of Josephine Sitney in Grenville, Grenada. All hats are painted and are decorated with ribbon and net.



The Caribbean: Shifting Currents



Castries Island has been ravaged by fire three times in recent years. It shows in the face of Mrs. St. Helene, survivor.

missionaries. Over 70% of the inhabitants of the Caribbean proclaim themselves Catholic. The statistical breakdown is as follows: French Guadeloupe and Martinique, 98%; Dominican Republic, 96%; Puerto Rico, 93%; Cuba, 84%; Haiti, 69%; Netherlands West Indies, 68%; and the Federation of West Indies, 19%. Culture and language and economic difficulties may rear barriers among these diverse peoples but they can be one in the greatest union of all, the Mystical Body of Christ. In these days when they are fighting out of the chains of the past let us remember them prayerfully.



Government aid to nearly three million pounds was the biggest help in establishing the University of the West Indies which serves the British dependencies in Caribbean countries.



Children of nature have a forthright simplicity which makes them children of God

Flowers for the Altar

EMILE A. BORDENAVE S.J.

IF YOU WERE to go into any Hindu temple here in Ceylon you would see flowers tastefully arranged before the idols. They are put there out of fear, in order to placate the gods, for the Hindu religion is largely a religion of fear. There are many kinds of fear and for each one there is a different deity to placate.

If you were to come to our church in Kallar you would also see fresh flowers adorning the altar. They are put there, not out of fear, but out of love; and they are put there by the altar boys. You might say that there is nothing remarkable about this. However, you would have to know something about Kallar to really appreciate what this means.

Kallar is a little village on the east coast of Ceylon, about twenty miles from Batticaloa, the nearest town. It is only three hundred yards from the sea; consequently, the soil is ninety percent sand—and sea sand at that. Since Kallar is on the east coast it gets only one monsoon period a year, from November until

Flowers for the Altar

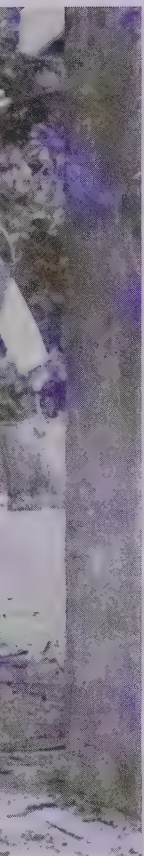


the end of February. During this time it rains almost every day, and sometimes for days at a stretch. During the other eight months of the year it is rare to see a cloud in the sky, let alone a rain cloud. The heat at times is unbearable, with the sun beating down steadily.

You must admit that these are not exactly ideal conditions for growing flowers the year round. Yet, somehow, our altar boys manage it. The biggest difficulty is the lack of water during the eight-month dry period. However, this

doesn't stop our boys. Every evening during the hour before sunset they form a line, and with the help of the swami who dips the water from the well, they pass it from one to the other, until every plant has had its thirst quenched. Of course they make a game of it; they shout and scream and sing songs as all Ceylon boys do. As you watch them you realize at once that this watering business is not a labor for them, but a work of love.

In the morning during Mass when



Bucket brigade is formed by the boys of Kallar and you can tell that those pails of water are really heavy. The barefoot Father Bordenave supervised the teamwork from his key position at the well. Most of the land around Kallar is sandy so the wells run about 15 to 18 feet deep and sweeps are usually used, the fork of a large tree supporting a balanced beam.

Time out is welcome and no one seems in a hurry to get those buckets filled again. After the flowers are cared for, there'll be time for marbles or hopscotch on the clay stretch near the church.



Christ comes upon the altar, He can gaze fondly at the beautiful array of flowers which His little living flowers have placed on the altar for Him. It is a simple gesture, perhaps, but it is born of love and Our Lord has passed judgment when He said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Water again. Father Sommers, pastor of St. John de Britto Church in Kallar, is served by altar boys Thiruselvam and Christorajah.



Window on the Mission

MOSCOW TO OPEN ALIEN UNIVERSITY

**Africans, Asians and Latins
Invited—Tuition Free**

THIS HEADLINE greeted us not so long ago as we opened our morning paper. It was at once interesting and ominous. Interesting, because it pointed right at the mission intention for the month of May when the Holy Father asks us to pray for the Catholic students from Asia and Africa who are studying in the universities of Europe and America.

Ominous, too, because it warns us that the Communist leaders are thinking of these students also. They plan a school of specialized training of four to eight years with all expenses paid. To it they will invite young technicians, teachers, physicians and specialists from less developed areas of the world.

It does not take much imagination to see when they return to their homelands, these students will be grateful—at least that. How many will have their gratitude

exploited so that they become propagandists for Communism? How many will be “sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,” hymning glories of the Soviet?

Meanwhile, what are we doing for Asian and African students in our universities? What should we be doing? There are about 70,000 of them; about 40,000 from Africa and the Middle East, and 30,000 from the Far East. Their number increases each year but the Catholics among them remain at about 10%.

It is hard to exaggerate the important part they will play in the future of their countries. So many of them are from newly established nations, eager with the first thrill of freedom from colonial rule to do and dare all for future happiness and prosperity. Having few or no institutions of higher education, these nations send their best young men and women to learn from older nations their arts, sciences, skills and techniques.

The African or Asian student in a strange land faces problems. He sees about him a way of life different from the one he knew at home. And, all too often, quite different from the way he was told is that of Christian living. He may be confused by the conflict between the strict morality of his home and the too lax observance of the moral law that he sees among us.

The Catholic, in addition, may find extra barriers in fulfilling his religious duties. For example, who will hear his confession in his native tongue? Add the



Cover. There is a magic in names and artist Phil Franznick felt it when he designed the cover with its dark background of breaking Caribbean waves. These names are rich in history and drama and they speak of a world which has been too little known by the great majority in the United States.

bad example of fellow students and the zeal of Communists and you have a good idea of what kind of help they need.

They need priests as chaplains. So, the bishops of dioceses where there are large numbers of such Asian and African students have assigned priests to such work. Pope Pius XII urged this and our present Holy Father, in his mission encyclical renewed that plea. These priests try to meet all the visiting students soon after their arrival; help them to find suitable quarters; arrange for meetings among these students and with others of the host-country for the sake of recreation and social life. But, most of all the foreign students' chaplains are interested in their spiritual welfare and encourage them to receive the sacraments regularly, to make days of recollection and so on.

Then, too, these students need homes. If Catholic families can provide living quarters for these students, it will not be hard to find students eager for such places. But, more of us can, perhaps, invite them to visit our homes. We can learn from them. More to our point here, they can learn from us how our Catholic families can serve as models for themselves and their countries. We can, too, help them to clear away the confusion between what Christians preach and what they practice.

All of us can pray for them. That their years among us will prepare them for the great tasks facing them when they return to their new nations. That they will be capable and willing to help their own people as, we hope, they have learned to do among us. Let us pray, also, that the Catholics return, strengthened in faith for having met us.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



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Two months before his death this photo of Father Damien was taken by Prof. Brigham.

A LITTLE CORONARY trouble had forced my return to the States from Singapore and while enroute a second attack laid me up in Honolulu. There I had the opportunity of meeting a spry Irish priest, now in his seventies, Father Patrick Logan, SS.CC. He is the official "Devil's Advocate" for the Rev. Joseph de Veuster, SS.CC., better known as Damien the Leper. Father Logan has held that position since 1936 and is the best Catholic authority on Damien today. Through his eyes I caught a far clearer vision of that magnificent hero of Molokai.

As a boy Patrick Logan had aspired to be a Jesuit but his entrance was deferred because of his youth. In the meanwhile a Jesuit priest told him the story of Damien and as a result he joined the Picpus Fathers and wound up in Molokai himself. His official appointment as "Devil's Advocate" came at the time when King Albert of the Belgians ordered the body of Damien to be exhumed from the

Damien the leper lives on
in the hearts of his people

Echoes from Molokai

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.

simple grave on Molokai where it had lain for 47 years. Since that time Father Logan has examined witness after witness who knew Father Damien in his lifetime.

Damien felt, like anyone else, a natural repugnance to leprosy; yet from the start he realized that if he was going to win these outcasts to Christ he would have to conquer himself.

Soon after he reached tragically magnificent Molokai, an old woman called him to the bedside of her son. Damien found the sick man lying on a pile of filthy mats. The stench was almost unbearable, but gritting his teeth he overcame his nausea by sheer will power and knelt by the leper's side. First, he heard the man's confession and then administered Extreme Unction. The old mother, till then a non-Catholic, stood watching intently as the young priest anointed the disfigured eyes, nose, ears, lips and hands of her son. When he uncovered the feet of the dying patient they were crawling with maggots. Damien shuddered, but went on with his ministrations, and after finishing remained with the leper to the agonizing end.

As he left, the old mother, with tears in her eyes, asked to be received into the Church herself. She too, was at death's door, and the next day, two hours before she expired, Damien baptized her. He then dug a grave for both mother and son. It was devotion like this that won the heart of every leper on Molokai.

Not only Catholic Belgium but Protestant England recognized the sociological and humanitarian significance of Damien, and it was Edward VII who as Prince of Wales started a collection in the United Kingdom for a monument to the famed leper priest. "While Damien was at Molokai there were some 800 lepers on the island," stated Father Logan, "but when I went back there some years ago only 400 remained. Today there are about 200. It is the sulphone drugs that have changed things. The leper bacilli are now controlled and eventually destroyed before they can work their way to the surface and deform the patient's body. In another forty years it is believed that leprosy will disappear from the islands. Half of those still on Molokai are paroled and could leave at any time, but most of the older ones choose to remain because Molokai is the only real home they know and *there* they do not risk ostracism because of their past affliction."

"Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend," was the text from St. John that Father Logan chose on Feb. 3, 1936, for an eloquent sermon preached at the Catholic cathedral, Honolulu, for the special service held over Father Damien's disinterred remains: "You have watched his work grow year by year," he told his listeners, "and today you are here to pay him tribute . . . Father Damien's life and death were sacrifice in the truest sense of the word . . . His parents christened him Joseph, expecting his life to be as laborious as that of his patron St. Joseph . . . In religion he adopted the name of Damien, a physician martyred for the faith

in 303 A.D. . . . The young Belgian landed in Honolulu on St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1864. Shortly afterwards he was raised to the priesthood and celebrated his first holy Mass in this cathedral of Our Lady of Peace."

The speaker, his eyes flashing, went on to tell how from the day the government decreed that all persons showing signs of leprosy were to be isolated on the north coast of Molokai, Damien could not contemplate the lot of those unfortunates without feeling the urge to consecrate himself to their service. He got his chance in May, 1873. Bishop Maigret was lamenting the fact that the shortage of priests did not permit him to appoint one for regular service to the settlement, when Damien came forward and said, "Bishop, here I am; send me." He accompanied the prelate to the settlement and there his lordship told the lepers, "I am bringing you one who will be to you a father, one who doesn't hesitate to become one of you."

An hour later when the Bishop boarded the vessel for his return trip, Damien, 33, was left there alone, unsheltered, with not even a bed to lie upon. He sat under a palm tree in the little churchyard of Kalawao, surrounded by a group of spiritually starved patients, men, women and children, who drank in every word that came from his lips. Some distance away, though, stood another group who muttered blackly, "Why does he come here? We don't need his kind. Let him go back where he came from!"

Damien ignored them. He started out with a building program, and one by one he and his leper assistants replaced the old grass huts with neatly whitewashed cottages. Then he discovered that under the cliffs there were natural reservoirs of clear water that could be useful if piped down to the settlement. That's when he began writing to the Board of Health in Honolulu, asking not only for medicine, but for more clothing, food

and lumber, together with a supply of water pipes. Members of the Board were annoyed. In the past they had bothered precious little about these leper outcasts, but they were soon to learn that the Belgian priest would give them no peace till all his requests were granted. He continued to annoy the Board of Health regularly with his letters, and his persistence produced extraordinary results for the lepers.

Father Logan recalls a conversation in the government dispensary in which lepers of his time were cared for. He congratulated the doctor in charge on the clinic's excellent equipment. The government doctor looked at him curiously. "Everything we have here," he said, "*everything*, even to these clean towels, we owe to your Father Damien."

For 16 years Damien dressed leprous wounds, for at the start he was Molokai's only doctor, as he was its coffin maker, mortician and grave digger. He left nothing undone to improve the lepers' conditions. At any time of the day or night, a sudden call of charity, some patient in distress, would cause him to go at once to render aid. He was that kind of man—God's man.

Father Patrick tells how the Princess Regent Liliukalani made a tour of the settlement in 1881 in the Queen's company. So impressed was she with Damien's devotion to the poor: "To satisfy my own warmest desire, I beg of you, Reverend Father, accept the decoration of Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Kalakana, as a testimony of my sincere admiration for the efforts you are making to relieve the distress and lessen the sufferings of our afflicted people."

But Damien was not satisfied with a royal cross. What he wanted was a crown. Some are astonished that he ever contracted leprosy, but it would have been a miracle if he hadn't. One of the greatest dangers of contagion is in touching the food of lepers, and Damien

did that often. If a leper offered him food, he ate it; if one offered him a pipe, he smoked it. Tools passed freely from the misshapen hands of lepers into the hands of Damien. "If Providence," he used to say, "sees fit to afflict me with leprosy, I will gain a crown of thorns whether I am worthy of it or not." It was a prayer that would be answered.

After 11 years he got his crown, announcing it officially one day when he began a sermon, "We lepers . . ." It was Dr. Arthur Mouritz who first diagnosed Damien's affliction as leprosy and he continued to work on with the holy missionary afterwards. When the remains were brought back from Molokai, Dr. Mouritz, still hale and hearty, was present. After he had put a few flowers on Damien's open coffin, Father Logan asked him, "What do you think of Damien now, Doctor? No one knew him better than you through the years."

Mouritz replied thoughtfully, "I am not a Catholic, but I believe there is a God who rewards the good and punishes the wicked. I know that Damien was disinterested to prepare for his possible canonization, and if that means the crowning of a man for his virtue and for the good he has done to humanity, then no man ever deserved it more than Father Damien."

The spirit of Damien hovers over Hawaii, "the fairest fleet of isles anchored in any ocean." Though Belgium now harbors Damien's bones, he really belongs to all mankind. "We shall continue to reap the fruits of his labors and enjoy the benefit of his example," declared Father Logan. "Molokai, with the spirit of Damien hovering over us, will no longer be the rocky isle of sorrow, but the friendly isle of good will, an abiding testimony of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh. Aloha Oe, Damien, valiant soldier of Christ, salvation of Molokai, honor of Belgium, glory of the Church, Radiance of God, Aloha Oe!"



STUCK...

Young Jesuits in the Philippines are being trained in rented quarters. They've had to move every three years. And now the lease on their present building is elapsing. No suitable quarters are available.

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Chapel—2,000

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THERE is a saying in Japan that "He who does not climb Mt. Fuji is a fool; he who climbs Mt. Fuji more than once is a bigger fool." Probably the words of an exhausted climber on his way down. "*Fujisan*" or Mt. Fuji is a central fact in Japanese life. The Japanese remark on its change of aspect with the change of weather, and they use it often in illustrating a point in discussion. Many Japanese feel honored when a foreigner pays his respects to Japan by

low Jesuits: an Englishman to give us methodical patience; a German with mountain climbing experience in the Alps; and an Irishman for a bit of the light touch. There are ten rest stations along the way to the top, a few of which have sleeping accommodations. Many people climb in the evening, sleep for a few hours at the Eighth Station, and rise in time to be at the top for the sunrise. Others, like my group, leave Kawaguchi Station about noon by bus, crossing the

No other place has ever captivated a people

as this mountain which rules the Japanese

"FUJISAN"

LAWRENCE W. BEER S.J.

Mid-summer and Fujisan rears majestically above Lake Yamanashi, one of five surrounding beauties

climbing Fuji. On any clear night during July or August, one can look across Lake Kawaguchi to Fuji's black mass and see a string of flickering lights wending its way up the silent slope. These are the flashlights of hundreds of climbers. Most of them also are carrying specially made hiking sticks hung with jingling bells. Shinto priests stamp these poles at shrines on the top as a sign that the holder has scaled the highest mountain in Japan. Climbing Fuji is not like climbing any other mountain of comparative size (12,390 ft.). Many thousands of Japanese and foreigners, from the very young to the very old, pilgrims and tourists, can take the long hike each summer, which cannot be said of any other large mountain, as far as I know.

I set out one morning with three fel-

low Jesuits: an Englishman to give us methodical patience; a German with mountain climbing experience in the Alps; and an Irishman for a bit of the light touch. There are ten rest stations along the way to the top, a few of which have sleeping accommodations. Many people climb in the evening, sleep for a few hours at the Eighth Station, and rise in time to be at the top for the sunrise. Others, like my group, leave Kawaguchi Station about noon by bus, crossing the

plain at the foot of Fuji and winding up the dirt road to the Fifth Station, where the mountain begins to swoop abruptly into the sky. Here we left the bus and had a good meal in the woods beside the path, since eating much at high altitudes often makes uneducated stomachs turn flips. With our German friend assuring us that it would be a snap, and the rest of us not so sure, we started along the easy-to-follow path of rock and ash-dirt. The air gradually got thinner and crisper, but the only snow we saw was in white streaks within sheltered clefts; there was none at the summit. We met a steady stream of climbers; now and then we heard music from a transistor radio slung at the side of a Japanese youth; tin cans were strewn along the sides of the paths;

there were no dangerous crevices or cliffs in the way; at every station one could stop for a drink and a bite to eat, if he wanted to.

We moved on steadily and as sundown was approaching we were passing through the huge square archways called *tori*, which mark the entrance to every Shinto shrine. We were over 11,000 feet up and breathing was getting more difficult. About every 50 steps one feels exhausted. As I stopped for a rest and

from our house, who had climbed during the night, met us with much shouting and Latin embracing. We then climbed into the crater looking for a place where Father Ortolani might offer Mass sheltered from the wind. Finally we were able to set up the portable altar in the side of a small, house-like shrine covered with boulders. It was quiet all around, except for the wind and the distant sound of bells jingling on hiking poles. An experience I'll never forget.



turned around to look at Lake Kawaguchi—a small puddle miles below, I caught a shadow of Mt. Fuji projected as a dark cone against some distant clouds. As the evening wind was coming up, we went to the long, low, rock-bound lodging there. We were greeted with smiling hospitality, ate a few bites and sipped tea while squatting around a charcoal heater (*hibachi*), then pulled a few *futon* over us and tried to sleep. It was extremely cold and the winds screamed constantly outside. None of us slept much, and there were fleas to keep us company.

At about 4:30 we hurried out into the wind just as the sun was rising like a blazing bubble out of the distant horizon of clouds. A few minutes later an Italian Father and three Spanish scholastics

After a bit of breakfast we walked around the crater, taking our time to look out over the vast areas of Japan—the ocean on one side; on the opposite side the Japan Alps mingling with the clouds; the lakes below Fuji; irregular rice country stretching north and south for many miles; and a dried up river lying like a white snake across a broad plain. The panorama was magnificent, the air invigorating. It was midmorning when we started down the mountain by the fast route, with the loud chant of a Shinto priest following us down from a mountain-top shrine. We bounded like antelope down the steep slope of ashes, sliding and sinking ankle-deep with every leap. Two twisted ankles later we arrived at the timber line. We will not soon forget Fujisan.

There is one unique corner in Jamaica which the
tourist rarely sees but there are a hundred tales
to be told in the strange things found there

Pigs, Pickle Jars and PRAYERS

WILLIAM J. SHEEHAN S.J.

Gruesome welcome to St. George's biology laboratory doesn't affect the students in the Jesuit school. This department is important for the training of Jamaicans.

VIEWED FROM the exterior, the biology laboratory of St. George's College in Jamaica is a modest, one-story building. The grounds surrounding the laboratory abound with tropical flowers, shrubs and trees, the fruit of careful planning and planting. As we stand silently watching the scene before us, we are captivated by the beauty of the flowers and by the gentle motions of the leafy banana plants waving in the breeze. Near the laboratory, short and tall cacti stand like sentinels guarding the building.

Inside it is a bit cooler, for the warm tropical sunlight is filtered through small green windows. A ray of light falls on a somber skeleton which stands suspended in his glass case. The skeleton reminds us of death, but the wall beside him teems with life. Snails and fish move about in well-balanced aquariums. Green water plants provide ready specimens for microscopic exploration. In fact, these tanks are rich with hidden life.

"Man, what is this?" A strange sight

in a gallon mayonnaise jar. "It's a pig! No, it's two pigs. But there is only one head. Man, can't you count?" This is the normal reaction when students first see the specimen now before us. Actually, a favorite among the students, it is an abnormal offspring of some poor sow.

Along the back wall three glass showcases exhibit further items of interest. There are collections of bones, butterflies, moths, insects and other zoological as well as botanical specimens. In brief, there is a well chosen selection of materials. Most interesting from the students' point of view, are the animals mounted in the third showcase. Here a mongoose steals along a shelf almost life-like in his stuffed pose. Indeed, the mongoose is an odd companion to the Prickly Globe fish which bristles next to him. Overhead, on the next shelf, a barn owl perches with wings outstretched. The owl looks large and bold in contrast to the lovebird, the hummingbird and the canary near him.



In the adjoining lecture hall, the drawings and labels on the board indicate that a class in zoology has been in session. Several pickle jars set on the lecture table. These pickle jars do not contain sweet gherkins, but rather a well preserved specimen of a tapeworm and a roundworm. Some students are carefully examining a third bottle, whose contents seem to be a mystery. A priest stands in their midst, obviously enjoying the wide-eyed wonder of the students.

This priest is Father Gerald Hennessey, a Jesuit, who has labored nineteen years here in Jamaica. These years have been devoted to the training of youth in biological studies. As part of his work, Father Hennessey has built up this laboratory. In addition to a busy teaching schedule, he has somehow managed to gather these materials and to organize them so that they are readily accessible. In his "spare" time there has also been some research helpful to local organizations, business and agricultural.

Thus this amazing laboratory and its director are a blessing not only for our school, but for Jamaica. For here men grow in the knowledge of soils and farming practices, an important phase of training in a predominantly agricultural nation. Here men grow in the knowledge of life itself. Here too, future vocations to the medical profession and to scientific careers are fostered. By far the most rewarding aspect of this endeavor, however, is the realization that the youth of Jamaica are being trained to better understand and appreciate the variety and wonder of God's Creation and, consequently, that they are better prepared to participate and cooperate in the Divine Plan.

Do you know what? You also share in this great enterprise. By your prayers and sacrifices you have helped to make this work possible. By your prayers and sacrifices you can help it to continue. Pigs, pickle jars and prayers go hand in hand here at St. George's.

Mooseburgers galore, just as long as there's meat,
and sometimes the menu in Alaska can feature some
rare items when a certain Sister starts praying

Miracles in the Kitchen

JOHN J. MORRIS S.J.

WE'VE ALL heard of kitchen miracles where the cook from an empty pantry turns out banquet style food. In our Alaskan boarding school at Copper Valley such miracles are the daily fare with "Smida," Sister Mary Ida, to be exact. With many years in Alaska's interior, along the mighty Yukon, she can prepare caribou meat in thirty-nine different ways, potatoes in fifty-two, and . . . well, you just have to be there to appreciate it.

Lemons, as you perhaps can guess, don't grow in Alaska—in fact you can't even grow crab-apples. Our mission is north of Anchorage, some two hundred miles in the interior. Occasionally during the long winter months someone has to go to Anchorage for supplies. On one of these trips Sister Ida was standing in a store drooling over—can you guess it?—a box of lemons, as foreign to our mission table as an Eskimo at the equator. The proprietor knew the school, and hearing Sister's comments, told her to take the whole box as a gift. She reacted as if the box was filled with Klondike nuggets. And so, home she went through the whistling North Wind, a lilt in her heart and a sparkle in her eyes. Perhaps she was dreaming of lemon pie, or custard, or slices for fish. While her car slowly covered the treacherous roads from Anchorage, heaven's neon signs—the Northern Lights—were putting on their nightly majestic show.

At the same time another vehicle, this one a truck, came toward the mission from Fairbanks, two hundred and fifty miles to the north. Early in the evening the truck arrived. We unloaded it. Later that night when we were all tucked in bed, the Anchorage car pulled in—typically they had had road trouble. Sister



Sister Mary Ida of the Sisters of St. Ann takes a cool breather from the kitchen where she works so many popular miracles.

Ida and the others rushed into the kitchen to absorb some of that great stuff called heat. But before they got as far as the big stove, they all stopped dead in their tracks, as if confronted by a fierce grizzly bear. They stared at what lay in their path, then looked at one another and stared some more. I'm sure they must have shook their heads, rubbed their eyes, or pounded their fists on the wall. Certainly they forgot how cold they were, for, standing there before them, stacked high and wide, were thirty-four bulging boxes of lemons!

Some supply sergeant at one of the Fairbanks military bases had made a whopping error; we were the recipients of its fruit—lemons, lemons, lemons. I don't know whether Sister Ida cried or laughed. Her coveted treasure and happy surprise had dwindled to nothing. How the angels must have snickered! By the way, did you ever try to figure out what could be done with thirty-four boxes of lemons in the middle of winter? It could be a sour task, couldn't it? Well, you might guess it, Sister now prepares lemons ninety different ways.

Then there was the day when everyone in the large kitchen (it's always a gay place) was intent on getting the next meal ready for nearly one-hundred and fifty hungry tummies. The meal was as ordinary and usual as frost on the door-knob, with meat, potatoes and canned vegetables. Two days from now the meat would be missing. We were "out," the deep freeze was empty. But such things are what we might call part of the normal mission situation. Everyone ate and then relaxed.

That evening after supper while the happy children were whooping it up, and the workers were easing into the comfort of a well earned relaxation, the phone rang. It was the local game warden calling. Down the road thirty miles, just this side of Sourdough, a big truck, pounding through the dark night, had

hit a cow moose and her calf. They were ours if we would go get them. And there is nothing to compare to the compelling influence of an Alaskan moose steak; such flavor, such texture . . . oh, excuse me. And so it was, with the ring of the phone, several hundred pounds of meat were laid in the locker!

The chief beggar for our mission at Copper Valley is the well known "Packrat Priest," Father John Buchanan. Somewhere, only God knows, Father picked up a tip of meat—elk this time. The government was thinning the herd in one of our national parks. If we could clear it with headquarters, there would be a horn-of-plenty for us. After breaking through the red-tape barrier—more difficult than the sound barrier—the government finally gave us clearance. The only thing now was to get the meat from the park, 400 miles away, to our mission tables. It was then we launched "operation deep-freeze."

Several young men, most of them had already spent at least one summer working at the mission, from Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington, gave up part of Christmas vacation to travel to the park in a rented truck. Then came the strenuous ordeal of killing, cleaning, and dragging the frozen carcasses down the snow-covered slopes. At last they piled the forty dead elk, stiff with below zero rigor mortis, into the truck. When they arrived in Seattle, a meat packing outfit stepped forth to dress and cut the meat, and store it in their lockers until we needed it. Eventually it went by barge to Anchorage, and then by truck to the mission. The Bishop of Spokane gave \$100 to assist.

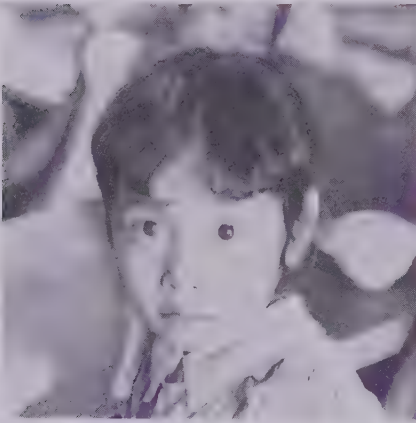
The operation was cheap, costing the mission nothing, but it wasn't simple. God had to coordinate a lot of complex operations, and many people had to say "yes" to some pretty rough work. So we continue on, with miracles in and out of the kitchen.

MISSION QUIZ

In Formosa Fathers Fred Foley and Alden

Stevenson took their cameras along to help find the answer to a question for everybody

How Many Jesuit Missionaries Are There ?



"Are you asking *me*, Father?"



"Is that a rigged question?"



"First of all, where's the payola?"



"Excuse me. I'll be back in minute."



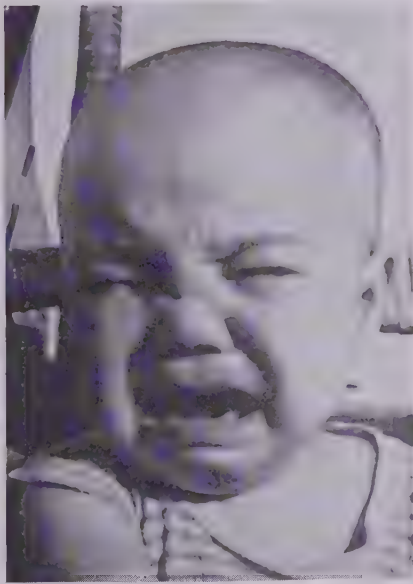
"Let's see. There must be 200 or . . ."



"I'm busy. Come back later."



"I know, 6400! I read it in *Jesuit Missions*."



"Yah! In my copy of *Jesuit Missions*!"

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

The month of May is "dated". Why not tie in your gift with the day or need which appeals to you? May 1st is the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker. The parish in Golmuri, India, is named that and Father Kavanagh is striving desperately to make room for his Catholic children in his patchwork schoolroom. Can you help him with \$2, \$5, or more?

At St. Joseph's in Ceylon the problem is one you may know yourself, transportation of Catholic school children. The need is a big one—\$2500 for a school bus—so we call upon Our Lady of the Way also (May 24th). Any size gift will help Father Arulappah on the road.

"Flowers For the Altar" are a must in May and the story on page 15 assures us they will be there. But there are other "musts" in Kallar and the pastor, Father Sommers, lists a couple—electricity for church and rectory, \$200; replacing thatch roof with tiles, \$400. A tile costs 10¢ American—how many tiles can you buy?

The Finding of the Holy Cross on May 3rd would be a nice day to present Father Wilzbacher in India with the processional cross he wistfully hopes for.

St. Michael the Archangel has a reputation as a fighter (May 8th is the Feast of His Apparition) and the seminary in Jamaica named in his honor has had its share of struggles during its eight years of existence. Could you make a donation of \$1, \$2, \$5 or more to this

most important of causes in the Caribbean area?

The Apostolic School in Yoro, Honduras, is also a training ground for future priests who are so badly needed in Latin America. On the Feast of St. Philip and James, Apostles, on May 11th could you remember this particular need?

Milestones mark good roads and in Formosa Father Goyoaga actually terms the new Jesuit Novitiate there as a real milestone. He asks for help in furnishing the chapel which will have eight altars and all that is necessary for them, chalices, missals, etc. On the Feast of Our Lady of the Way can you aid this milestone on the missions?

Speaking of dates Father Walter Cook at Bandgaon, India, lives in a bungalow built in 1885 with unbaked bricks and mud mortar. His understatement of the year: "It has not survived the ages too well." If you have ever had a housing problem you can appreciate to some extent the difficulty Father faces in a cottage built for too—too long. Could you help him over his hurdles?

All of May is Mary's month and we would be most happy to send our missionaries a little "Mary gift". It needn't be large, a dollar, two or ten dollars, whatever fits your purse—it will surely fit someone's heart. Send your "Mary gift" to
Jesuit Missions
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.

Urgently needed:

For the Church of Our Lady in Kuch-
chavely, Ceylon:

One Altar	\$200.00
One tabernacle	100.00
Vestments each	20.00
Monstrance	200.00
Stations of the Cross	25.00
Church Bell	150.00

Won't you help?

Send your contribution to:

Jesuit Missions

211 E. 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.

Want to name a church?

Father Joseph Mann, formerly of Chicago, is in charge of a mission in Bihar, India, which is fifty miles long and fifty miles wide, and densely populated. He needs five sub-stations, at least, in order to bring Christ to those who do not know Him.

Father has land

32 miles Southeast of his headquarters

28 miles Southwest of headquarters

22 miles East of headquarters

27 miles North of headquarters

30 miles West of headquarters

These substations will cost \$600 each.

Will you help Father Mann? He will be happy to let the donor choose the name of the chapel.

Send your contribution to:

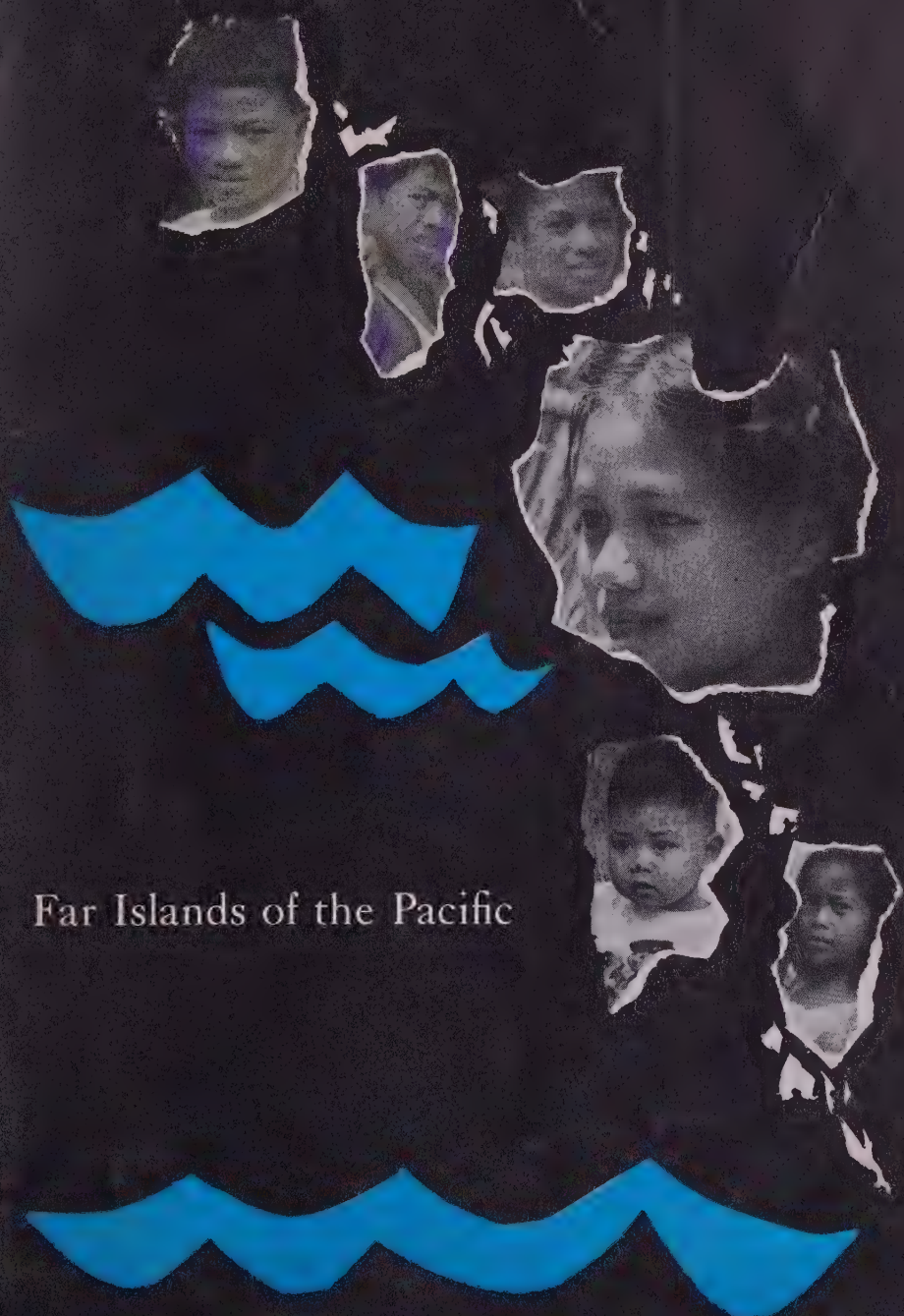
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JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1960



Far Islands of the Pacific



JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

In the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan - Burma - China - Caroline Islands
Formosa - Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna - Philippines - Marshall Islands
Nepal - Yoro - American Indians - Puerto Rico - Chile - Peru

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Hand-in-hand in nature's wonderland (left) two Taiwanese youngsters
glory in the springtime. All the world over, spring comes on
mincing feet, fresh and clean as the garb of these charming little
ones, redolent with the breath of new life as the buds on the trees.



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An American doctor flies to India and on the banks
of the Ganges he gives new life and hope to the poor

Operation Mercy

RICHARD A. WELFLE S.J.

EVERYONE has heard of Dr. Thomas Dooley. His name and fame have resounded throughout the world. And certainly he has merited all the praise heaped upon him for his heroic self-sacrifice and Christlike charity. But Dr. Tom Dooley has no monopoly on brotherly love. Have you not heard of Dr. William C. Caccamise?

At the age of 36 Dr. Caccamise has already achieved eminence in his special field of ophthalmology. He is a Diplomate of the American Board of Ophthalmologists, and a Fellow of the American Academy of Ophthalmologists. He also has a fine family: a devoted wife, and four lovely children. In Rochester, New York, which is his home-base, Dr. Caccamise is well known. There, with a passion for hard work, in addition to a non-stop private practice, he manages to devote a generous portion of his time to St. Mary's Hospital. He is also Instructor in Ophthalmology at the University of Rochester.

But recently Dr. Caccamise was far from home, and many in Rochester missed him. He left with a bag full of delicate expensive drugs. With practically no other clothes than those on his back, he boarded a plane in New York, and flew half-way around the world to bring his highly specialized skill and latest techniques in eye-surgery to the poor of Patna, India. There he set up an eye-clinic in the newly erected Holy Family

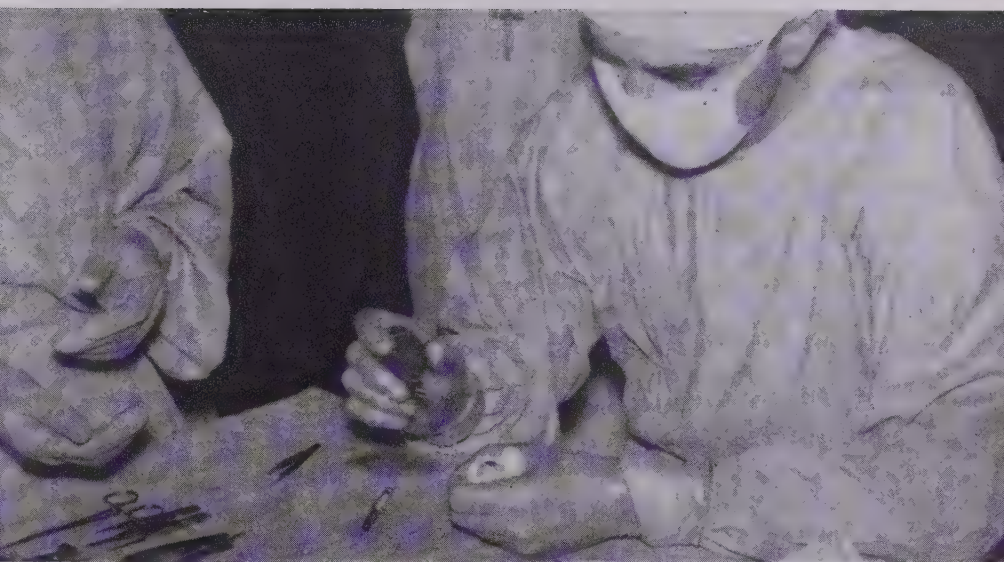
Hospital, run by the Medical Mission Sisters, on the banks of the Ganges river. Dr. Caccamise not only paid from his own pocket all the expenses in connection with his trip to India, but during

Delicate moment as Dr. Caccamise readies eye which will be used in transplantation.

his stay of four months in Patna he performed hundreds of eye operations, and gave hundreds of hours of his special medical service without any fee whatsoever. Moreover, all this time he was sacrificing the income from his private practice back in Rochester, as well as the loving companionship of his wife and children.

If anyone wonders what motivated Dr. Caccamise to do all this, here is the answer that he gave to one who asked him that question. "The study and observation of difficult cases is enough reward, but still greater reward is the satisfaction derived from having done a little in alleviating human misery."

Dr. Caccamise could scarcely have picked a better place to practice this alleviation of human misery. For among the village folk especially in India one will find all the eye ailments listed in the textbooks. This is due in large measure, no doubt, to undernourishment, and to the wretched housing conditions. The low mud huts, often without win-



dows, are dim and dingy even in the daytime, and at night the only light is from a tiny wick in an earthen pot of oil. Moreover, the badly ventilated one-and-only room is usually reeking with the acrid smoke from a smoldering cow-dung fire.

One of the most common afflictions is that of cataract. And it was here especially that Dr. Caccamise brought blessed relief and new sight to hundreds. With his specialized skill and latest techniques in eye-surgery he literally worked wonders. One of the most remarkable cases was that of a child of two, with cataracts on both eyes from birth. Dr. Caccamise removed them, and this was very probably the first time in the world that a successful cataract operation was performed on one so young. It was made possible through the use of an enzyme that the doctor brought with him, and which has only just recently come into use in eye-surgery.

Another factor that contributed to the success of this extraordinary case was

the use of human vitreous humor, which Dr. Caccamise had also brought with him, and which had been supplied by the Eye Bank of Rochester, New York.

But from among the hundreds of operations that Dr. Caccamise performed, perhaps the most impressive were two corneal transplantations, in one of which he literally gave sight to the blind. The first patient, a young woman of 32, still had some slight vision in one eye, but the other patient, a poor Hindu boy of 16, named Shyam Bihari, was totally blind.

These two marvels of eye-surgery were also made possible through the Eye Bank of Rochester, New York. And there was a poignant touch of drama in connection with them. When Dr. Caccamise cabled to the Eye Bank requesting two eyes, it so happened that Dr. Leonard Jones of Rochester had just died. Like Dr. Caccamise he was also an eminent ophthalmologist. He had only recently retired from practice, and shortly before his death he had pledged his eyes to the

Operation Mercy

Rochester Eye Bank. He died on the 13th of January, and thus the following day the pair of eyes sent in response to the appeal from Dr. Caccamise were the eyes of his highly esteemed colleague.

Packed in a sterilized phial inside a thermos container, which was labelled in large letters "human eyes," the precious cargo was flown the 9,000 miles to India by a Pan American Boeing 707. The

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for the month of June is "that spiritual and material aid will be given with Catholic cooperation to less developed regions." A concrete example of this is the story told on these pages of the American doctor giving time and skill in a hospital in India run by Medical Mission Sisters.

eyes had to be used within 72 hours after the death of the donor, so on arrival in Patna they were rushed out to Holy Family Hospital, where Dr. Caccamise was waiting to perform the two corneal transplantations, and it was only then that he learned that the donor had been his colleague, Dr. Leonard Jones.

Fortunately, both transplantations were highly successful. They opened windows on a whole world for the two lucky patients to whom they gave new sight. In the case of Shyam Bihari especially we can imagine the ecstasy of joy and wonder that he experienced when for the first time he beheld the beauty of color in a bed of flowers outside the hospital window. As a poor, simple peasant lad he has no idea what is meant by a corneal transplantation, but overwhelmed with happiness and gratitude he is perfectly sure that Dr. Caccamise performed a miracle for him, and equal-

ly sure that the doctor is God.

Dr. Caccamise was deeply moved by the efforts that the patients made to assure him of their appreciation for what he had done for them. There is one poor woman in particular whom he will not soon forget. By removing cataracts from both eyes he had restored her sight, and when saying goodbye those sparkling eyes kindled as she smiled and, with considerable effort, spoke just three words: "Nice! Thank you." At first



those three words sounded quite prosaic, but Dr. Caccamise got a lump in his throat when he learned that they were the only English words that the good woman knew. She had somehow managed to memorize them and was so anxious to make them convey to Dr. Caccamise the gratitude deep in her heart.

There is still another patient whom Dr. Caccamise will surely not forget. He is quite a colorful figure, a Sadhu or wandering Hindu holy man. He wears a large string of beads around his neck, and his hair long, but piled like a coil of rope on top of his head. And, except for a mere loin cloth, his body is naked and smeared with ashes. He somehow came to hear of the "wonder-worker" from the West who was restoring sight to the blind at Holy Family Hospital. He was all but blind himself with cataracts, so he dropped around to inquire if anything could be done for him. Dr.



Age and skill meet at Holy Family Hospital as Doctor Caccamise questions elderly patient.

Caccamise not only removed his cataracts, but he also found the Sadhu such a charming personality that he lost his heart to him. Of all the pictures that Dr. Caccamise took back to the States, the one of his good friend the Sadhu will surely rate a special place of honor.

It was not only the patients who manifested their appreciation for the mission of mercy that brought Dr. Caccamise out to India. His marvelous work and the glowing example of his self-sacrifice and charity aroused a widespread interest that amounted almost to a sensation. His name has gone far beyond Patna, for patients had come all the way from Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, and other distant parts of India. The local papers poured out their praise in feature articles and editorials. One editorial lauded Dr. Caccamise as "A noble son of a noble father."

This reference to his father was espe-

cially dear to the heart of Dr. Caccamise, for the late Charles William Caccamise was also a doctor, and it is to his inspiration that his son attributes all that he has achieved in his medical career. As a token of appreciation, he named his eye-clinic in Patna "The Dr. Charles William Caccamise, Sr. Eye Clinic" in memory of his father. And he commented: "If I can live up even in a small way to the standard of service to ailing humanity that my father attained, I shall be happy and satisfied."

Dr. Caccamise was naturally anxious to get back to his wife and children, and to resume his practice in Rochester, New York. But even before leaving India, he had already initiated plans to return after two years. And the next time he hopes to bring another eye-surgeon as companion. His host of friends in India will be praying that those hopes will surely be realized.

Springtime



Daydreaming is an integral part of springtime and this university student revels in the art.



Spring's lullaby has worked its charms and the warm air has claimed a tired boy. No need to walk softly, for even the clamor of Hsinchu's street stalls have failed to pierce the armor which the slumber of spring inevitably brings.

Picnic in the woods on a Sunday and is there any other possible way of travelling down a beckoning path than hand-in-hand? Yet this is the island of Taiwan and across the narrow stretch of water the Communists are armed and waiting for the day.

in Taiwan

The breeze steals in from the China Sea and it is soft yet stirring. It drives before it all the cares and chills of the hard winter and it opens up a new world. This is the time for dreams, for planning the never-to-be things, for youth at its noblest and best. And if you think that springtime is different in other countries then follow Father Fred Foley S.J. and his camera as he wanders various ways in Taiwan.

Spring is the time when a young girl searches her heart and who is more apt to understand than He who shaped that heart to fit His own? This is a moment to treasure, a moment that may be more important than any other in her life.

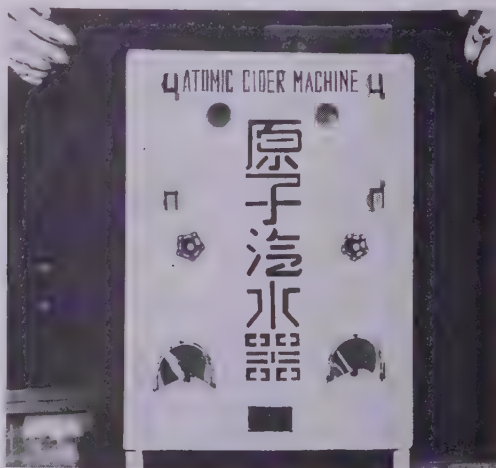


Springtime in Taiwan



Mountain streams have a fascination all their own as nature again breaks forth anew.

Anything goes in the springtime and who would be surprised at an atomic cider machine? But does that word “atomic” go with “cider” or with “machine”? It leaves room for speculation—but only the suspicious would be wary, and the suspicious have no place in spring.



There's no time for clowning under
the big tent of the Jamshedpur Mission

Jealgora's Three-ring Circus

AN AUSTRALIAN Jesuit who recently visited Jamshedpur, India, summed it up this way. "The man is a blooming genius, running a three-ring circus up there in Jealgora." The circus master to whom he was referring is Father Francis X. McFarland S.J., and his present three rings are a Cambridge School, a Welfare Personnel Training Institute and a thriving parish named after the Little Flower.

In 1955 Father McFarland was sent to Gomoh as roving parish priest of that entire northern territory, except Dhanbad town. One of his many contacts was the head of the National Fuel Research Institute at Digwadih who expressed his desire for a Cambridge School for the sons of technicians in the Institute. Negotiations got underway and in February of 1956 the first 35 boys arrived for classes held in a private home. Four years and 170 boys later, classes are still being held there, but a new and much larger De Nobili school is now being built.

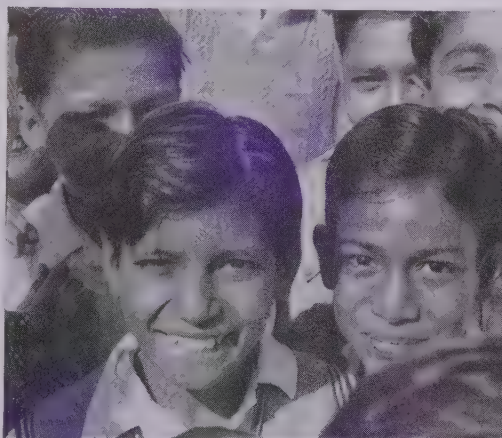
From 600 to 800 students are expected on the rolls when the new school is completed. The Mogul-style, three story building, an architectural gem that will be the Taj Mahal of the Mission, is the result of the combined planning of Father McFarland, Father Herbert Coverly S.J. and Brother Guy Ames S.J. The present reputation of the school and the excellent results of its graduates are ample proof of how well Father Circus-master has done his job.

The second ring is the Welfare Personnel Training Institute at Bhuli, a project of the Central Government's

Ministry of Labor and Employment and its Coal Mines Welfare Organization.

Sixty percent of India's coal and eighty percent of its metallurgical deposits are found in this area, which is fast becoming the greatest industrial region in all India. When the local coal industry started the Welfare Personnel Training Institute in 1958, Father McFarland was invited to be organizer, lecturer and advisor at the Institute. Since that time he has seen over 100 students pass through his Workers' Education Scheme whereby literate and ambitious miners are trained as worker-teachers. The students who attend get a certificate from the Central Government which supports the Institute.

About 500 Welfare Officers will be trained there in the next three years.



De Nobili students appear to be a bright and happy lot, even before new school is up.

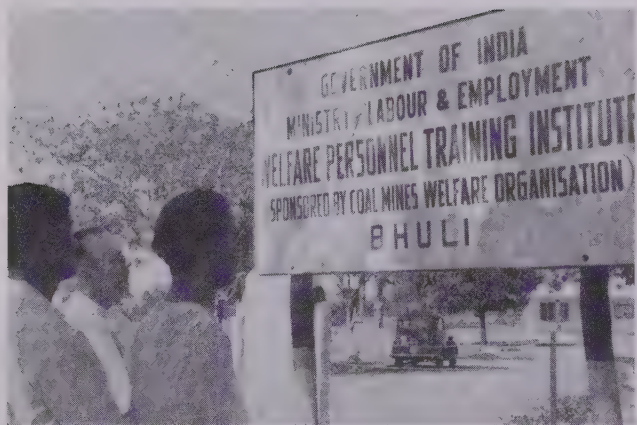


After graduation, these officers return to the mines where they organize units of 15 to 25 fellow workers to whom they give two sets of 42 lectures on labor laws, civics, unions, etc. This work among rock bottom laborers has proved an unqualified success. Through his lectures, Father McFarland is in a position to exert profound moral influence on the social thinking and responsibility of the workers, so important in India today.

The third ring under Father McFarland's supervision is the Little Flower

Parish of Sindri. This thriving parish includes a church which was built by the people themselves in 1955 and later enlarged by Father McFarland. In 1958 a spacious Recreation Center was opened, and its piano, checkers, billiards and well-thumbed Catholic library are available every evening for the use of parishioners and their friends. During school holidays it is open daily for the parish children and offers supervised recreation for the youngsters.

The Parish Christian Credit Coopera-



Second ring of the circus is the Welfare Personnel Training Institute at Bhuli where miners are educated to be worker-teachers. But let no punster try to tell its Jesuit organizer, "Bhuli for you!" It's too important for India's industry.

tive has over 40 members and a capital of 5000 rupees (\$500). Over 3200 rupees have been loaned out to members, and to date there has not been a single case of default in repayment. The Parish Cemetery Fund has more than 50 families on its register who give small monthly subscriptions depending on the individual salary.

New member of the Little Flower Parish at Sindri is held by Father McFarland after baptism ceremony—and both seem glad.

Within the parish boundaries Father McFarland has two convents of nuns: the Apostolic Carmelites who run a Convent School for girls at Digwedih, and the Sisters of Charity of Milan who staff the Tata Central Hospital at Jamadoba, which serves 15,000 workers in the collieries.

To be a parish priest, a Cambridge School Principal or a founder-organizer of a Labor School—any one of these jobs is usually enough for any one man, but Father McFarland has done and is still

doing all three. He has driven long hours over deep rutted roads in search of illiterate, dust-coated, tuberculosis-ridden Catholic miners. He has presented the Catholic position on science, labor and social welfare in lecture halls before audiences of graduate technicians and sophisticated young non-Christian engineers. More than any other man in the Vice Province, he has left and continues to leave his mark on the whole industrial belt of the North. We think he should rate the title of "Jamshedpur's Man of the Year."



Hospital Sisters, both Italian and Indian, who staff Tata Central, with their pastor.

In the lifetime of a single man a way of life
came to an end and enemies became U.S. defenders

TOMBSTONES

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.



Iron Shell was a warrior in the days when the Sioux battled the white men.

Today's Sioux and their allegiance are typified by Staff Sergeant Ben Graham and Navy Petty Officer Ben Tibbitts.



ON A WINDSWEPT prairie in South Dakota there is a cemetery whose silent tombstones speak eloquently of the transition of the Sioux Indian from bitter enemy to comrade-in-arms of the white men. A visit to this cemetery on the grounds of Holy Rosary Mission evokes memories of a not too distant past when the fierce Sioux warrior chiefs led their people in the desperate fight against the white man's invasion.

The most striking monument here is the tomb of the last great leader of the Sioux, Chief Red Cloud. A master of strategy, and possessor of a keen mind, this revered chief guided his people through the final battles and the first years of their inevitable defeat.

But he is noted for more than his leadership in war. Baptized into the Catholic faith in 1884, he petitioned Washington three times to send Jesuit Blackrobes to his people. His insistent

pleading led to the lifting of the Federal ban on Catholic missions in the Pine Ridge area and to the founding of Holy Rosary Mission in 1888. It was this mission that sheltered the survivors of the infamous massacre at Wounded Knee, S.D. in 1890 when the U.S. cavalry sabered or shot to death scores of unarmed Sioux men, women and children. Following the massacre, Red Cloud prevailed upon the Sioux to surrender to the "white eyes" and make peace.

In the years following 1890 many Sioux braves used their skill in the service of the United States Army. Tombstones in the mission cemetery identify some of the Indian servicemen buried here. *White Bird*, Cpl. *Indian Scouts—September 9, 1897*; *Runs Close to Lodge*, *Indian Scouts—November 25, 1924*; *Ben J. Red Bear*, Sgt. and *Fast Whirlwind*, *Indian Scouts—March 2, 1935*. These stones reveal the changes.



Final blessing is given to James Red Cloud by Father Edwards S.J. Senator Mundt of South Dakota paid him this tribute, "He should serve as a model to his own people as to all of us."

Three tombstones from World War II brought home to me how far the pendulum had swung since the bloody battles of the previous century. The names chiseled on the markers belonged to Sioux boys whom I had taught at Holy Rosary Mission. *Francis J. Killer, Cpl. 5th Armored Div.—March 23, 1945; Clement P. Crazy Thunder, Pfc., 5th Marine Division—March 11, 1945; Philip White Rabbit Jr., U.S. Navy veteran—October 22, 1947.* They had been good Catholic boys whose manhood was a credit to their country and their warrior ancestors.

The most recent marker in the cemetery is over the grave of Chief James Red Cloud, hereditary chief of the Oglala Sioux, who died on February 16, 1960. Grandson of the great Chief Red Cloud, the 83-year-old leader had been a link between the old and the new among his people. Born in 1877, the year following Custer's annihilation at

the Battle of the Little Big Horn, James Red Cloud was 13 years old when the power of the Sioux was broken by the Wounded Knee massacre. He was educated at Holy Rosary Mission and later toured the country with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. In his mature years James Red Cloud proved a worthy descendant of the last Sioux war leader. He had inherited his grandfather's strong belief in the value of education and never tired of preaching this belief to the youth of his tribe. In an era of peace his fighter's heritage sent him to Washington, D.C. eleven times in behalf of the rights and welfare of his people.

A model of simple faith in God and in the honor of his people, James Red Cloud now lies in ground made sacred by the blessing of the Church and the memory of former Sioux warriors, both those who fought against the U.S. and those who died in our defense.

Window on the Mission

Let's Get Together

WHEN PEOPLE think about the sorrow of the divisions in Christianity, usually they think of the Catholics, the dissident Eastern Churches and the many denominations of Protestantism in Europe and America. But that is only part of the tragedy of separation. Perhaps even more tragic is the spread of these divisions to Asia, Africa and Latin America by the missionary effort of the Protestant denominations.

It is bad enough to have these divisions in old established centers of Christianity. It is worse to spread these divisions to people who are just coming to Christianity. Just when many of them are advancing to a sense of national unity, the representatives of Christianity offer them religious division. Christians are a small minority in Asia and Africa, but they are weaker than their numbers because of the many separations. The commission to preach the Gospel to every creature is difficult enough when Christianity must face ancient systems of culture. But the commission becomes painfully difficult when the Gospel is preached by so many groups opposed

to one another who spread their oppositions across the world. Now Christianity must confront not only non-Christian religious systems; it must face the divisions within itself.

It should be remembered that the Catholic Church was in Asia, Africa and Latin America more than two hundred years before the Protestant missionaries arrived. Therefore, the divisions spread in these areas cannot be blamed on the Catholic Church. The Protestant missionaries are in a sorrowful position. They must talk about the necessity of unity in true Christianity. But they must spread Lutheran, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and many other divisions of Christianity. They are condemned to contradict themselves before new peoples coming to Christianity. Beyond that, they are committed to attacking other forms of Christianity, especially Catholicism.

To admit that one has been wrong is a very difficult thing. Yet somebody must admit to being wrong in the spread of divisions in Christianity which so misrepresent the Mystical Body of Christ and the revelation of Redemption. More difficult is the decision to stop spreading division. There does not seem to be much point in bemoaning the divisions in Christianity and the scandal such divisions are to other peoples, while at the same time the denominations spend more and more personnel and money in spreading their divisions. Eventually



Cover. Since time began, the waves of the Pacific have washed over the thousands of tiny islands where life goes on much in the old, old way. To artist Phil Franznick this little known world is a medley of faces as different as the varied isles which the constant sea has sculptured.



the facts must be faced courageously. Catholics can admit the failures of Catholics in the past. But that is not the heart of the problem, as some would like to think. The central fact is that the Church of Christ, His Mystical Body, is one Body, not two hundred and fifty. It is a "hard saying" to tell people that they must return to the Catholic Church if they wish to live the life of the one Body of Christ. But Our Lord had to say hard things at times. So let us pray that all Christians may have the strength to restore themselves to unity in the Church.

Mission Milestones

IN KOREA on Easter Monday the Jesuits of the Wisconsin Province opened their new college. It is named Sogang (pronounced "Suh-gahng") College, which means West River and as such readily identifies its location for anyone who knows Seoul. This is the first Catholic venture in higher education in Korea although Protestants have been conducting colleges and universities for seventy years.

American Jesuits have been ordained to the priesthood in various mission lands this year. In India Fathers Eugene Welch and Richard McHugh were ordained for the Jamshedpur Mission; Fathers Jerome Durack and Joseph Knecht will serve in Patna; and Father Joseph McGill, who studied with the others in Kurseong, was raised to the priesthood in Ceylon. In Taiwan Father Gregory Aherne was ordained and across the East China Sea three more Americans had their big day in Japan, Fathers Walter Brennan, Robert Becka and Robert Arrowsmith.

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Down to the sea go these lads with their goggles and small metal spears. Fish spears are used in day fishing and at night with palm torches.



Karichu (left) formerly capt
"Romance" of Father Rively
bald man below is also Kar



Out-riggers may
island to island
where. The differ
local conditions
needed some place

The waves of history break over the remote

Caroline Islands but leave little impression

The Far-away Islands

THE NEW YORK Province Jesuits who staff the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission are well aware that it is a world all its own. The heart of this watery world lies in the Eastern Carolines, in the atolls of Truk, Ponape and the Mortlocks. East lie the Marshalls and to the west are the groups like Ulithi, Yap and Koror—where two hundred and fifty years ago the first Jesuits landed, and died.

It is a vast world spanning two million square miles of the Pacific and so we focus on the Eastern Carolines, concentrating on one segment of this area, where a way of life centuries old still follows its time-hallowed groove, unshaken by the waves of war which have rolled over it, torn by tides but untouched by time.

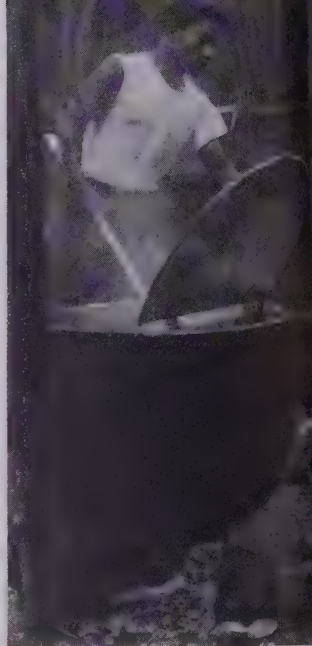
Seafarers by necessity, the young boys of the islands cannot learn too soon all the tricks and whims of the sailing canoes. Ocean-going canoes are still used in some parts, especially Truk and Yap, and the Marshalls.



The Far-away Islands

These islands of Micronesia are generally divided by the inhabitants into the low and the high islands. The former are composed of sand bars washed up by the waves on coral reefs while the high islands are usually of volcanic origin. Most of the low isles are atolls, a ring of coral reef with sand islands astride it and a lagoon in the middle.

Nearest to the sea grow the coconuts and pandanus; further inland, in a more protected area and where the water is fresher, breadfruit is cultivated; in the very center the swampy ground produces taro. These few things, plus what comes from the sea, are the fundamentals around which the islanders have built their lives. It is not a complicated economy but simple almost to extremes and one can readily understand why the modern business world has bypassed this region.



Medical attention is given to boy with earache on the island of Ulul in the Carolines. Trained medical corpsmen are a blessing in absence of regular doctors.





Breadfruit is one of the staples and is a source of starch food. It is cooked just as it is about to ripen in a kettle until it reaches the consistency of taffy. Then the pounding begins.

Further step in the preparation of breadfruit is to place the cooked meal on a washboard or slab of wood and pound for 10 to 15 minutes. Sometimes the ripe fruit is fermented.

Rounding out the process, the well-pounded breadfruit is rolled into balls, put in a basin and flavored with coconut juice and grated coconut. Shades of Bligh and the *Bounty*!



The Far-Away Islands

Yet these are people for whom the Son of God laid down His life and for that reason they will not be bypassed by those who serve Christ. So the missionaries travel the watery ways (distance is the number one problem in their work) and establish centers in the most likely places. There are forty Jesuits now, aided by several groups of Sisters, attempting to cover this vast territory. It is a gigantic task, but little by little the Church is building a sturdy spiritual vitality in these people who have so little of material goods—a Rock of salvation for these typhoon-swept islanders.



Calypso is not part of the dance routines in the Carolines nor is jig readily identifiable which Brother Walter is performing for the edification, more or less, of Father Fahey and Father McCarthy. The former works on Polowat and the latter on Likiep.



Chef des îles. Faustino is the cook for the Jesuit community at Xavier High School, in Truk. He learned the art while in the Navy and for the past several years has kept the Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers happy with his work. And there are no supermarkets in the islands.

Trim ship carries both meanings for Brother Raymond Whalen who is charge of the "Star of the Sea" out of Tunnuk in the Moen district of the Truk headquarters.

Jeeping from Xavier High School to the base. Motor transportation is mainly confined to the high islands where the roads are not in danger of being washed away as they would be on the low isles. Jeep was gift from a benefactor.



The Far-away Islands

Education is the crying need and the tiny isles in the various atolls are now dotted with schools. In the entire mission over 2,000 children attend Catholic grade schools and there is a Jesuit high school on the Truk atoll with over 70 students. Vocations are increasing, a sure sign that education is breaking down the barriers of the past, and we should pray fervently that the day will soon come when there will be no further need of missionaries on these far-away islands in the Pacific Ocean.

Ritual of filling tank for outboard motor is something to be strictly adhered to in this world of constant and dangerous travelling on waterways.



Edmund Campion lives again on the far-away isle of Truk in the Pacific as high school students enact drama. Education is the key that will open up new worlds for all of them.



HURRICANE!

A hurricane named "Harriet" swept over the island of Pulusuk recently. Result, houses smashed, trees broken, shrubs uprooted. Food destroyed. Starvation in prospect.

Father William Rively, the man in charge, needs help. Can you find it in your heart to contribute something for this shattered mission?

**Any size gift will be welcome:
\$1 to \$5,000.**

Send your contribution to

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 East 87th Street,
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The weather might have indicated otherwise

but the gathering in Alaska was a real summit

Meeting on the



Carry your bag, sir? It looks as if the missionaries have left everything for Father Provincial (center) and Fathers Fallert (left) and Poole to convey from plane to residence.

Yukon

JM's own Father Murphy, well parka-ed.



ST. MARY's on the Yukon was buzzing. Bush planes kept dropping out of the sky to land on the Andreafski Slough in front of St. Mary's. The Eskimo and Indian children of the boarding school looked on in awe as the fur-clad passengers came laughing and waving up to the residence. Were all of these people priests? But the youngsters just couldn't believe Alaska had so many.

As a matter of fact, the Alaska Mission was making a bit of history for this was the largest gathering of missionaries ever held in the Northland. They had come to make their annual retreat under Father Edward L. Murphy of the staff of *Jesuit Missions* and to hold a subsequent meeting to discuss problems with this expert in missiology.

Bishop Francis Gleeson S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, was present, as was the Provincial of the Oregon Province which mans this mission, Father Alexander McDonald. Twenty-five missionaries came in from their remote posts and their varied nationalities resembled a miniature League of Nations—American, French, Belgian, Russian, Dutch, Spanish and Italian. The veteran in the group was Brother John Hess from the Copper Valley Mission, who has spent 47 years in the Northland and this year celebrates his Golden Jubilee in the Society of Jesus. He appears Alaska's best advertisement.



Veteran Brother Hess, 47 years in the mission, celebrates his Golden Jubilee.

Meeting on the Yukon



Ready to mush back to their respective missions of Tununak and Chifornak are Father Paul Deschout (left) and Father Paul Linssen.

At the meeting the missionaries reported on their work among the Eskimos, the Indians and the whites who have come to Alaska in large numbers in recent years. Some of the subjects discussed were liturgical adaptation, use of the vernacular, the type of education best suited for the less developed, catechetics, economic and social problems, the transition taking place through the entrance of people from the United States, vocations, etc. When your mission activity ranges from the civilized cities to the remote villages of the Arctic Circle then you encounter every possible problem in the field.

One facet of the many-sided mission situation was revealed in the surprised question of the students one morning. "How is it that a Russian Orthodox priest is saying Mass in our church?" they asked as they left the chapel after making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The answer was that it was not an Orthodox priest but a member of the Eastern Rite of the Catholic Church. Father Sevolod Rochkau, the priest in question, was born in Moscow, studied in France, and was ordained at the Russian Seminary in Rome about thirteen years ago. He arrived in Alaska five years ago and now has his mission at Dillingham. With him at St. Mary's was Brother Lindowski, his official reader.

The hospitality shown by the Ursuline Sisters and the two host-Jesuits, Fathers Poole and Haffie, was of the sort to melt all the ice on the bleak outside. They did not have an easy job, either, for school was in regular session and the extraordinary number of guests meant a shuffling for space and a tremendous

New bonnet which is better kept for milder weather is modeled by Eskimo lassie and is duly admired by equally gleeful boy friend.



No beatniks at all but a priest of the Oriental Rite, Father Rochkau, (at right) and his official assistant from the Dillingham station.

Goggles may mean skin diving to you
but this Chifornak lad uses them for
protection against snow blindness.

burden on the kitchen. Everybody
pitched in with enthusiasm and good will.

But all in all, the meeting was an un-
qualified success and the missionaries
went back to their posts refreshed spiri-
tually and mentally. And the Arctic
nights were the brighter for it!



Mission Moments



WHITE SHIELD is the name given by the Sioux Indians to Father John Bryde S.J. when they adopted him into their tribe. Father Bryde is the principal of Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge in South Dakota, the largest mission boarding school for Indians in the nation. He also received a special commen-

dation for his scholarly work on a Sioux-English dictionary, now nearing completion. In the picture Father Lawrence Edwards S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary, greets Father Bryde on the latter's return from Hollywood and his appearance on the TV broadcast "It Could Be You" when he was formally adopted.

Grand Cayman in the Caribbean has a new glory. The first permanent church, St. Ignatius in Georgetown, was officially opened and blessed by His Lordship Bishop John J. McEleney S.J. of Kingston. The bishop headed a party of religious and laity who flew over from Jamaica for the ceremony. His sermon (right) was his first in this distant post of his diocese.

The new church (below) is surmounted with an eight-foot mahogany cross on its tower, the highest point on the entire low-slung island. This cross is illuminated at night and can be seen from far out at sea. Father Francis Jackmauh S.J. began the building which was brought to completion by the present pastor, Father Harry Ball. May it mean new life in the Caymans!



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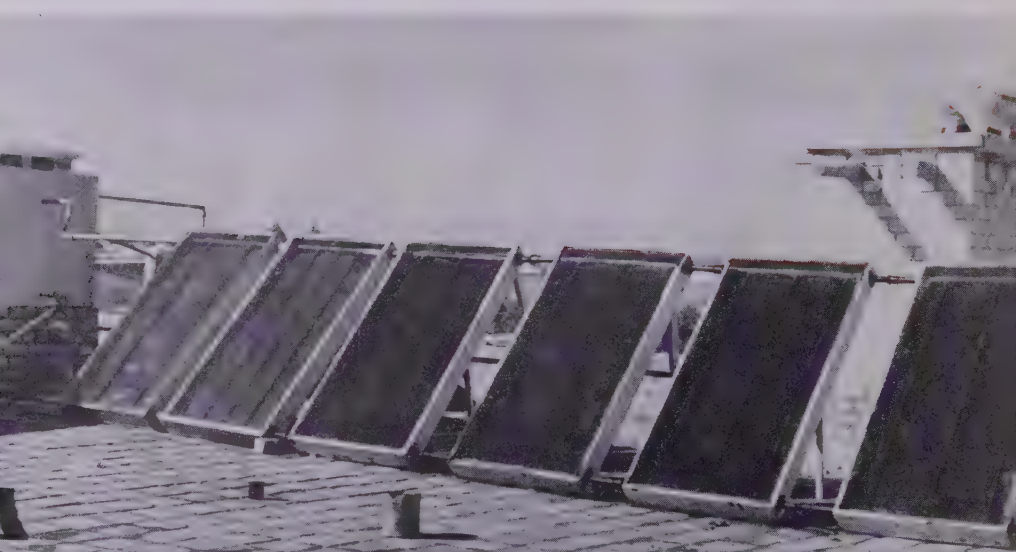
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In Iraq an American physicist turns an age-old
danger into a cooperative and welcome assistant

The Sun in Harness

CHARLES G. CROWLEY S.J.



Solar units on roof of Al-Hikma University building which attract rays of sun and convert that energy into heat for providing hot water. So Baghdad's sun becomes a friend.

IN IRAQ no one ignores the sun. You may take the nearly constant days of sunlight for granted but you soon learn to stay out of the direct rays in the summer and to look for them in winter. No doubt during the thousands of years since ancient Babylon many have dreamed of converting the sun's energy to some practical purpose in one way or another. But it took a newcomer to Baghdad to turn that dream into reality.

Mr. John Fitzpatrick, an engineering physicist from Washington, D.C., arrived here last September. He was to

teach physics at the Jesuit Al-Hikma University, just opening its doors for the first time on its new campus. Father Leo Guay and his men, after two years of labor, had three buildings ready for the beginning of school. But there are always last minute obstacles, even in the best of planned projects. One of these at Al-Hikma was the question of hot water. There were difficulties in producing it whether electricity or oil was used.

It was at this point that John Fitzpatrick stepped forward. A couple of years before he had been investigating

industrial plants in San Salvador. During that time he had set up several solar heaters, machines which would provide heat from the rays of the sun. Now he suggested the same thing for Baghdad. After a measurement of solar heat and mathematical calculations, he drew up a practical sketch of a solar water-heating system. Within two weeks the first of six units was completed.

The process was remarkably simple, with no moving parts, as the engineers would say, except for the water itself. Each unit is a sheet of metal—preferably copper—painted black, for best heat absorption, covered with glass and inclined towards the sun at an angle determined by Baghdad's latitude. The water pipes are welded to the copper sheets. Pressure from a 180-gallon storage tank provides the water supply. The water leaves the bottom of the tank, travels across the metal sheets where it absorbs heat, and returns to the top of the storage tank. The rising of the water is aided by the fact that warm water is somewhat lighter than cold. Thus the water circulation continues automatically, and with each trip more heat is absorbed.

During the testing period, the ladder leaning against the tank was climbed several times a day by Mr. Fitzpatrick and his aids, thermometers in hand. Between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, with only one unit completed, they found the 180 gallons of the storage tank water rose an average of 10 degrees Fahrenheit. "It works!" was the conclusion of everyone, even the most skeptical. More units would expose more area to sun heat and it could be confidently predicted that six units would raise the water 60 degrees Fahrenheit during a full day of sunlight. Since the "cold" water in the tank at the beginning of the process was about 65° this meant a full tank of 125° F. water. It was found that the stored hot water dropped about 18° during the

night, so the next day the heating would begin at a higher temperature.

Baghdad temperatures often drop to freezing at night during the winter months and we have an occasional cloudy day. At this writing, the solar heater has given an uninterrupted supply of hot water all winter. Even after a rare stretch of three cloudy days in succession the stored water still remains



Know how is supplied by Doctor Fitzpatrick (right) and data is checked by Jalal Qasirat.

lukewarm. What will happen when the heater is exposed to the full force of the Baghdad sun between April and September? Mr. Fitzpatrick predicts it will go above the 140° winter maximum. But the water will never reach the boiling point since it begins to radiate heat to the surrounding air after a certain temperature is reached.

Judging from the many interested observers of our solar heater, we predict more solar heaters will soon be appearing on other Baghdad roofs. Then, to adapt the words of the song, "The lucky old sun will have much more to do than roll around heaven all day."

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The world's worst beggar is the way Father William McHale of Jamaica characterizes himself. This year he celebrates his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit, after 33 years of labor in Jamaica. He desperately needs a new church in his Holy Name parish in western Kingston. After all these years he deserves a crown for his labors. Could you help make his Jubilee really a Golden one with \$10, \$50, or whatever you can afford?

A new look and new hope have been brought to Santal villages in India by Father Robert Snyder. He has worked hard to give them schooling, a better way of life, and, most of all, Christ. It has meant considerable expense and at the moment he is stymied by lack of funds. One village in particular is ripe for the harvest if he can obtain a little help. Can you help him forward with a gift of a few dollars—\$2, \$5, or anything at all?

Winter in Korea is cold, as someone in your own family may know. The American Jesuits in Seoul opened their new college there in Easter week. But they still lack living quarters for the Fathers and a heating plant for the school itself. Are you in a position to make their winter a little more comfortable?

Another cold spot is Holy Cross Mission in Alaska. There Father John Fox is badly in need of a place where the children can play indoors. Most of the school year is too cold for outside recrea-

tion so the veteran missionary is trying to scrape together enough money for some kind of a gymnasium. Anyone who has the patience to wait the children underfoot most of the time deserves help, don't you think?

Calling all green thumbs. In India all kinds of seeds are wanted, vegetable, fruit or flower. Father Ludwig has over fifty people (orphans, widows, old folks) dependent on him. He must keep several cows in order to have fresh milk for the babies so seeds for good fodder are especially needed. But hybrid corn, etc. are also very welcome. Please mail them to Father Robert Ludwig, Rampur, P.O. Chauhatta (via Narkatiaganj), Dist. Champaran, Bihar, India.

The pleasure of singing is one of the few things the poor people of Jamaica can afford. Father William Connolly of St. Pius X parish in Kingston has the chance to get a fairly good organ for \$275. It would mean a lot to everyone concerned if he could get the necessary funds. Would you help to the tune of \$1, \$5 or more?

June is the month when most of the new missionaries prepare to depart for their posts. This is one of the largest single expenses of the entire mission operation. Could you spare a gift to help an apostle of Christ on his way?

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All God's chillun got shoes?

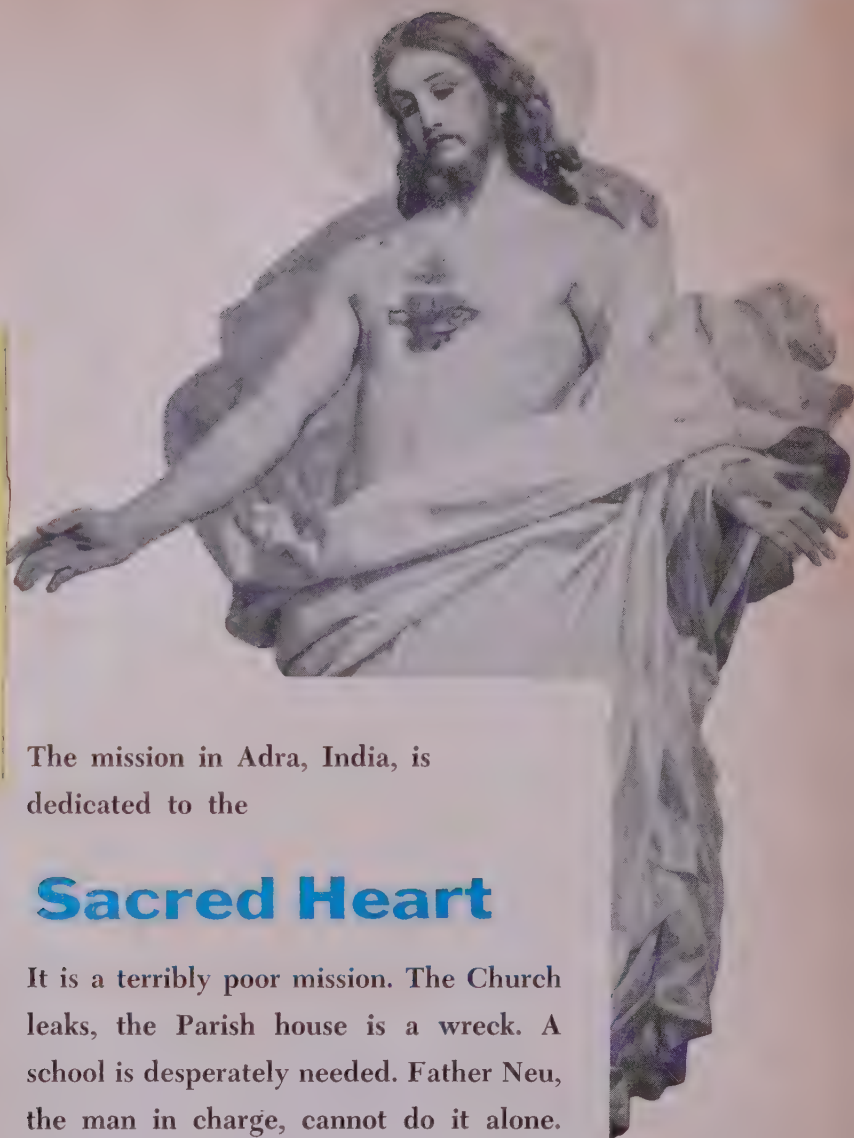
Some, obviously, like the lad above, need more than shoes. Father William Moore, of Yoro, has literally hundreds of youngsters in great need. Being a missionary, he is poor, and needs help to help others.

Can you assist him? Will you?

Send \$5, \$10, whatever you can afford to

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The mission in Adra, India, is
dedicated to the

Sacred Heart

It is a terribly poor mission. The Church
leaks, the Parish house is a wreck. A
school is desperately needed. Father Neu,
the man in charge, cannot do it alone.

He needs your help. Won't you give it?

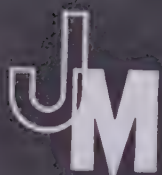
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NAGASAKI:
OUT OF THE
ASHES: A
NEW FLAME
OF FAITH



JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

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Well-tagged and somewhat tired of being pushed around in this mystifying world, this young Japanese (left) is a symbol of the unrest which fills the Orient. He has been repatriated from Korea and has yet to know a normal life. (U.S. Army photo)



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Demonstration by women of Kerala during Liberation Struggle is broken up by police with staves. The women played a prominent part in the campaign to oust the Communists from power a year ago. This South India State has been a real testing ground in the attempt by the Reds to gain control of all India and all eyes are on Kerala.

JULY 31ST (which is the Feast of St. Ignatius) will be celebrated with much joy this year by the people of Kerala. That date marks the first anniversary of this small South Indian State's victory over Communism. The people have reason to celebrate. The victory came only after forty-nine days of bitter and bloody struggle during which many persons lost their lives and many others were injured and maimed for life.

The Liberation Struggle, as it is called in Kerala, began, as is well known, as a protest against Communist efforts to take over the private schools, most of which are run by the Catholic Church. It ended with the Communists being swept from power by a mighty mass upsurge. But the joy of the coming anniversary celebration will be tempered by the sobering thought that the struggle of last year was only a prelude to the more difficult struggle which must now be waged against the poverty and inhuman conditions of life which weigh down the State's sixteen million people. The forty-

three per cent of the votes which the Communists polled in the election of last February are a grim and constant reminder that the five short years before the next election is to be held will almost certainly be democracy's last chance.

The new Government which took office in February is fully aware of the urgent need for economic progress if Communism is to be rooted out of Kerala. It is still too early to tell how successful the new Government will be in dealing with the long-standing and very stubborn problems of the State, but it is working hard and is off to a good start. The price of food has been brought down by various measures, extensive plans for slum clearance are being formulated, and distribution of family-sized rubber plantations has begun.

A thorough survey of the State's industrial potential has just been launched. Several fishing harbors are under construction, one of them complete with a boat-building yard to provide fishermen, who represent one of Kerala's most im-

An on-the-scene report from the Indian state
whose people liberated themselves from the yoke
of Communism just one battle-packed year ago

Kerala Struggles On

JAMES J. BERNA S.J.

portant industries, with mechanized boats in place of the primitive canoes and catamarans on which they depend at present. Most important of all, perhaps, several new technical schools will soon be opened. Unemployment is Kerala's greatest problem. Technical training will give the State's young men the skills needed to find jobs in industry, if not in Kerala (where industries are few) at least in other parts of India where the demand for skilled labor is great.

A new urgency in the Church's social apostolate is also evident in Kerala. In many dioceses programs are under way for establishment of cooperative societies, and cottage industries which will relieve seasonal and chronic unemployment. Several dioceses are establishing technical schools, or "multi-purpose high schools" which will give technical training. Of the Church's new social programs in Kerala the most promising is the project for the fishermen which is being organized by Monsignor Pereira, Auxiliary Bishop of Trivandrum, Kerala's capital city. The Diocese of Trivandrum includes forty coastal villages in which live over one hundred thousand Catholic fishermen and their families. It was these

courageous fishermen, as reported in JESUIT MISSIONS for May, 1960, who more than any other single group were responsible for the success of the Liberation Struggle. And it was Bishop Pereira who led them in the struggle. For weeks, while the struggle was in preparation, he toured the coastal villages organizing the young men into groups of ten, each with its captain, and each village with its district captain. When the struggle began these groups acted as flying squads, ready at a moment's notice to occupy and protect schools, picket Government offices or stage mass demonstrations. When Prime Minister Nehru visited Kerala early in the struggle he was greeted at the airport by fifty thousand fishermen and the five-mile stretch of road into the city was lined solid with fishermen and others who took courage from their example. This was a turning point in the campaign since it convinced Nehru that the movement was a genuine mass uprising, not a minor agitation.

Now with financial help from the German Bishops' "Campaign Against Hunger and Disease in the World" and technical assistance from the Jesuit Social Institute in Poona, the Bishop is attempt-

Ringside seat is provided this young Indian by his father's shoulder. Both seem deeply interested in the proceedings but not too happy about them. The struggle originally began when the Communists tried to take over the private schools, most of them Catholic.

ing to give his people a new life free of degrading poverty which they have known for centuries. The program involves three main phases. First, it is necessary to provide the fishermen with nylon nets in place of the traditional cotton nets they use at present. The change will improve the catches of fish greatly, as has already been demonstrated in the area, for several reasons. Nylon is much stronger than cotton, with the result that nets last longer and the "big ones" do not break out and get away. It is also less visible in the water than cotton. Even more important, nylon nets are much lighter when wet than cotton nets. As a result they can be handled by four-man crews in place of the twenty or more who handle present nets, which means a much higher income for each fisherman. Nets are being provided by the Bishop through cooperative societies on the basis of one net to four family heads.

Secondly, a marketing organization has been set up to ensure a fair return to fishermen. At present most fishermen are forced to sell their fish at the seashore immediately after landing to merchants who pay very low prices. Or fish are carried to market by fishermen's wives who sometimes walk twenty miles a day, while the fish slowly spoil in the big baskets on their heads. The new marketing organization has two trucks to carry fish on ice to inland markets where they will fetch a better price.

Finally, the program includes a housing and resettlement scheme to relieve congestion in the large over-crowded villages and provide families with de-



cent homes. Along with this a social program has been launched to train village women in housekeeping, child care, health and cottage crafts which will provide better employment than fish-marketing. This ambitious program is just getting started but is full of promise for the future. It will bear careful watching and may well serve as a model and inspiration for others, and thus open the way to a better life for many people.

Interview with Chiang

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH is the most powerful force against Communism in the world today." I could not believe my ears. It was the president of the Republic of China, President Chiang Kai-shek, speaking to me in a private interview, and I asked him to confirm the quotation for publication.

"Mr. President, did I understand you to say 'the most powerful'?"

"Yes," he said simply and forcefully.

The scene was the Presidential Office Building in the center of Taipei, the capital of Free China. The occasion was an interview granted to me only a few hours before my plane took off for the United States. I had long desired to speak to the president and had applied only a short time before my departure. The actual interview far surpassed my expectations.

Dr. Sampson Shen of the Government Information Service accompanied me to the President's office. I was introduced to Mr. James C. H. Shen, the Government spokesman. Our brief conversation in Chinese decided Mr. Shen in favor of allowing the interview to be carried on in Chinese without the aid of an interpreter. It was at this moment that I was eternally grateful for my hard years of language studies and for at least this amount of success. At 10 A.M. on the morning of June 3rd my guides ushered me into the audience chamber. I took about three steps into the room and bowed deeply toward the figure of the president seated at a desk at the far end of the room under a picture of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. The president rose and came forward, meeting me half way. I bowed

again and shook his hand. He motioned me to a seat on the corner of a sofa while he took a nearby easy chair. Only a low coffee-table separated me from the leader of Free China. In spite of his 73 years he appeared strong and vigorous, his face full and rounded, his voice firm and determined.

The president took the lead immediately and in a few minutes had deftly extracted from me just about all of my activities in China. He was particularly interested in my work as a professor in a Chinese National University. He wanted to know my impression of student life, about my family and my purpose in returning to the United States.

A meditative pause gave me the opportunity to start the questions which I had prepared beforehand. "Mr. President, you have access to a great body of mainland intelligence. With this knowl-

President Chiang Kai-shek and Father Foley.



edge and as an acknowledged expert on Communism, what would you say about the present ability of the Communists to control the China mainland?"

The answer was short, "They can only hold out for two years." The president went on to say that the failure of the peoples' communes and the recent recourse to force, together with the basic savageness and cruelty of the regime would certainly cause some major revolt within a two-year period and that when that time came he would be ready to retake the mainland. There was no question of the president's determination.

I proposed another line of thought. "On what lines do you think the Communist expansionist strategy will proceed during the coming summer?" The president's reply was characteristic of his usual conversation, a rather condensed, telegraphic, staccato statement. "Not Vietnam, not Laos, only Quemoy." Translated and expanded this meant that it was not militarily or politically advantageous to the Communists to attack Laos or Vietnam, but that they would attempt a show of strength by action against the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu.

It was here that I proposed an objection common in certain circles in the United States, namely that these islands were only so much rock and dirt which should be given to the Communists of Red China in order to preserve the peace. The president misunderstood the opinion to be my own and the conversational floodgates were opened. He bristled and threw out a series of questions at me, "What do you think? Have you ever been there?" I hastened to make clear that the objection was not my own and that though I knew his stand that I wanted to hear his explanation of his position from his own lips. Chiang smiled and I relaxed. And with the relaxing of tension the president slipped back into his laconic style. "No Quemoy, no Taiwan; no Taiwan, no Southeast Asia; no Southeast Asia, no . . ."

The uncompleted statement was eloquent enough. Quemoy as the anchor to the Taiwan Straits was essential to the defense of Taiwan. Taiwan in turn was the key to the security of Southeast Asia. And with these countries gone the freedom of the entire South Pacific, Australia and India was in question.

I spoke with President Chiang about the ideological errors of Communism and our discussion led to the following statement, "Communism is atheistic, and as such it denies the rights of God and man; all other errors flow from this first false position."

"Then you would consider the problem to be an essentially religious one?" I asked. The reply was an unequivocal affirmative. It was at this point that the president went on to say that "The Catholic Church is the most powerful force against Communism in the world today."

I mentioned the fact that I was ordained a priest by Bishop Ignatius Kung and received the subdiaconate and diaconate from Bishop James Walsh, M.M. He shook his head sadly and rubbed his chin. "I admire those men, I admire them very much," he said. President Chiang has frequently expressed his admiration for the strong anti-Communist stand of Catholics the world over. Later an observer remarked to me that the president is deeply hurt by various Christian groups who compromise on principle and lean over backward trying to be friendly with the Communists.

My time was up. I expressed my gratitude to the president and as I said goodbye his last words had a true fatherly ring. "Study hard in Boston and remember me to your mother." Chinese admire scholars, and filial piety is a national virtue in China. President Chiang Kai-shek summed up both in his kind farewell. I turned at the door of the audience chamber and bowed deeply, the president gave me a last wave and I left the presence of one of the truly great leaders in the world today.

The Secret of Stamps

JAMES C. FLECK S.J.

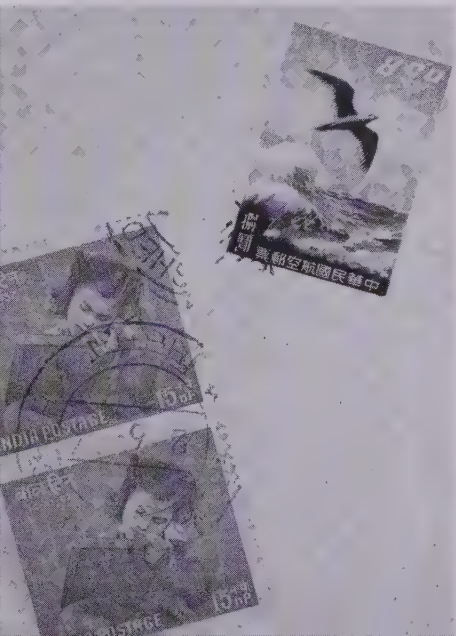


A SHORT TIME ago, a young man in a black suit and Roman collar was seen trudging through the murky industrial side-streets near the Wabash railroad tracks in one of our big midwestern cities. Spotting a dusty sign revealing an establishment that bought old gold, the young cleric slipped inside and asked cautiously, "Are you the man who buys old gold teeth?"

This strange aspect of the religious life is just an every-day occurrence in

the life of the Jesuit scholastics working in the Mission Stamp Bureaus. While they concentrate on cancelled postage stamps, nothing is turned away. Recent receipts include an old bridge (dental), rock crystal rosaries, a ball of old string, a package of tin foil, and a packet of Grandma's old love letters. While the tin foil and string, or even the fifty pounds or so of last year's Christmas cards that have been sent in can't be sold, all of the other items help support our American Jesuit missionaries at work among the American Indians and across the world in a dozen places.

Grandma's love letters, interesting as they might be in themselves, are of interest to the Jesuits only to the extent of their envelopes with their valuable postage stamps. So anyone sending this particular item to a Stamp Bureau is encouraged to discreetly remove the contents before sending them in. Other valuable items are old stamp albums, collecting dust in the attic, Duck stamps from hubby's hunting license, U.S. Commemoratives, foreign, pre-cancelled, postage



World of stamps can be a fascinating one and an education in itself. But it is also an important asset in financing the missionary—and everyone can help!

The Secret of Stamps



due, Air Mail, special delivery, and of course, anything out of the ordinary from state sales tax stamps to green, red, blue or any hue trading stamps, postal saving stamps, gold dentures, or an old pair of gold-rimmed glasses. The latest stamp that we can sell is the new Federal boat stamp that goes into use this year. If you have a boat please remember to soak off the stamp and send it to us after this year's boating season. If you have any trouble removing the stamp feel free to send the whole boat. Between the stamp and the boat we should be able to raise enough money to make

a dandy contribution to a missionary.

It is almost unbelievable the number of odd things that some people collect, and this means another way to help raise funds for the missions. Perhaps you may have some of these strange items hanging around the house: old coins and bills, confederate stamps or money, World War II Automobile Use Stamps, a Potato Stamp, Wine Stamps, foreign coins and currency left over from your last trip to the old country. As you can see, a Mission Stamp Bureau is just about the closest thing to a pawn shop that the Jesuits operate.

The Secret of Stamps

Weighing stamps at the St. Louis Stamp Bureau is Patrick Sharp S.J. The weighing occurs when a shipment is going to a buyer or when a school in the annual Stamp Contest sends in its entry. A fair number of buyers are overseas, which indicates the international interest in stamps. If you want to help, consult the address list on next page for nearest Jesuit Bureau.



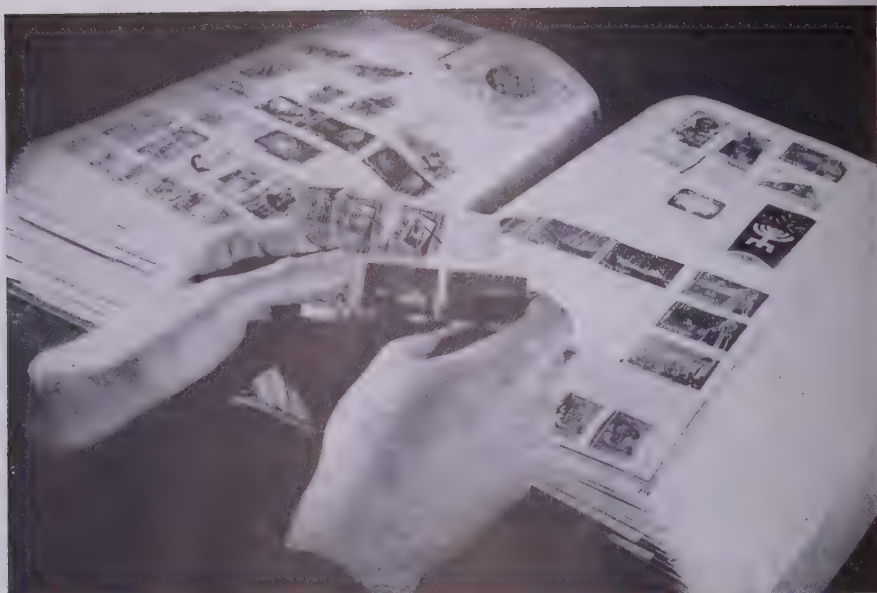
Sorting table scene where stamps are divided into U.S. Commemoratives, Air Mail and Postage Due, Pre-cancelled, Foreign and U.S. values above 5¢. This photo was taken at the Jesuit House of Studies in St. Louis. Jesuits shown are (clockwise from bottom) Patrick Sharp, Michael Morrison, Charles Gonzalez, Michael Durso and Eugene Meigher. They represent four of the eleven Jesuit Provinces in the U.S., all of whom can use stamps to help their missionaries.

A typical day of a Jesuit scholastic on the Stamp Bureau staff will find him rising from lunch or dinner, and after the customary short visit to chapel after meals, making a bee-line for the Stamp Bureau office. There, packages of stamps from high schools, grade schools and individual contributors are waiting to be acknowledged and sorted. Exotic stamps from such far-flung regions are sold individually, but the vast majority are poured into bins of various categories and sold to stamp dealers by the pound.

The average Jesuit Mission Stamp Bureau will have half a dozen or more

scholastics spending their free time answering correspondence, sorting stamps, shipping, or working on the devious promotional schemes to bring in more stamps. Every once in a while a startled voice will cry out, "Hey, look at this!"

Everyone will gather around the Scott's Stamp Catalog which will reveal whether we have uncovered a hidden treasure, a rare valuable stamp. Most of the time it's a false alarm and the colorful little stamp is dumped into the common herd of stamps at the bottom of the bin. But every once in a while fortune smiles and the missions will be



richer by a few extra and welcome dollars.

Today, most of the Stamp Bureaus find their greatest problem is getting enough stamps to keep up with the buyers' demands. Every potential source of stamps is tried and tried again. The readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* can give a big boost to our missionaries by sending in their Grandma's old love letters, postage

stamps from Zanzibar or anywhere, or if they've passed from a set of dentures to a full plate, the Stamp Bureaus will take the old gold too. We can convert into cash just about anything you've got shoved to the back of your desk or dresser or hidden away in the attic. But please, no balls of string, tin foil, or last year's Christmas cards.

Stamps Collected for Missions at:

Mission Stamp Exchange
Woodstock, Maryland

Mission Stamp Bureau
Weston College
Weston 93, Massachusetts

Ceylon Mission Stamp Bureau
Assumption Hall
Spring Hill, Alabama

Patna Mission Stamp Mart
West Baden College
West Baden Springs, Indiana

Lusaka Mission Service
4105 Avers Avenue
Chicago 18, Illinois

Mission Stamp Bureau
3700 West Pine Blvd.
St. Louis 8, Missouri

Mission Stamp Bureau
Mount St. Michael's
Spokane 28, Washington

It wasn't easy for the restless
Kuravar to give up their way
of life and its traditions

The Gypsies of Ceylon

SEVEN YEARS AGO, while traveling around my 1,200 square-mile parish, I met wandering bands of people known as the Kuravar. Noted throughout India and Ceylon as snake-charming, sticky-fingered gypsies, they are direct descendants of the famous Robber Tribe of South India whose profession was, quite frankly, thievery. Fortunately, in their transit over the Palk Strait to Ceylon, they lost their "professional" touch. A physically attractive people, the men are tall and lithe; the women, gentle and beautiful, and adorned with trinkets in the universal fashion of gypsies.

They are called "walking fools" because they consider it beneath their dignity to own or use carts. Roaming the country in bands, they carry their provisions wrapped in a long cloth and slung conveniently over their shoulders. When meat is scarce they can be seen in groups of about fifteen men with one gun, two spears and some thirty dogs, heading for the jungle to hunt pig, elk or deer. Hungry people aren't fussy.

When I became interested in these people, the first thing I wanted to do

Snake charmer with author, gypsy charmer.



Giant lizard is admired by Father Cook and Kuravars. Appetizing, isn't it?

was to convince them that they would be better off in giving up their nomadic way of life. Cattle breeding and goat herding more or less necessitated their roving about from one grazing area to another. In easy-going Ceylon they were not molested by the Government, but the people in some areas complained of chewed-up crops and broken fences. When I tried to make these Kuravar good citizens of Ceylon, the local District Revenue Officer asked me first to settle them somewhere permanently. The gypsies agreed, and soon chose an elevated spot well hidden in the jungle where they have been living faithfully and frugally ever since.

Their village, Aligambai ("Elephant

Village" in Singalese) is made up of simply constructed thatched huts. Six sturdy posts are erected and tied together by cross sticks. The whole is then covered with palm leaves. These huts are two-storey affairs, with the ground floor reserved for the goats, and the upper storey for the people. All cooking is done outside.

For three years I tried to dig a well for the village, but after spending 1400 Rupees, I ended with a hole thirty-three feet deep and no water. The nearest source is a mile away, and the women develop remarkable grace as they balance as many as four jars on their heads without spilling a drop of the precious water. Since the village is situated on a plateau, there is no real problem during the rainy season. One simply digs a hole and gathers the accumulated rain water.

Having settled my gypsies in Aligambai, I naturally thought of giving them the benefits of religion. Periodically I'd bring Sisters from Kalmunai and they would teach the people as only Sisters can. During six years of this occasional

basic instruction, I was hesitant to baptize any of the people since I did not know their true disposition in the matter. Although their contacts with Hinduism were meagre, I asked myself continually if they would be able to remain faithful to Christianity and its demands.

Finally, in March 1959, I began to build a school-church out of cement blocks, and managed to finish it off with a tile roof in August. Limited funds made it a simple structure with only half-walls and a roof, but it is a palace in comparison with the rest of the vil-

Business end of traditional spear of the gypsy Kuravar is given keen appraisal by the veteran missionary.

lage. I hired Jovan, my catechist from Tirukovil, to teach the Kuravar the fundamentals of schooling. No one in the tribe, not even the head man, knew anything of books and papers. They are easily led because of their childlike acceptance of any knowledge. Before long about sixty children, under the tutelage of Jovan, were bawling out prayers, spelling and sums, all to the astonishment and pride of their elders.

Education is not even considered by the older generation which begins at the age of fourteen. When I urged one of the young ladies to learn to read, she answered naively, "Father, it is too late. This brain won't absorb anything for lack of use." She was not yet twenty years old.

In baseball, coaches farm out prospective stars. Here in Ceylon I'm trying my first intellectual farming out. As the new year approached, I told Jovan to select the six brightest boys and girls for study at Kalmunai Convent and the Brothers' College. My plan is to farm them out, so to speak, and bring them back to Aligambai in three years to teach the villagers Christian manners and cus-

toms. Jovan made the selection, and more important, he successfully reassured the parents who feared that their children might be contaminated by contact with civilization.

Last January the entire village turned out to witness the baptism of the six young people who were to leave shortly for school. They were the first Kuravar to be baptized, and since there were no Catholics in the village, we had to import Godparents from another town. Just before the ceremony, I celebrated a "first" of my own. Every barber in the nearby town has refused to cut the hair of any of the Kuravar because they consider them to be "low caste." I administered the haircuts, and shortly thereafter the first six Kuravar in Ceylon were received into the Church.

My six young gypsy Catholics are now safely installed in the two boarding schools in Kalmunai. They study hard, and seem happy despite the homesickness which follows the visits of relatives. We look forward to the time when six young men and women will return to Aligambai to teach their people the Christian way by their own good example.



Window on the Mission

Let's Try Love

THE DIFFERENCES of the races are clearly according to God's design for the human race. Pope Pius XII in his very first Encyclical on the Unity of Human Society took note of these differences, acknowledging the legitimate pride that races and nations take in their accomplishments, qualities and characteristics. Diversity is meant to be an enrichment of the human family. It is not of itself an enemy to the essential unity of that family. But differences so often have been made the reasons for divisions. When differences and diversity are used as justification for racial or national feelings of superiority, then the use made of difference violates God's will for His creatures. Then the evil of pride enters into relations with others and begets race hatred, contempt for others, indifference to their needs, creating chasms between peoples. Surely our generation should be sick of the effects of such racial and national divisions: slaughter, oppression, insult, humiliation, injustice which disgrace the pages of the history of this supposedly enlightened age.

Colonial empires did not do much to

foster the truth of the essential equality of different races. These empires are fast disappearing in Asia and Africa, leaving in their wake a backwash of racial hostility and sharpened nationalism which are directed against the peoples of Europe and America. The situation is made worse by the deliberate effort of Communism to aggravate these feelings in order to turn the peoples of Asia and Africa against the people of the free countries and to draw them in to the vortex of a universal atheistic materialism. Such a condition inevitably affects the life and work of the Church in those continents. In turning against Europeans and Americans, the people also turn against the missionaries in many places. They are driven out of China. They are restricted in other places. Foreseeing such possibilities the Church has been working hard to develop rapidly the hierarchy, clergy and religious in mission lands. This takes time. But nobody can tell what will happen during the next ten years in Asia and Africa. Racial hatred and violence are already advanced. Will they destroy even the spiritual bonds that unite Catholics all over the world? Will they divide local Catholics from all others by setting up national Churches, as is being done in China? Who can tell?

To forestall such a sorrowful event, the Pope has urged us to pray for the strengthening of the bonds of Christian love. This may seem to be a very weak



COVER. On the Hill of the Martyrs in Nagasaki a shrine is being built which has tremendous significance. The story is told on page 27. Rarely has an event that took only a few moments of time effected such a tremendous change in the spirit of an entire people. Design by artist Phil Franznick.



weapon to use against the forces of growing hatred and hostility which so quickly resort to violence. But what other weapon is there in the Christian armament? Satan is the real divider of the human family and he is the one who favors hatred which so devours him and his followers. He is the only one who profits from hatred, if one may call sin and spiritual death profit. Satan was conquered by God's love in the gift of His Beloved Son to us and Our Lord's constant cry to us was that we should love one another as He has loved us. To this day Christian love alone has the power to conquer this hell-fostered hatred that so menaces the human family. Politics and economics and development programs are not the whole answer—too often they have been used to divide people. Hatred is a sickness of the soul; it calls for a spiritual remedy.

Christian love can be strengthened by resisting every stirring of racial or national hostility in our own hearts. It can be strengthened by condemning such feelings expressed by others. It can be strengthened by consciousness of the teachings of our faith—everyone of us is the product of the omnipotent love of God and all of us are the object of God's mercy and love in Christ, Our Lord. It can be strengthened by enclosing in our intercession before God all the members of the human race to whom Christ became brother, when He became man and a member of the race of Adam. We must pray that Asians and Africans will see this love at work among them in the efforts of the Church. In this very serious crisis, let's try love for a change, since everything else has been tried without much success. Love is strong as death.

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HIS NAME was Bumble Bee and he was thirteen years old. He lived in a one-room shack without running water on the Azalea Trail in the heart of the Deep South. He had never known his father and his mother was a prostitute. He had never owned a new pair of shoes or a jacket or a coat that fit him. He never had enough to eat. No one cared what he did or where he went or how he spent his time. He was colored and no one cared about him. But the strange thing about Bumble Bee was that he cared. He rarely missed a day of school, he had a B average in his studies, and each Sunday morning he climbed out of bed early to go to church—a Baptist

church. No one made him go, no one cared if he went or not.

The first time I met him he was leaning against a basketball goal smiling the smile that only he could smile. He had an old yellow and brown skull cap pulled down over his ears and his hands were stuffed into the pockets of a coat far too large for him. He glanced up at my face and then at my Roman collar.

"Is you a full Father?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I'm still studying to be a Father."

A soft smile played on his lips. "What is you then," he asked, "a Son?"

One Sunday afternoon many weeks later we invited him up to our place.



In the Deep South a moving drama
is being enacted without publicity
but with effects bound to last

Along the Azalea Trail

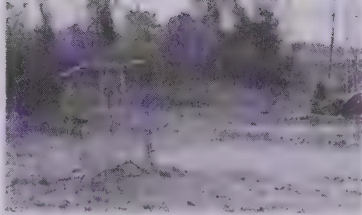
RICHARD A. TONRY S.J.

Problems are more easily discussed when people are on the same level and Jesuit Edward Mathie lends an attentive ear. The work of the Jesuit scholastics with the adults of Crichton has produced through the years very worthwhile results.

The younger brother of one of the seminarians had been growing like a summer weed and he had completely outgrown a new suit. He gave it to us hoping we could find someone it would fit. We looked at one another and each of us thought: Bumble Bee. It was a beautiful suit, light gray with dark stripes; it had huge brass buttons and was of an ivy-league cut. We prayed that it would fit him. When Bumble Bee saw the suit he didn't say a word, just sort of smiled and reached out his hand for it. We showed him where he could try it on and whispered a few more urgent prayers that it would fit. Bumble Bee came out and the suit fit him perfectly.

A tailor couldn't have done a better job. Then we noticed his face. It was one of those moments you remember all your life. The sheer happiness that shone from it made us feel embarrassed, ashamed that the gift of a second hand suit could cause such joy. But we are getting far ahead of ourselves; our story really begins long ago, long before Bumble Bee was born.

It begins at the Jesuit House of Studies in Mobile, Alabama. Here young Jesuits from all over the country and the world come to pursue their philosophical studies. It begins in the year 1939. For this was the year one of the young Jesuits organized catechism classes to be taught



Before and after are well illustrated by the old baseball diamond and the present one (below) which is result of the Jesuits' and boys' work.



to the few Catholic children in near-by Crichton Negro section. Every Saturday and Sunday found the young Jesuits herding children into private homes for their lessons. After the classes the kids would hurry back to their games in the streets and roads of Crichton. A few of their teachers would stay around to watch and occasionally to restore order when tempers began to flare. Very often, however, the balls the children played with were old and worn; a few good licks by some budding Hank Aaron and the game was finished. After a few such happenings the teachers, to the delight of the kids, began to appear with bulging cassock pockets and the games got better and better.

Soon a group of dedicated parents at the suggestion of a seminarian formed a civic club. Their immediate purpose was to find a place for the children to play, to get them off the street and onto a

playground. Their ultimate purpose was to better the community they lived in and help their race as much as possible. They found the land they needed but the price was 900 dollars, more than many of them earned in nine months' time. After a few months of soliciting, raffles and bazaars they had collected only 200 dollars. Then an article was written in 1952 for *JM* telling its readers of our plight. The response was immediate; one reader from India sent us the total sum needed. The land was bought, a small building was erected, and the Crichton Recreation Association had taken root and was in business.

Today the young "Fathers" are literally all over Crichton: teaching catechism,

Prayer is explained to interested youngsters by Father John Moore, Spring Hill philosophy teacher, and Francis Judge S.J.

visiting the sick, and coaching teams. Our athletic program is well organized and our teams are respected and feared throughout the city. For the last two years our basketball team, accustomed to our dirt courts and home-made goals, has invaded the 40,000-dollar gyms erected in two other colored sections to capture the city championship.

The seeds that our older brothers in the Society have sown we who are now in studies are beginning to reap. The children they taught and played with are now adults with their own children. These young married couples are taking a greater, a more active part in their community and their church. There is still much to be done. Our chapel is growing too small for us. We need more room, more land, desperately. Today our children play on land we borrowed and cleared ourselves. We live with the fear that someday the owner will decide to sell or build and Crichton's children will be without room to play. We need more

young dedicated workers. And most of all we need prayer—prayer that Christ's love and peace may replace the bitterness that reigns in the hearts of so many.

And—oh, yes—Bumble Bee. Bumble Bee is the star of our basketball team. He lives with his grandmother now, still rarely misses a day of school, still retains his B average, still rises early every Sunday morning and goes to church, but now, strange to say, it's to a Catholic church. He is studying to be baptized and to be an altar boy. But Bumble Bee has his problems too. Because of his environment he can't be baptized unless he attends a Catholic school. There is only one colored high school in Mobile, Most Pure Heart of Mary. Ask Bumble where he wants to go to school and he'll give you that smile and say, "Heart of Mary." But Bumble won't go there and he won't be baptized; not because of his marks or his morals but because Heart of Mary is overcrowded and poor and Bumble has no money for tuition.



Soft breezes sighing in the waving palm trees,

moonlight gilding the white combers breaking

over reefs, gentle music—all are part of a

South Sea Fantasy

JOHN T. McCARTHY S.J.

WHAT IS LIFE like in the islands of the Pacific? Just in case you've been taken in by the Hollywood approach consider the situation on Likiep the last few weeks. A Likiep boat, the Louisa, had returned from Kwajalein with three people sick with flu. In no time at all the whole island was swept by the disease. Of the entire population, only the three Sisters escaped it!

Three people died from it; two very old men and a young man who had tuberculosis. There wasn't much we could do to battle the flu; our government medical supplies had arrived a short time before—1,000 A.P.C.'s. If one averages six for a headache that meant that 600 people were allowed only 166 headaches for three months! So these were gone in a flash. The Sisters contributed about 8,000 more plus two gallons of cough medicine, a gift to them from a Navy man who had been out here seven years before. The small amount of penicillin also disappeared in a short time.

Then came the shocking news that the boat making the usual government field trip with food and medicines had bypassed Likiep and returned to Majuro. So our food situation was desperate. We called off school, moved Mass to later

Watching the sea is second nature to the islanders of the Pacific. Ships with their precious cargo are a necessity and if they bypass an island it may mean months before another vessel will bring needed supplies.

in the morning, and sent my ship, the Bobola, on fishing trips and to other islands for whatever food could be found.

These trips brought in about 210 bags of *eu*, the coagulated milk of the coconut just after it has sprouted. It is a sweet, spongy mass, about as nourishing as the cotton candy they sell at Coney Island. This provided enough food for about 500 people from ten days to two weeks. One trip of the Bobola brought back a large number of lobsters which helped stretch things out for another week or so.

Then the Secretary of the Navy dropped in. We had known of his coming but the program we had planned was canceled for the boys and girls were too weak for any strenuous dancing. His visit was a pleasant one but not as pleasant as we would have liked to make it. And we were still anxiously waiting for the Louisa to return from Kwajalein with supplies of food and medicine.

Then three days later a plane came



in with Doctor Sheppy, the medical man on Kwajalein (and a magnificent doctor) and brought as a gift from the Navy men in Air Operations, Kwajalein, 500 pounds of rice and 500 pounds of flour. I felt proud of them—it is the American way. This treasure was divided equally among the people and it meant a lot, especially to the large families.

Two days later the *Louisa* finally arrived. It was a Sunday but I told the people at Mass that everyone physically able should help the off-loading of the food. Out here we deal in fundamentals and the most important one is to keep body and soul together.

So we weathered that particular situation but it was one that is bound to return. It has been announced that copra collections will cease soon. Copra is the means of exchange; it brings in the money for the essentials. Now the small ships which sail from island to island to collect the copra will no longer make the rounds. Ten years ago a Department

of the Interior representative asked me, "If there were no ships, could the people live?" At that time I wasn't sure of the answer; today I am. They cannot live without ships.

Besides, the population of all the islands is increasing and where 250 people might have been able to exist before, the 500 there today cannot. Even if there were enough capital to buy flour and rice for a three-month period the climate will not allow their preservation for that long. To lead decent, normal lives the people need more ships or more frequent field trips. As it stands now, few of them are far from vitamin deficiency. Beriberi is always around the corner because of lack of proper diet.

So when you start dreaming of life on a South Sea isle be sure to include a lot of practical things that don't seem to belong in the fantasy—things as simple as food and strength. Otherwise there's not much sense to just a "tall ship and a star to steer her by."

He has known Communist jails and he lives
under constant Red bombardment but this
veteran missionary will not desert his post

Chaplain of Quemoy

HEADLINES are being made, and he is there, but the headlines do not mention him. He moves behind them, a quiet, genial missionary, and while the waves of history break around him he watches over his people, over the flock he has shepherded so long in the Name of the Master.

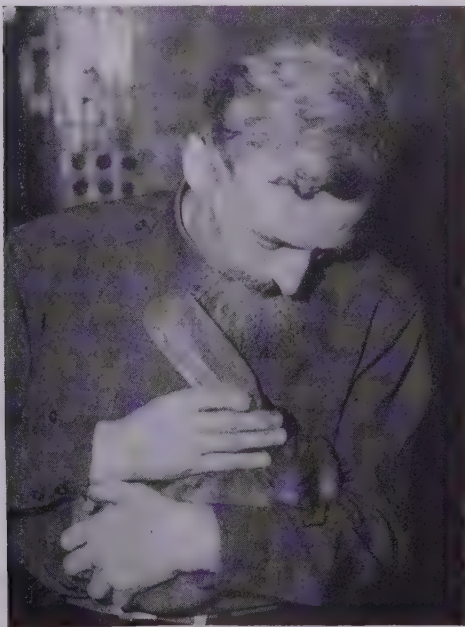
Father Joseph Bernard Druetto, O.F.M., served on the China mainland for years. Back in 1951 he was imprisoned by the Chinese Communists as an American

spy, with all the other customary charges of imperialism, etc. When he was released, gaunt and haggard, he quietly returned to his job of serving Christ.

The mainland was closed to him so he took up his station on Quemoy, the cluster of islands which has now grown used to the blistering barrage of shells on odd-numbered days of the month. There he serves as chaplain to the Catholics in the Army and as pastor to the people entrusted to his care.

Time out aboard an LCM enroute to another island. Father Druetto and M/Sgt Marks chat together as Nationalist crew members try to understand.

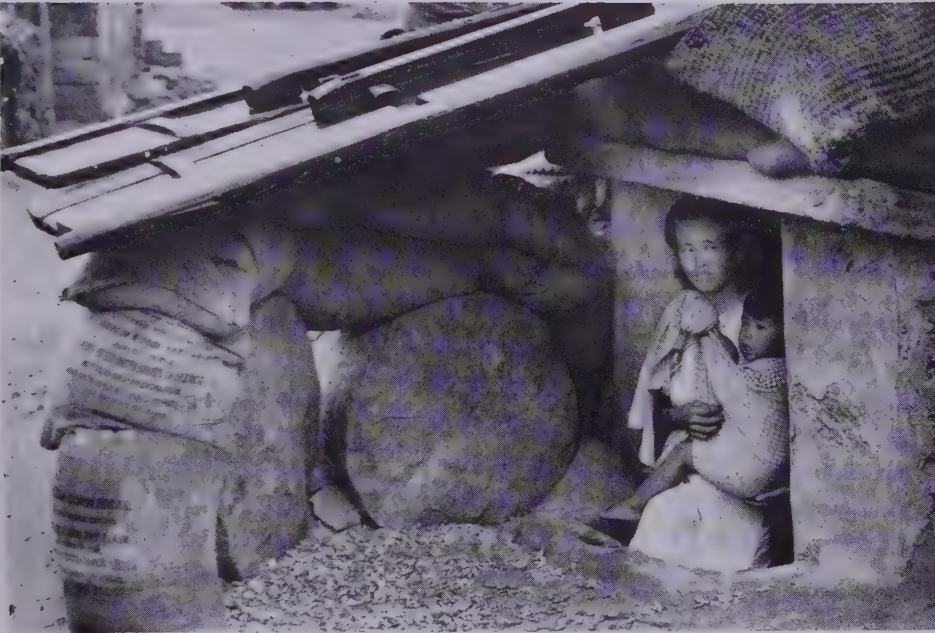
Twinkle in Father's eye reveals his pleasure at CARE packages sent from U.S. Mr. Liu Chen Kai (right) also shares the chaplain's feelings.



Puppy love won't take long to blossom with this kind of care from the Chaplain of Quemoy. The pup was one of ten born in the American Hostel.
(All U.S. Army Photos on these pages.)



Chaplain of Quemoy



Action is the keynote on the islands which are so close to the mainland. Quemoy is well fortified and the constant Communist barrages are answered in kind. But it is by no means easy to live in such an atmosphere where death ever lurks.

A breath of air is very much in order at the moment. It's an even-numbered day so the chances are there'll be no shelling until tomorrow. And those bombardments certainly cut in on a man's playtime.



Well-sandbagged against the Red guns is this Quemoy home but it is not a palace exactly and family life has not got full scope when people must live under such conditions. But they all agree it's better than Communism.

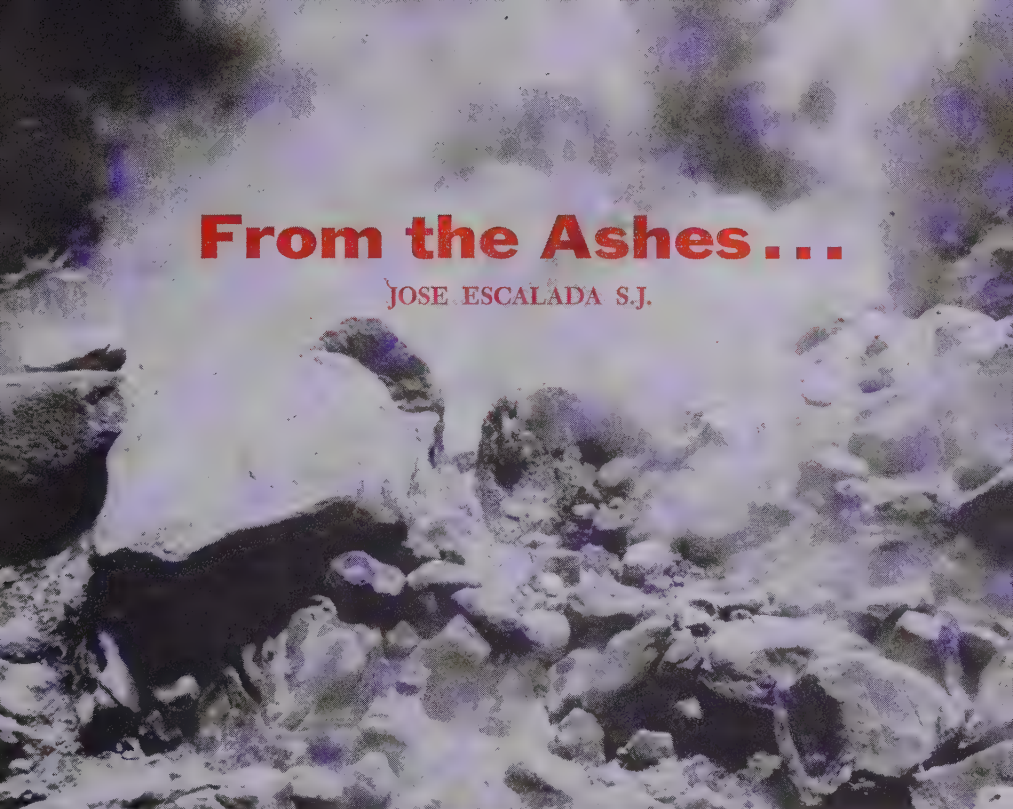
The day is long and a man can grow weary but as long as he wears a cross on his collar then he will carry the cross which the Master has given him.



Graduation

Al-Hikma University in Baghdad held its first graduation exercises this year. A noteworthy feature of the event was the presence of Iraq's Leader, Prime Minister Abdul-Karim Qassim, who presented the diplomas to the first graduates of the American Jesuit school. In photo below are (l. to r.) the Prime Minister, the Military Governor of Baghdad, Father Joseph Ryan S.J., Dean, and Father Richard McCarthy S.J., delivering in Arabic the main address. (School seal at right.)





From the Ashes...

JOSE ESCALADA S.J.

ONE OF THE MOST sacred spots in the whole of the vast Orient is a hill in the center of the industrial city of Nagasaki in southern Japan. It is not a large hill but it is truly a beautiful one, hanging like a balcony against a mountain backdrop from which the whole of the city and the harbor can be seen.

On this hill in 1597 were crucified the first 26 martyrs of the church in Japan; here also were martyred 848 Japanese Catholics whose names are known, as well as several thousand others who are nameless, in that series of persecutions throughout Japan in which it is estimated that 200,000 gave up their lives for the Faith.

It has always been a dream of the Church in Japan to purchase the hill and to convert it into a shrine that would stand as a symbol of the antiquity of the

Faith in Japan, its permanence, and the sacrifice and suffering in which it was born and by which it would grow into the future. This, due to political conditions, was not possible up to World War II and its dramatic end.

Then on August 9, 1945 an American bomber flying high in the cloud-filled sky dropped an atom bomb aimed straight at the Holy Hill because it was the center of the city. Wind from the sea, however, caused the bomb to miss the target and it exploded directly over the valley of Urakami, the most Catholic part of the Nagasaki, killing 12,000 Catholic descendants of the Martyrs. This was a staggering loss for the Church (20% of the Catholics of Japan at that time) but the bomb brought about the end of the war and also a new spirit.

One of the many expressions of this



Clay models of the 26 Japanese martyrs are fashioned (below) by Professor Funakoshi from ancient etching. The Nagasaki shrine will have a tremendous influence on the impressionable people.



new spirit was the offer made recently by the non-Christian Mayor of Nagasaki, in the name of the city, to give the hill of Tateyama to the Church on the condition that it would be developed as a shrine to the Martyrs. Archbishop Yamaguchi of Nagasaki gratefully accepted the offer and asked the Jesuits to undertake the work of building the shrine.

Some of the leading architects and artists of Japan are now working upon the design of the three buildings which will constitute the shrine. The first will be a monument to the Martyrs consisting of an outside altar with statues of the Martyrs on which Mass can be said facing

a spacious park where several thousand worshippers can gather. The second will be a hall containing relics of the Martyrs and meeting rooms for instructions of converts, and the third will be an interior chapel and priests' residence.

As far as the Church in Japan is concerned a tender sentiment towards the first Martyrs is not the only motive behind the building of the shrine. There is also an important apostolic angle. More than 500,000 visitors from all over Japan come to Nagasaki every year. Most of these will visit the shrine and will come in contact with a heroic example of the Church's suffering. Japanese logic is

based more on concrete arguments of the heart than those of the mind. They tend to feel that it must be a true faith for which 200,000 men and women offered up their lives. Therefore in the shrine, itself, and especially in the hall of the Martyrs every effort will be made to reproduce vividly the scenes of the Martyrdom. It will be like a living museum of the faith.

These apostolic possibilities are further lightened by the expressed reason behind the desire of the city of Nagasaki to give the hill to the Church to be developed as a shrine. The non-Christian Mayor of Nagasaki asserted that the people of Japan need to have held up before them the heroic example of men and women like the Martyrs of Nagasaki who were willing to suffer torture and death for their religious convictions. The two atom bombs which fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 did something to the soul of the Japanese. Humiliating defeat followed and a loss of faith in the virtues of Shintoism and Buddhism on which the ethics of the nation were based. This

spiritual vacuum has to be filled. Communism is making its most elaborate and urgent effort to take advantage of the spiritual crisis, and has made great progress especially among university students and others of the younger generation.

In the years that have followed the War Japan has recovered and surpassed its former material and commercial strength, but it is still searching for a firm spiritual foundation to carry it forward in the years to come. Christianity as symbolized in the courageous faith of its own Japanese Martyrs can supply this.

In this light the shrine of the Martyrs at Nagasaki takes on much larger dimensions. The leaders of the Church in Japan know that the \$275,000 needed to construct the shrine could well be expended on schools, churches and social work institutions, but they feel also that the example of the Martyrs of Nagasaki, in the dramatized form that the shrine will provide, will have an influence on their entire work far exceeding any individual project of perhaps more immediate urgency.

Mayor of Nagasaki visits Sophia University to discuss shrine plans. At left is Jesuit Superior, Father Arrupe, and at right is the Rector of Sophia University, Father Luhmer.



Letter Edged in Gold

Short Hills, New Jersey
May 26, 1960

Dear Father McHale,

We read of your need of a new Church in Jesuit magazine. Fired with ambition, we started out right away to find a means to earn money. For a straight hour on a beastly hot day, we worked in my mother's garden. Not earning money quickly enough, we decided to put on a play. Rehearsals were set, and we practised feverishly and soon were ready to set a date, and needless to say, everyone was extremely nervous. To drown our anxiety, we plunged into such tasks as making the refreshments, making tickets, setting up the chairs, and fixing the props. Finally the curtain went up. In spite of a few hysterical mistakes, everyone enjoyed the show, and the fruit of our labors was great. We still are earning money for your Church, and hope to send you more regularly.

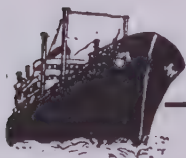
My sister and I have been to Jamaica -- not Kingston, but Montego Bay. Do you suppose you could write us a letter. Our memories of the island have grown dim. Perhaps one of your young parishioners might like to correspond. If so, I am writing our ages down.

We want to be special friends of yours. Perhaps, someday we might meet. If you write us frequently and tell us what your needs are, we could easily set up a campaign and help you out, for we want to be your Helping Hand Club. So please do write us and have some children write us, too. Thank you.

Your loving children of the
Helping Hand Club

Sara Cole, President + Secretary, Age 13
Mary Ashley Cole, Age 12
Elizabeth Cole, Age 7
Charlotte Hartshorne, age 8
Bo B McHugh, AGE 8
Betty McHugh, AGE 6
Billy Tracy, Age 7
Maryla Cole, age 1

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

The desire of Bumble Bee (whose story is told on page 16) and other boys in the South to become Catholics cannot be fulfilled unless they attend Catholic schools. A year's tuition amounts to about \$50. Could you give a small part of that sum for so important a cause? We will gladly forward it to the interested Jesuits who help these boys.

In Seoul, Korea, the Sogang College of the Wisconsin Jesuits is only a few months underway. They need a number of things for furnishing their chapel: vestments, altar linens, surplices, etc. The list is so varied that Father Killoren would welcome a gift of any size.

Back to school is the cry in September and from all over the mission world we have appeals for various school needs. Sometimes people forget that without the school the parish would wither away. A few samples of requests received:

Father Fox in Alaska needs textbooks;

At Truk in the Caroline Islands books and second-hand scientific equipment;

Father Sullivan's Infant Centre in Jamaica lacks benches, blackboards and the teachers lack salaries;

A second-hand typewriter for Ceylon;

Father Bittner in the Philippines is trying to piece together a high school and Father Jackmauh in Jamaica has to move the Spanish Town high school and start from scratch.

There are other requests and there are no gifts which we would appreciate more than those for "Education on the Missions." It is the biggest expense.

A church in ruins is the situation which Father F. X. Mayer must face in Vakarai, Ceylon. His Catholics still use the half-century-old edifice but rebuilding is a must. Most of the reconstruction must be done by Father himself and he would appreciate any size gift for this purpose.

A candle is lit every Saturday night in Buxar, Patna Mission, before Our Lady's niche with the prayer that Father Burke will receive sufficient help for the beautiful church he plans in honor of the Mother of God. It will cost between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars but there may be a few JM readers who could reduce that sum by substantial gifts for so worthy a cause.

Educated Catholics are the answer to Communism everywhere but especially in Latin America. Father Robert McCormack in British Honduras is striving desperately to maintain Xavier College at Corozal. He is well aware of the Communist influence in nearby Guatemala and is doing his utmost to combat it. But he needs help to keep his young school going. Could you help him with \$1, \$5, or more?

Golden letters like the one on the preceding page mean a lot to a missionary. Have you any ideas for your own Helping Hand Club? We would be very glad to forward any gift to your favorite missionary or the mission of your choice.

Jesuit Missions
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.



A helping hand—

Father Godfrey Cook (see page 11) shown helping a Kuravar child in Ceylon, needs a helping hand, too, in order to finish his Church.—Statues—altars, pews, tabernacles—everything—

Won't you help—

Send \$5—\$10—\$500—whatever you can, to

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York

Question:

Would you like to help the Missions?



I'll do *anything* - - -

It isn't hard. Read the coupon below, and you can see how easy it is, actually.

If you don't subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS, put your own name and address down. If you do, how about sending a subscription to someone else? It only costs \$1.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Tear out coupon, and send it, with \$1 to

JESUIT MISSIONS 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

October 1960

JESUIT MISSIONS



World image of the Church



JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

In the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan - Burma - China - Caroline Islands
Formosa - Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna - Philippines - Marshall Islands
Nepal - Yoro - American Indians - Puerto Rico - Chile - Peru

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Insignis Medal of Fordham University for "extraordinary distinction in the service of God" was conferred on His Eminence Gregory Peter XV Cardinal Agagianian, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. Here His Eminence is greeted by Father Joseph Galdon S.J. of the Philippine Mission after ceremony.



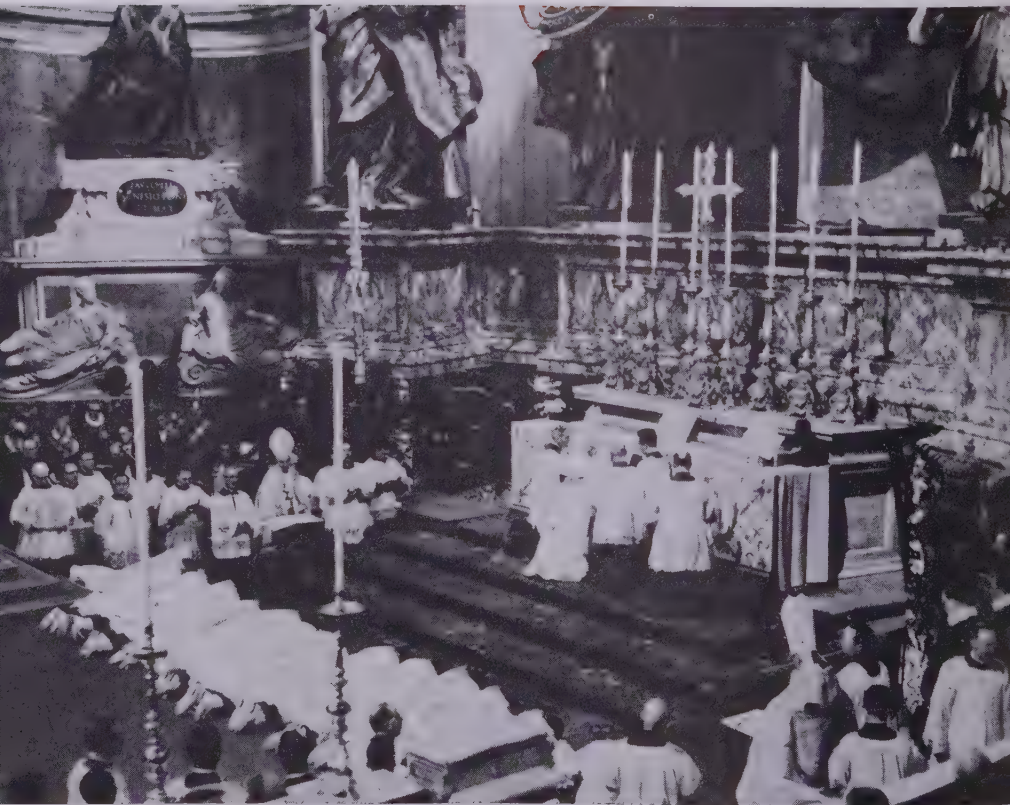
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Today it is most important that the world image of the Church be clear

Nowhere

THIS IS A momentous time in mission history. The political map of the world has been redrawn with quick and sharp strokes and the very rapidity of its execution has left some areas blurred. In less than fifteen years two dozen nations

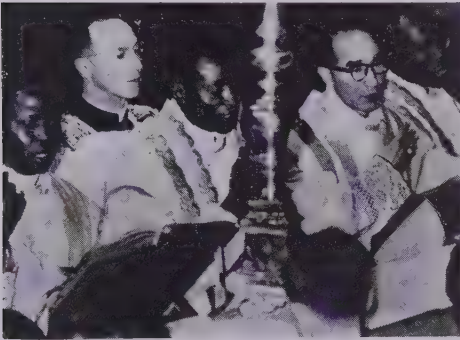


a Foreigner

have become independent, some in quiet fashion, other violently. All of these new-born political entities are in Asia or Africa and we were accustomed to regard them as mission areas. In doing so, we tended, consciously or otherwise, to fit

them into a certain image—a dark, mostly unknown background into which missionaries from the West were striving to bring the light of faith. It might be well to re-examine that concept in the face of changing conditions and currents.

Continued



Four prelates from different countries celebrate Mass in St. Peter's Basilica during consecration ceremony. Left to right: Bishop Kilasara, Tanganyika; Bishop Dery, Ghana; Bishop Noguchi, Japan; and Bishop Busimba, the Congo.

First Negro to become a Prince of the Church is His Eminence Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa from the diocese of Rutabo in Tanganyika, Africa.



Universality and condemnation of race discrimination by the Church are demonstrated in Pope John XXIII's consecration of fourteen missionary bishops, eight of them native-born Africans.
(All photos, pp. 2-4, from Religious News)

Nowhere a Foreigner



First Chinese ever to become a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals is Thomas Cardinal Tien, exiled Archbishop of Peiping who now is the Apostolic Administrator of the Taipei Archdiocese in Formosa. Here he officiates at dedication of new Dominican school in Dah Shih.

First Filipino Prince of the Church is Rufino Cardinal Santos of Manila. Here he is presented on his return from Rome with the key to the city by Mayor Arsenio H. Lacson of Manila. Looking on is Secretary of Commerce Manuel Lim, who represented President Carlos P. Garcia of the Philippines at the welcome extended to the Cardinal at the airport by many happy and proud Filipinos.



In an address delivered this year at the Golden Jubilee Convention of the Catholic Press Association, His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, underlined that point. "I have been reading in many places about the "image" of the Church as it is being called, the picture of it that those outside of the Church often carry in their minds. Many people are dismayed at the distortion and the misrepresentation such an "image" has among our neighbors in different religious traditions. I am sure that this is a problem of large importance, for ignorance has been our enemy as well as enmity, and we all know how many misunderstandings have been built on misinformation. But there is another problem which must be of greater anxiety for us and it is that there are some even *within the Church* who still fail to see the

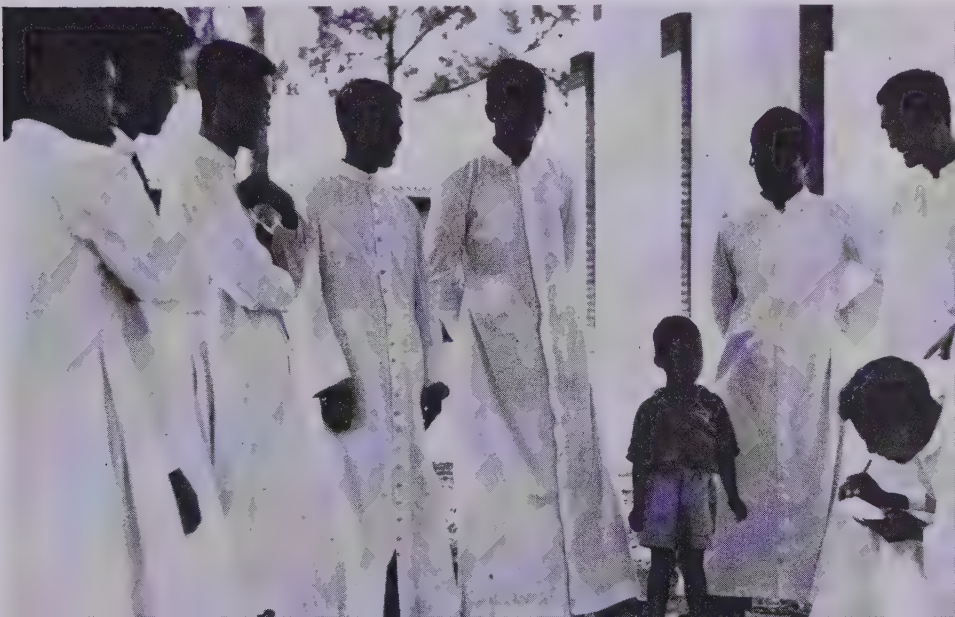
Continued



Burmese nun in Rangoon symbolizes with her lighted candle the coming of the Faith in the darkness and the joy which accompanies.



Burma's hope for the future lies in these future priests now at the Rangoon seminary.



Nowhere a Foreigner

Church herself in her true dimensions . . .”

One dimension of the Church can be accurately measured; it is world-wide. This supranationality of the Church was summed up by Pope Pius XII in his Christmas Message of 1945. “The Church is the mother of all nations and all peoples, no less than of all individuals; and precisely because she is a mother, she does not belong, nor can she belong exclusively to one people or another, or to one people more than another, for she belongs equally to all . . . Nowhere is the Church a foreigner. She lives and develops in every country of the world, and every country contributes to her life and development. In former times the life of the Church, in its visible aspect, deployed its strength preferably in the countries of Europe from which it spread out like a majestic river to what may be called the periphery of the world. Today, on the contrary, it is manifested as an exchange of life and energy between all the members of Christ’s mystical body on earth. Many countries on other continents have long since passed beyond the missionary stage in their ecclesiastical organization; they are governed by their own hierarchy and they contribute spiritually and materially to the whole Church, whereas formerly they did nothing but receive. Does not this progress

and this enrichment of the supernatural life and even of the natural life of mankind reveal the true meaning of the Church’s supranationality? . . .”

“Nowhere a foreigner.” It is a phrase that in one form or other echoes and re-echoes in the teaching of Pius XII. In one of his first Instructions, brief but significant, he tried to strip away the distorted romanticism of the missionary image with its consequent belittling of the culture and development of so-called barbarians. The international character of the Church was emphasized in the first year of his reign when, with Europe aflame with war, he consecrated twelve bishops from all over the world—Europeans whose people were fighting one another, Asiatics, the first Madagascan and the first African bishop.

His first Encyclical, the one that ordinarily sounds the keynote of a Pontiff’s intentions and future action, deals with the unity of the human race and international order. Mankind has a common origin and a common destiny and the world is a stage whereon all peoples play their varied roles in different tongues and ways, but each part blends into and fits the overall theme of the entire drama. “All who join the Church, whatever their origin or tongue, must know that they have equal rights as sons in the Lord’s

Continued



In Delhi, India, the Patna Mission Jesuits opened St. Xavier’s school at the beginning of the year. The Principal is Father Athazhaparam S.J. The flourishing Indian clergy is due to education.



Outside the fold and unhappy about it. For such as these the missionary gives his life.

Nowhere a Foreigner



First Cardinal of Japan, Peter Cardinal Doi, officiates at ordination ceremony in Tokyo.

house where reign Christ's law and peace."

All through his pontificate Pope Pius XII labored to make clear to all this world portrait of the Church. By no means did he downgrade the work of the missions, rather he praised and encouraged it, but he was anxious to portray the exact way it fitted into the whole pattern. The missionary was not only one who preached and baptized and brought souls into the Church; he was the human bridge which brought one culture into contact with another. He was an internationalist, one who came not to destroy but to build. He would not begin an entirely new construction but he would build upon what he found. In some places there would not be much; in other places there would be cultures far older than his own. But even the latter could be enhanced by the missionary, for he carried with him all the riches of Christ, the one way, the complete truth, the life whose glory shall have no end.

The same theme is echoed by the pres-



Christmas in Burma, and at midnight a Burmese priest begins the Holy Sacrifice. The missionary has a perpetual Christmas for his life is one long bringing of Christ to those who do not know Him.

Nowhere a Foreigner

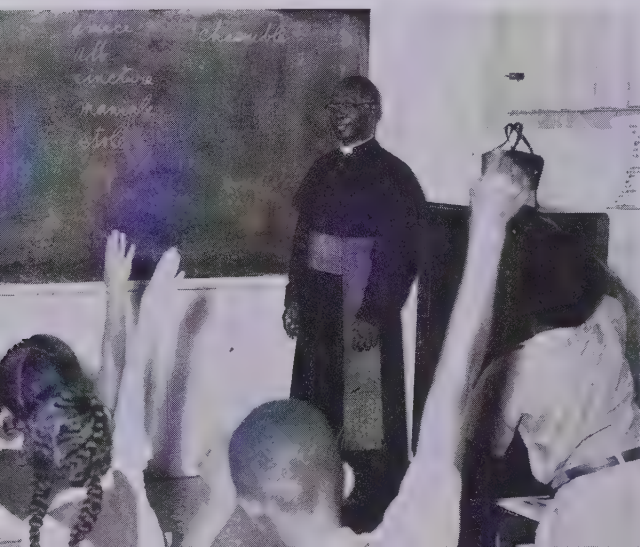
ent Pontiff, Pope John XXIII, in his mission encyclical, "Princeps Pastorum." It is not the missionary, it is the fruits of his efforts which are of paramount importance. The Holy Father sketches the rapid growth of native bishops and priests in mission lands during the times of Pius XI and Pius XII. He urges an increase, points out in detail what must be done, and he calls for a zealous, active laity who have a definite part to play. This is what the missionary is working for, a Church that belongs to a people just as closely as Christ belongs to them.

It is significant that Pope John mentions by name only one missionary, and gives him as an example for all. The man is Father Matteo Ricci, the first Jesuit to penetrate China and who died there exactly 350 years ago. He had gone into a country that was deliberately isolationist and suspicious of all foreigners. Studying the hierarchical social structure and the psychology of the people, he, together with his Jesuit Superior, Fa-

Continued



In Ceylon Father Aloysius Mary S.J. of the Trincomalee Mission imparts his blessings.



In Jamaica the first of a now rapidly developing local clergy is Monsignor Gladstone Wilson, who is getting a fine response from his pupils as he teaches them the Sacrifice of the Mass and the various things which pertain to it. The Cathedral staff are now all Jamaicans.

Nowhere a Foreigner



ther Alexander Valignano, mapped out the broad lines of a strategy that aimed not primarily at conversions but at securing for the Church a position of respect and stability that would allow later apostles to preach the Word in peace. For twenty-eight years he labored among the intellectual leaders, his position at the Imperial Court an umbrella of protection for the other missionaries. Truly, on his deathbed, he could say to them, "I have left you an open door."

This classic missionary was one who understood that mission work was not a spiritual activity alone. Besides the supernatural aspect, there was a human side to it, which might be termed its civilizing value. This was what Pope Pius XII strove to impress upon the faithful, a world image of the Church embracing all

nations and all nations embracing a Church which truly belonged to them.

It is the image which all of us should have clearly imprinted in our minds. In the ideal order the missionary is trying to work himself out of a job by so establishing a local Church that he himself will no longer be needed. But the missionary era is by no means at an end. A glance at the Church's population in Asia and Africa will prove there is a long road ahead. But all of us belong on that particular road, not the missionary only. For we are the Church, and the missions are the immense outward breathing of the whole Church, and that means the participation of each and every one of us until, in every sense of the phrase, "the Church is nowhere a foreigner." It is important to see that image clearly.

Ring the bell as Father Alingal S.J. in the Philippines does and you're not alone.

Beat the band and in the rugged Filipino terrain it could easily turn to rock'n'roll during the traditional wedding procession.



Laughter comes easily to one who lives close to Christ and this Burmese cleric exemplifies the aim of all missionaries: to build the Church and place it in local hands, to fill the hearts of all with heavenly joy.



First "R"

THE CEYLONESE love to read. Those who can, do; those who can't, get read to. In some of the villages there is still a fair amount of illiteracy, so it is quite commonplace to see a group of men comfortably hunkered in front of a village shop while one of them, who has gone to school somewhere for a few years, reads aloud in a singsong chant. He covers the entire paper: headlines, news, the classified section, and all the ads. And chances are that his whole audience will persevere with him right to the end.

In buses and trains, despite the crowds, the jostling, and the noise, you will always find your avid readers—and not just comic book addicts or westerner fiends. Such books as: "The Fundamentals of Accounting" or "Legal Phases of Engineering," which would surely frighten most people even in a classroom, are not uncommon as traveling companions of many a young Ceylonese student.

In the seminary, also, there is a great deal of interest in the written word. No time is more exciting for the seminarians than when a parcel of books arrives from the States for the library. There are lots of empty spaces yet, but it is growing nicely. One kind benefactor from Newport has stocked a whole shelf for us with the most up-to-date books. She has been sending us one bi-monthly for the past four years. As the seminarians read

Instant reading is the vogue in Ceylon and the time between sandwich and shower valuable.

in Ceylon

they are reminded by a small notice in each book who the donor is, for whom they should say a prayer of gratitude.

The seminarians read Tamil, Sinhalese and English. They read while waiting for a shower, when a cricket match gets uninteresting, or when the sun gets too hot for physical exercise. Most of all they like to be read to, and English is their favorite. With such eagerness, it is not surprising that they pick up a new language in a very short time. Most seminarians come to us completely innocent of the smallest English word. In three

months they can generally understand whatever is said to them. In six months time, with due allowance for the vagaries of English grammar, they can speak quite intelligently.

In the six dioceses of Ceylon there are roughly 350 priests. All of these speak English. The majority are fluent in Tamil and Sinhalese as well. For such a little island, Ceylon is full of languages. So a good priest has to be full of them, too. Well, Bacon said "Reading maketh a full man," so our seminarians are reading themselves to capacity.

Line by line the finger of a seminarian traces out the mysteries of the newspaper for an eager learner. This is one of the more popular ways of learning for it provides information as well as know-how. But no paper can match the zest of "The Trinco Mail," the newsletter which Father Meyer also edits for friends and Jesuits back home in the New Orleans Province.



Window on the Mission

More Strong Right Arms

To illustrate graphically what sacrifices may be necessary at times to cling to God and His love, Our Lord reminded us that if our right arm scandalizes us, it were better to cut it off rather than run the danger of separation from God forever. The right arm and hand are wonderful instruments for our service. We count so much on their power to do things. But we take them for granted and little appreciate them until we see someone who has no hands or arms.

For the spread of the Church in mission lands one might truly consider the local catechists as the right arm of the missionaries. They are a special kind of people. At home we generally do not understand their importance. We think of generous men and women who conducted the Sunday Catechism classes for us in our youth. As important as they were in teaching us our faith and preparing us for the Sacraments, the catechist in mission lands is much more important.

Most frequently his work is full time. Sometimes he accompanies the mission-

ary in his apostolic journeys, catechizing the people, preparing them for the Sacraments, arranging for baptism, First Communion and marriage. In other instances he remains in the villages as the guide of Catholic life in those places where the missionary priests come to visit for a few days only once a month or every two or three months. He teaches the faith to the people, teaches prayers, organizes the devotional life of the village. His knowledge of his people is invaluable to the missionary on his visits. As one of the people he understands them better than the missionary, and their deepest feelings and attitudes which they might not reveal to the missionary. The well-trained catechist often can explain the faith to the people better than the missionary who must speak in a language which is not his own but which is the mother tongue of the catechist.

The mission which has a trained staff of catechists is able to spread the faith and its influence much further than the missions which lack catechists. Furthermore, they are a guarantee that instruction in the Faith and Catholic practice is continued when the missionary is not present. Only God knows the number of conversions for which catechists are responsible and how they have held their people to the Faith.

Because many catechists dedicate their whole lives to this apostolic work, they have to be supported in their material



Cover. This is artist Phil Franznick's concept of the world image of the Church. It is all-embracing, for all peoples and all time, reaching into eternity like the Cross upon which Christ died that all men might be redeemed and enter into their heritage.



needs by the mission. That is as it should be. When you see in a mission magazine that it costs so much to take care of a catechist for a month or a year—and it is surprisingly small—remember that you are caring for the right arms of the missionaries. Without them his apostolate would be very difficult in many places and often less effective. As strong right arms, missionaries have no desire to cut off their catechists. We are asked to pray for the increase in number and quality of catechists and this is indeed a worthy object of prayer.

Many of us readily contribute to the education of seminarians in mission lands, to the building of churches and chapels, to the maintenance of schools and hospitals. If their role is properly understood, we see that the catechist is a most valuable person on the missions. He often chooses the living stones, souls, with which are built the living temple of God, as St. Paul called the Church. All other works would be sorely handicapped unless we had these living stones for the temple of God which is the Church.

We are supposed to pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into his harvest. Often we interpret this to mean vocations to the priesthood. We should not limit our intercession. Catechists are valuable auxiliaries and harvesters for the Lord. As such they should be the object of our missionary intercession. May the Lord give to our missionaries many more inspired and dedicated catechists.

We hope, too, that you will read the article entitled "Paulus" on page 20. It is an example taken from real life of what a catechist means to a missionary.

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Preparation for the Sacrifice of
 consists of each one placing his own
 chalice. Occasion was a Day of
 for the handicapped at Holy Cross
 Worcester. Here David selects his
 the chalice being held by Father

1960

Worldmission Award

THE CHARLES J. CROWLEY family of Hingham, Massachusetts, are the recipients of the fourth annual Worldmission Award, bestowed on the lay person who during the past year has been outstanding in devotion to the missions. His Excellency Bishop Fulton J. Sheen presented the award at the Washington meeting of the Mission Secretariat this September. Mrs. Crowley told the story of Jay and David, victims of muscular dystrophy who offer their pain for the missions in JM for September, 1958.

Suffering seems far away at the moment but David, Mrs. Crowley, Jay and Mr. Crowley (l. to r.) have lived with it for a long time. But they accepted the cross as an honor and the parents as well as the boys have striven to share their understanding with all.

Mass con-
host in the
collection
College in
host for
LaBran S.J.

Summit conference is held between David and Bishop Flanagan of Worcester. The latter celebrated the Mass and also preached on the Holy Cross Day of Recollection for the handicapped. Listening in is one of the Holy Cross Sodality members who acted as companions for each one of the handicapped. It was a day that will be remembered on both sides.



A Filipino dance is an expression of a way of
life, of a spirit characteristic of a people

Bayanihan

JOSE AQUINO S.J.

NOT LONG AGO the Filipino dance group, the Bayanihan, performed in New York. Their cracking castanets, modest but dazzling dresses and lilting harmonies with bamboo, bells and gongs brought the distant East to busy western America. And America paused to watch and applaud.

Back in the islands, Bayanihan is more than just dancing. As one paper put it: Bayanihan, not the dance but the way of life, an ancient Filipino custom, the getting together of the people of a town or barrio to help one of them, whether to harvest his crop, or move his house, fence his home or pay his funeral ex-

Lunchtime and the boiled corn grits, salt and water are also a part of Bayanihan and the way of life. Father Gregory Horgan S.J. looks tempted by his student's fare—or the veteran missionary may be remembering his days of internment during World War II and how sumptuous this luncheon would have appeared then. Father Horgan is from the one and only Bronx.



His **combo**—rectory, study,
 bedroom, office, medical cab-
 inet—at Imbatug. Don't be
 misled by that corn meal sack—
 Father is not hoarding supplies;
 that is his pillow case!



penses, his way to the grave. The dances express the Bayanihan spirit, happy and good. All nations have this communal spirit. But this communal spirit becomes distinctly Filipino, sweet and innocent, in the Bayanihan.

But in the missions in the islands, Bayanihan is more than a way of life for a missionary. It is life itself, sometimes a roof over the Father's head. This mission parish of Imbatug was born a year ago in the group of islands that those young dancers call home. Formerly it was a lowly town. Any town without its own church, its fiesta, its own "parrocho" is a lowly town indeed. The government politicians called it a town in their records but for other people it was just a "visita," a mission station.

Now, however, people were coming in, settlers from the more crowded provinces in the north. So the Archbishop of Cagayan, James Hayes S.J., decided to make Imbatug a full-grown town. He sent in Father Horgan to start a parish.

As Father Horgan walked the dirt roads of Imbatug, he noticed new nipa houses where yesterday he saw nothing but banana stalks. Now the bananas were gone and a young wife was sweeping the floor while a baby held on tenaciously to its mother. The nipa house was new. Once he watched a nipa house grow from bamboo poles, nipa palms for the roof, coconut trunks, into a sturdy, livable and pleasant house. And that in one day. The houses were not a one-room affair but quite elaborate with two rooms,

a separate dining room, a kitchen and a porch to boot. The omnipresent outhouse was also done, with a bamboo bridge connecting it to the main house. That way its facilities were available to the family even when a week of rain has churned the dusty earth into a sea of muddy dough.

Why not have a rectory like these homes? Hints here and a suggestion there, a promise and more ideas the next few days. Soon, one sunny day, the Bayanihan spirit was raising up another nipa house. The carpenters turned out en masse to repeat their feat of a-house-a-day chore. Watching them work (or rather talk and sing) can very easily make a wreck of the sanest man. Talking and giggling drowned any noise of the hammer or saw. But Father Horgan kept to his unruffled ways. He knew his people. He went away for some breakfast.

Sure enough, by noon time, the men were weaving in the nipa palms for the roofing of another thatched-roofed house. At three an emergency powwow sent an elderly carpenter to Father Horgan telling him that bamboo supplies were running low. An under-calculation by someone. Could they borrow thirty pesos from the Father so they could buy the bamboo for the porch? The townspeople had paid for the materials but, "not enough, Father," the carpenter said.

Father Horgan lent them thirty pesos and by sundown the Father had his nipa rectory. Bayanihan—a dancing troupe, a way of life, a roof for a missionary.

How important is your right arm to you? A priest
reveals how heavily and entirely he relies on his

PAULUS

WALTER A. COOK S.J.

I AM NOW in Bandgaon, the garden spot of the Jamshedpur Mission in India, with its rolling hills, wide rivers and green forests. I am back with old friends, like Paulus. You washed the Christmas dishes with him when he was a trainee in 1954. Now he is the head catechist of your new parish.

With the rains gone, it is time for touring. Paulus is quite important to

you now. Guide, guardian, servant, book of knowledge, interpreter, bottle washer, —he is all these and more: your constant companion in the jungle. As you walk the weary miles to your next village chapel, he revives your drooping spirits with his fascinating chatter:

“There is the singara-ara, the purple tree orchid. We eat the leaves as spinach in May, and the flowers in

Audience reaction in one of the villages of Jamshedpur Mission is favorable to catechist.



October." (Madam, will you have your corsage boiled or fried?)

"That is the yellow ocho bird singing. When he serenades you on the road to a friend's house, it means your friend is preparing rice-beer for your arrival." (You've heard this bird sing, I am sure.)

"The elephant slid down this bank, Father. Those are his tracks through the rice field. When? About three days ago." (I prefer to see elephants only in the zoo.)

On arrival at the village, Paulus disappears. The villagers sing their welcome, wash your hands, garland you with wild flowers, and lead you to their church. Paulus already has a fire going, and the water on for tea: the rice is in the pot and the curry is brewing. In the evening he explains the sacrament of confession, and leads night prayers. He sends out for straw to put under his mat, helps arrange the mosquito netting near the altar, then takes up his nightly vigil near the door with the local catechist.

At dawn Paulus sounds the bell, and as the hills and forests echo with its clanging, the people stream in for Mass. A village boy serves, while Paulus leads the prayers and songs, interspersed with simple explanations of the age-old rites:

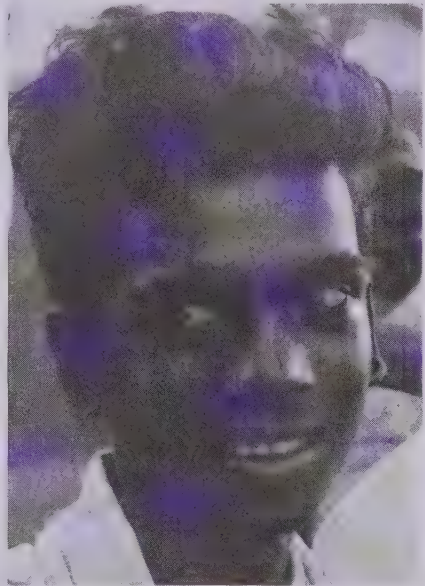
"Water has little value, but wine is of great value. Nevertheless a drop of water is offered in the chalice with the wine. Our offering is small and worthless, but that of Jesus is great. Our offering is one with His."

Line them up for communion, count the hosts, seat them for the Father's talk, help them with their thanksgiving, usher them out. Pray for family and village, for church and country. In all things he is considered the right hand of the Father, and his word is law.

"O right hand of the Father, tell him of our trouble . . ."



Interest is keen enough to forget his pick.



Humor strikes a happy chord.

Sincerity etches their faces.



Paulus briefs the villagers, "Stay at home until we get there. Father wants to see all of you, and will bless your homes." We go. Paulus helps with the census, determines who's who, settles quarrels, supports with village stories the arguments of the Father that this marriage should be straightened, this convert instructed, that child sent off to school. And when the people offer their little gifts: an egg, a chicken, two doves,

some rice or local grains, it is Paulus who takes their offerings from your hands, packs them up, and sends them back to the bungalow at the center.

Then home again after two weeks in the jungle, like Paul the Apostle. Our Paulus will never get rich on \$9.00 a month, nor did his namesake at tent-making. But this is his life work, his chosen vocation, and he is happy. "Woe to me if I do not preach the gospel . . . !"



Churching of two young Indian mothers in Jamshedpur is arranged with priest by catechist.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for October is "That catechists in the missions will increase in number and in quality." In his Mission Encyclical Pope John XXIII stated: "In the long history of the Catholic Missions they have proved themselves to be indispensable auxiliaries. They have always been the right arm of the workers of the Lord and they have participated and alleviated their work to the extent that Our Predecessors were able to consider their recruitment and careful training among 'the most important matters for the diffusion of the Gospel . . . and the most outstanding example of the lay apostolate.'"

...a good catechist

is the missionary's interpreter, friend, guide,
assistant, and good right hand . . .



he is NOT a lackey, valet, or personal slave . . .

To a missionary like Father Walter Cook of India,

Paulus (did you read his story, p. 20?) is invaluable, a treasure.

Help the missionaries by helping them support catechists.

Send \$5, \$10, or a monthly sum (\$20) for this purpose to

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

Sacrifice comes in various forms and only in
the light of truth can the highest be seen

I was a human torpedo



IN DECEMBER of 1941 I was in my second year of studies at the University of Tokyo. The onset of the war in the Pacific saw thousands of students eager to serve the Emperor. Swept along on the surging wave of patriotism, I enlisted in the Submarine Corps of the Imperial Japanese Navy.

As the months went by it became increasingly difficult to produce arms and ammunition. One of the more unorthodox plans for greater accuracy in sinking enemy vessels was the creation of a

Human Torpedo Squadron. Under this suicide plan, volunteers guided a torpedo to its target, and were themselves destroyed in the explosion which damaged or sank the ship.

At this time I believed with all my heart in the divinity of the Emperor. To die for him was the supreme glory of the Japanese fighting man. To sacrifice one's life in the Imperial service was undoubted assurance of an eternal reward. It seemed quite natural for me to volunteer for the manned torpedoes.

Ready for any sacrifice asked.

Daily we heard the names of comrades who died gloriously



Many long months of training followed. Daily we heard the names of comrades who had died gloriously for the Emperor, and each time I felt an indescribable thrill. At the end of training there was more awaiting, and at times it seemed that my chance would never come.

Early one morning I was awakened by the screaming siren, and heard my name called to take part in that day's operation. Just before climbing into the cockpit, I splashed cold water on my face to insure complete consciousness in what I thought would be my last moments on earth.

Dreaming along the shores of the Japanese Submarine Base in the days after Pearl Harbor.

At this time I believed with all my heart in the divinity of the Emperor . . . To sacrifice one's life in the Imperial Service was assurance of an eternal reward . . .

I sat at the controls and waited for the signal to move out. The minutes dragged by like a succession of eternities. Suddenly the siren wailed again, and from my earphones I heard the order to return immediately to the dock. Pilots from the other torpedoes started heading back and I joined them. Bewilderment showed clearly on their faces.

It was only a few minutes later, on that morning of August 15, 1945, that we heard of Japan's unconditional sur-

render. Many of the men with me burst into tears of sorrow and disbelief. Some never recovered from the pain of that terrible moment and later took their own lives.

A short time after, we stood and listened to the Emperor declare over the radio in his own voice that he was not divine. This denial of his heavenly origin and attributes was almost more than I could bear. Lost in my thoughts, I wandered through the ruins of the city, unconsciously picking my way through the debris. My most frightening nightmares were nothing compared with the crushing loneliness and fear that I felt in my heart.

I don't know how long I wandered aimlessly through the streets. My first moment of awareness came when I heard the laughter of a group of children who were leaving the remains of a bombed-out building. The knowledge that anyone could laugh happily in such circumstances piqued my curiosity. After much hesitation, I approached the ruined building and entered.

The first words I heard were, "Jesus Christ, true God and true man, loved us before we came to be, and died for each one of us that we may save our souls." The place was a Catholic church, and the priest was in the middle of his sermon. I shall never forget his words. Awe-struck, I realized that I had been ready to die for a man whom I thought sincerely to be a god, when the stupendous truth was that Christians had a God who had already died for me!

I was a human torpedo

Torpedo sub, built for one man.

It seemed quite natural for me to volunteer for the fleet.

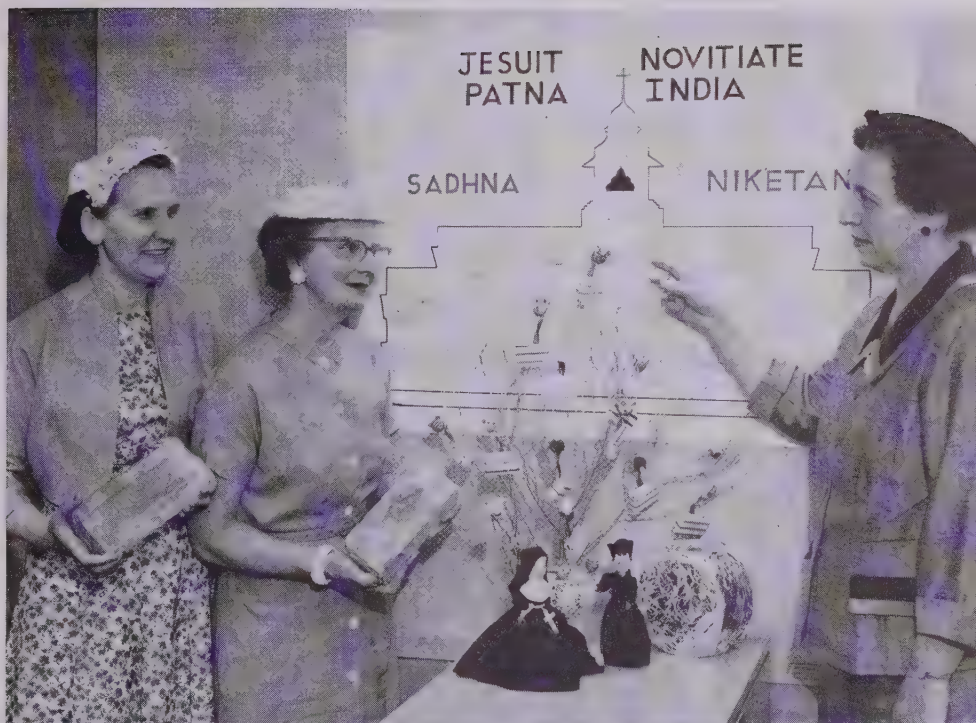


At the sight of Christ on the cross, my empty heart was filled and I was overwhelmed by what I now know to be the power of grace. In that long moment of discovery, I felt the reality of Christ and His love, and I knew at that same time that I would become a Christian and a priest.

Today—fifteen years later—it is my great joy to be a Catholic priest. The shattered cities of Japan are rebuilt and little children still laugh happily in the streets. My constant prayer is that one day we will be a Christian nation, worshipping the God who died for all His people. *As told to* LUIS R. FONTES S.J.

Priest who once was a “human torpedo” is now a Jesuit bringing Christ to his fellowmen.





Summer Festival of Cleveland's "Little Flower Mission Circle" means another helping hand for the missions. (L. to r.) Mrs. Michael Olle, Mrs. Henry Seene, Mrs. Edward Schoenbach.

Patna Powerhouse

Twenty-five years ago in Cleveland Mrs. Michael Olle organized twelve ladies into the "Little Flower Mission Circle." Since that time it has been a powerhouse, spiritually and materially, for the Patna Mission in India. When the ladies met that first time, they said their mission prayer, had a mission reading, played a game of cards, had coffee and cake, passed the hat around and then went home. In other words, they had a social for Christ's mission cause and they liked it. So the general pattern for meetings was set.

Now on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee they can point with pride to one

hundred and four other mission circles which are offshoots of that first one. These are all closely knit together and the work they have done for the mission cause is tremendous, the value incalculable.

This is a shining example of the bond that exists between the missionary and those far from the field. Everyone of us is a missionary in one sense or another and the spreading of the faith of Christ is everybody's job. May the blessing of God fall abundantly on these groups of ladies who have labored and sacrificed so much for Him and for His Kingdom on this earth!

Two Jamshedpur missionaries bring a bit of the
Old West and a lot of Christmas to the Nepalis

Fastest Gun



in the Hills

THE WORD is official—famed St. Mary's College in Kurseong will soon move down to the plains of India. Many a missionary in Ceylon and India will feel a tug at the heartstrings when that happens. A thousand memories are imbedded in those Himalayan foothills. For myself, I think my fondest ones are of last Christmas.

Despite the fact that a few Red Chinese divisions were only a mountain or two away from us here, this was one of the happiest of my eight Christmases in India. This was so because I was able to make it a happy one for some of Christ's little ones. Father Bill Kempton and I put on a rip-roaring show for the kids at an orphanage near here. Father Bill, well pillowed and white bearded, started the ball rolling with a bit of a jig before the Christmas tree. I came stamping in, camouflaged in a Nepali devil-dance mask, with horns and tail and all the trimmings. We had arranged that in the ensuing battle, Father Bill would best me by butting me with his pillowed "appendage"; well, I was semi-blind in that mask and didn't see him coming until, with one solid butt, I went flying over a bench and flat on the floor. The way those kids whooped, you would have thought the hero had

conquered the villain in a Wild West show. The grand finale brought the roof down though: I wailed like a banshee while Father Bill cut my tail off.

But the best part of the night was when old Santa and his helper hauled out that bag of presents. The little fellows just hovered about us as we took out the packages, their faces alive with eagerness, almost bursting with desire, jealously watching for the first call to open their gifts, yet never missing a word or action of old Santa, lest they be called and not hear. When at long last their names were called, electrified with impetuous curiosity, they leaped forward, and in the twinkle of an eye, with a few deft rips exposed a woolen cap and a whistle, or a pair of breeches and a cap gun, or maybe a warm sweater and a pen-knife. Whatever it was, however small and insignificant it seemed in our eyes, it was the only, the grandest present possible for those boys.

I think I must have been cap-pistoled to death a hundred times that night, and of course I had to collapse to the ground each time. Now the youngsters call me the "Cowboy Father," and whenever I meet any of them, I'm expected to draw my imaginary guns and whistle a shot their way. Why, I'm the "fastest draw in these here hills"; any day now I'm expecting a call from Hollywood.

Another light on my Christmas tree was, of all things, a day spent at the back-breaking job of planting potatoes.

Orphans outside the Church of St. Joseph the Worker in Golmuri are taken in hand by Lawrence Dietrich S.J. who is now completing his theological studies at famous St. Mary's.

Fastest Gun in the Hills

It's a project we began last year to help a Sherpa and his wife, both of whom have very serious cases of TB, keep their little home and land out of the clutches of a moneylender from whom they had borrowed when they first fell sick. We went to the usurer, managed to have most of the overcharged interest dropped, and paid off some of the debt with the proceeds of the potato and corn last year, plus a few helping hands from the home front. If the harvest is good this year, and with a few more helping hands, we should polish the debt off. In the meantime, we've been teaching the 13-year-old son, Shering, some of the simpler points of scientific farming he may soon have to carry on as head of the family.

Whenever we visit this poor family, we take medicine along for the parents, powdered milk for the children. This time, as it was Christmas week, each of us pitched in some of our old clothes as a bit of present for them. My *red* Atlantic City lifeguard jacket is now being sported around by young Shering, and I do mean sported. He never had a jacket before, and big and baggy, old and faded as this one is, he's quite proud of it. Add to this his first pair of long pants and you can well imagine what his little sisters are putting up with. Pictures from old Christmas cards and a bit of candy were all we had for the younger tots, but if you could have seen the light in their poor mother's eyes, you'd understand why the word "appreciation" holds new meaning for me now. My memories of St. Mary's will be warm ones.

Nepali youngster who lives in the neighborhood of the Kurseong theologate gives the impression that one of these days he'll "call out" that American with "the quickest draw."



Mission Angles

DOG DAYS

Father Philip Boyle S.J. reports from the Bukidnon bush in the Philippines: "We once had a dog named Fernandito, who in a very ladylike way presented us with three puppies. Our other canine boarder is Bantu, a toothless old dog who first saw the light of day in Bantuanon. One day I complained to the house boy Vergilio that we had too many mouths to feed—pigs, dogs, hornbills from the forest, etc. Then I thought no more of the remark. Some time later I missed Fernandito around the place so I inquired. The house boys looked at me rather strangely and then Angelito blurted out the truth. 'You ate him last Saturday!' Then I remembered puzzling over that meal, wondering if it was goat or pork. And all the time it was my old friend Fernandito! I sent for Vergilio in a hurry."

Father William J. Walter S.J. was left stranded on Woleai in the Caroline Islands when the trading ship ran into a storm and couldn't get back to pick him up. He had no rice or canned goods, mosquito net, water-purifier and no cooking utensils. So he ate the regular fare, fish, cocoanuts, taro and bread-fruit and at night he slept on the gravel floor of the church, his spare shirt over his head in a vain effort to escape the mosquitoes. Then one day the people honored him with a feast. His account: "There was no mistaking it—it was a whole dog, roasted in the underground oven. Now our modern cookbooks have pages and pages about making tasty dishes from scraps and disguising leftovers. But to the people here dog is a rare delicacy and they wouldn't think

of disguising their favorite roast. It tasted somewhat like roast pork."

PROTESTANTISM, LTD.

In Ceylon Father Crowther was making an official visit to the Convent school. A little Protestant girl, whose mother had also gone to school there, had been briefed the day before by Sister. "Every night before going to bed say three Hail Marys," Sister solemnly told her.

So the next day, in Father's presence, Sister asked the little girl, "Well, did you say your three Hail Marys?"

"No, Sister. Mama told me to tell you she knows only one. Please teach me the other two!"

PAINFUL CONVERSATION

The veteran Jamaican missionary, 74-year-old Father Francis Kempel of Lamb's River, was talking to his durable friend, 'Mas' Weel (William) of Pisgah, who is half blind and who supports himself by a sturdy staff. 'Mas' Weel was standing beside Father Kempel's car and as the conversation drew to a close he asked, "Will you open the door, Faddah?"

"Are you coming along with me, 'Mas' Weel?" questioned Father.

"No, Faddah," answered 'Mas' Weel, "my finger caught with the door."

FACTS OF LIFE

In Honduras Father Joseph Hebert S.J. was out on a long tour of his bush stations. He borrowed a donkey at one place and during their travels together he recalled that donkeys eat anything. So he offered this one a piece of newspaper. Down it went. He proffered dry leaves and they too went out of sight. Then he held out a stick. The donkey refused. Result of scientific investigation: "Good boy. He knows his limit."

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

The way of life in Imbatug, as described on page 18, clearly indicates that there are many things lacking. Father Gregory Horgan in his Filipino bush mission could stand other helping hands—from the U.S. Would you like to practice your own kind of “Bayanihan” with a gift to him of \$5 or so? It would be most welcome.

In another corner of the Filipino bush Father Philip Boyle has been forced to stop building St. Michael’s Church for lack of funds. The roof is on, the floor is in and part of the walling up. But no windows or doors and no furnishings. He needs \$2,000 to complete the Linabo building. Could you help with \$2, \$5 or more?

Did your church cost more than \$500? If so, then you can appreciate the opportunity facing Father John Murphy in Honduras. The United Fruit Co. is abandoning several buildings which can be made into chapels for villages which have no church. The cost for each chapel (purchasing, transporting, rebuilding) is only \$500! A gift of any size will be appreciated but time is important in this project.

In Patna, India Father Gregory Thekel S.J. has a very personal problem. He has diabetes, must take daily insulin injections, and his health will not allow him to stand the strain of an ordinary bicycle. We know Father Gregory and his devotion to his people. So we

would like to help him get a motorcycle. It would cost \$750 in India but many small gifts would soon put this good priest on the road.

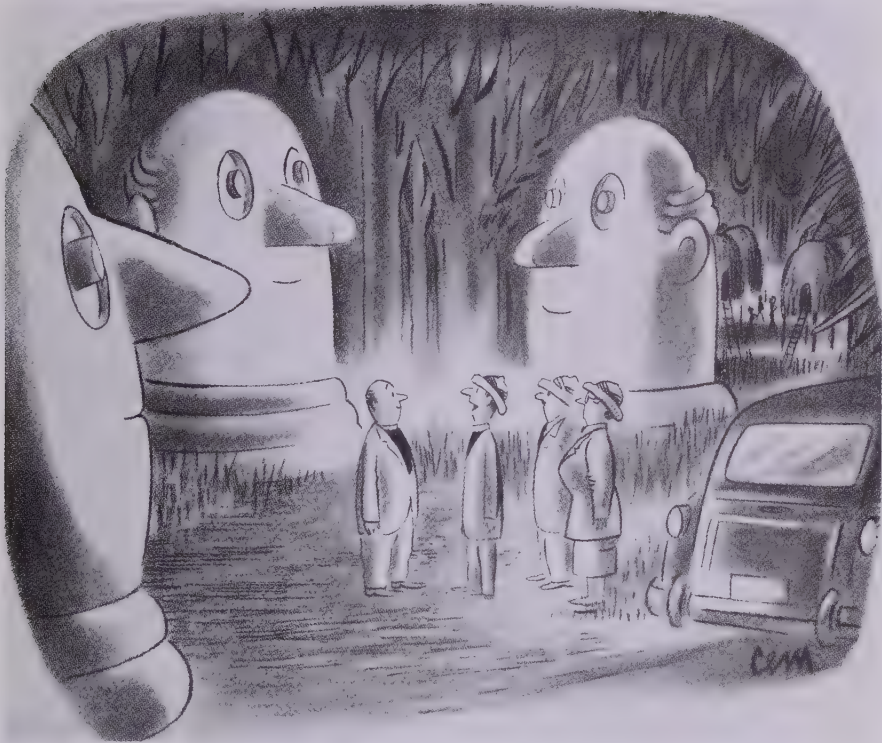
On the other hand in the same Patna Mission Father Edmund Burke has a personal problem of another nature. Rita is the first vocation from his parish to the Sacred Heart Sisters. Father must provide most of the things she needs for entering the convent. It would come to less than \$100 (what price vocation?) but Father just hasn’t got that much.

One monument to the generosity of JM readers is St. Joseph’s College in Trincomalee, Ceylon. Through your kindness this all-important institution came into being and was able to expand. But students still must be turned away because of lack of space and facilities. The more pressing needs of the moment are: 16 classrooms; 100 desks; books; microscopes and physics equipment. We would like very much to keep St. Joseph’s rolling at its best pace. Would you again, with any-sized gift, back up this most worthy enterprise?

Catholic reading material of all kinds, especially magazines, can be sent parcel post (marked “Printed Matter: Catholic Magazines”) to:

Lembaga Kader—
Djl. Raja Menteng 64
Djakarta III/14, Indonesia.

There they will do much to combat the flood of low-priced Communist literature there.



It is the opinion of the Missionary Review Board, Andrews, that you have been down here long enough.

Drawing by CEM

© 1959 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

After years in the missions, missionaries need a change. A trip home helps.

It also costs.

Send \$5—\$10—whatever you can to

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

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S

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Down the stretch under the Gothic towers of Boston College
Dick Wotruba of Holy Cross breaks the tape to win another of
the ten decathlon events. His story is told on page 20 and
you will find it thought-provoking as well as heart-warming.



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JAPAN'S TEENAGE

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for November

directs our attention and prayers to Japan's youth

IT IS ONLY natural that a major war and subsequent defeat should produce stresses and strains in the social fabric of a nation—bewilderment, disillusionment, cynicism. And generally speaking, the people most affected by social unrest of this sort belong to the most impressionable, the most idealistic section of the community—youth.

When we consider the revolutionary changes that have taken place in Japan since 1945, it is not surprising that there has been a lot written in the past few years about the restlessness, the rootlessness—call it what you will—of Japanese youth today. It is certainly

appropriate that the Holy Father should call our attention to this problem in this month's missionary intention. For the problem of Japanese youth is indeed urgent and calls for a great deal of thought and prayer on our part.

The last war changed and upset the lives of millions of people, yet perhaps there is nowhere in the free world where the whole way of life has been so drastically altered as in Japan. For years before the war, the nationalist propaganda machine drummed it into the Japanese people that their country had a divine destiny to rule Asia, that the Japanese were a superior race, that the semi-



TURMOIL

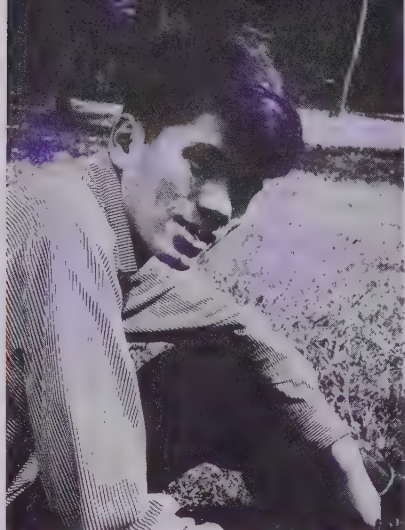
divine Emperor was a descendant of the sun goddess, Ameterasu-O-Mikami.

The defeat of 1945 shattered this illusion. For the first time in Japan's long and proud history foreign troops occupied the country; the Emperor publicly disclaimed the divine nature attributed to him; Japan lost her colonial territories; Shintoism was disestablished; Tokyo, Yokohama, Hiroshima and other great cities lay in ruins. It would be difficult to imagine greater desolation.

Since those dark days the material recovery of the nation has been astounding. Within 15 years the Japanese people have once more built up their country to a higher degree of prosperity than ever before. Yet while the number of TV sets and washing machines may be a good indication of the nation's economic state, it does not tell us anything of the nation's moral well-being.

The older Japanese, who were educated in the strict traditional way with a well defined sense of responsibility and duty, have at least some principles to fall back on. But the younger generations have no such scales of values and often lack a guiding principle which would put some order and purpose into their lives. Some time ago Nagoya University organized a poll among its students to try to find out their attitude toward life and its problems. To the

Demonstrations by Japanese students can flare up on a moment's notice and they indicate the inner dissatisfaction and restlessness characteristic of Japan's youth today. They tend even to the left of the Communist Party.



Eager to do what is right but in the dark as to knowledge and assurance of what is the right. Their questions betray their ignorance.

Festivals of a religious nature have no inner meaning for youth but they serve as an excellent outlet to let off steam in rough-house street parades.





Teenagers affect Western ways as seen in the garb of this two-some strolling down the Ginza.



Meditation before class begins is common in Japanese schools and helps the power of concentration.

question, "What is the biggest anxiety in your life?", no less than 31% replied, "Doubts regarding the reason of my existence."

Suicide statistics never make pleasant reading but they bear out the mood of doubt and anxiety all too prevalent in the post-war generation. Japan has one of the world's highest suicide rates—24.2 per 100,000; but what is even more heart-breaking is that this rate soars to 54.8 per 100,000 for the 15 to 24 age bracket. In other words, it is not T.B. nor accidents which are the most frequent causes of death among Japanese youngsters—it is suicide.

The term "religious vacuum" has been overworked in the last few years, but it does sum up pretty well the great gap that exists in the lives of so many young Japanese. And it is surely this gap that is the root cause of the restlessness among the postwar generation. God knows that young people in Japan need great faith and moral courage to overcome the many problems they face.

Small wonder, then, that the powerful Student Federation has swung sharply left in a muddled and misguided search for social stability and gives vent to its restless feelings by staging political rallies and demonstrations. Ironically enough, the president and other student officials of the federation have been expelled from the Communist Party, not for any lack of enthusiasm but for being too revolutionary. These young extremists can now boast that they are more left-wing than the official Communist Party.

One should not get the impression, of course, that all young Japanese go around with a bewildered look on their faces as if they are constantly trying to puzzle out the problems of life. They laugh, they play games, they enjoy themselves as the youth of any other country. Yet so often can the missionary find in his daily contact with them a deep-rooted anxiety which perplexes so many in their more reflective moments.

A young Japanese in his early twenties recently said moodily to the writer: "What's the point of my life? I didn't ask to be born in this world. It seems to me that the only sensible thing in life is to get as much pleasure as possible for oneself." Then, after a short pause, "And yet, I feel somehow that there must be some other reason for my existence, another purpose to life."

It is the Holy Father's missionary intention this month that we pray that the Church may fill this gap in the lives of the millions of such Japanese youths.

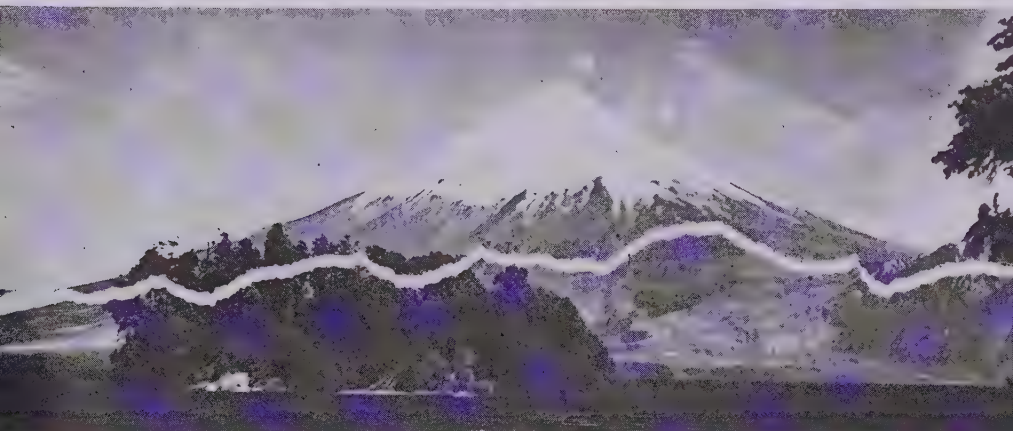
MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

CHILE

THE EVER-TREMBLING LAND

An eyewitness account by a missionary of a terrific earthquake

JOSEPH P. O'NEIL S.J.



Osorno volcano is always a grim reminder for Maryland Province Jesuits.

UNTIL RECENTLY to most Americans Chile was "one of those places in South America." Then last May, with a devastating series of earthquakes, Chile and its southern cities were on every television screen in America. Our town, Osorno, was one of those so featured. It had the dubious distinction of lying square in the center of the earthquake belt. For the six of us, the first American Jesuit community in South America, the quake was both a baptism of fire and an introduction to a constant in Chilean history.

Earthquakes are not new to Chile. From the time of the Spanish Conquistadores to our own, practically every

generation of Chileans has felt the effects of a major earthquake. So far in this century—we still have forty years to go—there have been four major quakes.

In 1906 the city of Valparaiso, Chile's major port, was destroyed in a manner similar to the destruction of San Francisco, California, in April of the same year. In 1929, 2,000 people were killed by a quake that hit Talca, a city in central Chile. Ten years later another quake ruined Chillán, also in central Chile. Last May a fourth series of quakes, the most widespread in recorded history, hit nine major cities in the south of Chile. As one of my friends remarked, "Without quakes, this wouldn't be Chile."

Though Chileans have to live with earthquakes, they have never gotten used to them. An earthquake is the most sinister of natural disasters. It comes most frequently at night and gives no warning. In a hurricane, a flood or a fire, Nature runs up her own distress signals. Smoke, heavy rain or dark clouds give you some fair warning. The earthquake is not quite so polite. The best you can hope for is a few seconds before your house begins to fall.

Some earthquakes, like a drummer working up to a crescendo, start as a gentle tattoo and build up to a teeth-rattling shock. With other quakes the full force of the shock comes as suddenly as a flash of lightning. The second type is, by far, the most dangerous. It gives no time of grace, no previous seconds to get clear of falling walls and debris. Such was the earthquake of 1939 which, coming in the dead of night, killed 20,000 people in Chillán.

God dealt more kindly with us. Saturday, May 21, the day before we were hit, the city of Concepcion 300 miles to the north was rocked by a major

quake. Strong tremors shook us in Osorno all day Saturday. But we saw nothing to worry about. Never before had two major quakes hit the same general area at the same time.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. That afternoon at three, as we sat relaxing after a game of pinochle, a shock hit us like the blow of a fist against a cardboard box. Then just as suddenly it stopped. We looked at one another.

"When the next one comes, I'm getting out." That thought was in each of our minds as we watched the recreation-room chandelier swing crazily above us. We did not have long to wait. Ten minutes later it hit again. This time it did not stop. We raced downstairs to get out to the small patio in back. Father Henry, the Rector, lost his footing on the wildly swaying staircase and tumbled half-way down. As the last out, he missed by seconds possible injury or death in the shaking house.

White-faced, we looked to the roof above us and watched four huge cement chimney pots roll off and smash within ten feet of us. Ten feet was as far away



"For five minutes the roar of the earthquake went on and then gradually died away. The area around us was a shambles . . ."

"One wall of the house began to shake apart in great pieces . . . big sheets of zinc roofing buckled like playing cards . . . 1500 people died . . ."



as we could get. A brick wall behind us had fallen and blocked any possible escape. As the Rector was giving us general absolution, one of the walls of the house began to shake apart in great pieces, crashing through the roof of the house next door. The big sheets of zinc roofing buckled like playing cards and water from broken pipes streamed down the sides.

Next to me our cook was on her knees crying hysterically, for it seemed the ground would never stop rolling. For five minutes the roar of the earthquake went on and then gradually died away. The area around us was a shambles. It took only five minutes to undo the work of years.

Once the ground stopped shaking, Father Nugent and Father Haske set out for San José hospital to give the last rites to the injured and dying. Here and there along the street white-faced groups of people talked in hushed tones. All stayed in the middle of the road for fear that another shock would bring more debris down on them.

As the two priests reached the center

of town, a frightened young mother ran past them crying, "My baby, my baby." She headed toward the corner where a theatreful of children had been trapped during the quake. They were to see more of these children at San José.

They found the hospital in a state of semi-panic. Water bottles, glasses, instruments and medicine were strewn over the floor. Patients, unable to get out of bed during the quake, were nearly hysterical with fear. But no one stopped to comfort them. The doctors and nurses hurried back and forth, too busy with the cargo the ambulances were bringing in.

A nurse showed Father Haske the morgue, a little shed behind the hospital. There he gave conditional absolution to the dead just brought in. Four of them were small children. They were among those watching the Sunday afternoon cowboy picture when the quake hit. As they were scrambling out of the theatre, a huge concrete marquee collapsed on top of them. They were barely recognizable. Then the two priests, having done all they could, returned.



"Heat, electricity and water were cut off and life became a little more primitive than usual . . . Close to a hundred million dollars will be needed to repair the economy . . ."

That night, like Jews at the Passover, we ate by candlelight with overcoats on, ready for flight. We had no idea how much internal damage the house had suffered. One wall had partially collapsed and long cracks had appeared in another. We were not willing to chance whether it would stand up under the strong after-shocks that were sure to follow. So we elected to sleep outside that night.

Being in the Southern Hemisphere, May in Chile is like November in the States. So, wrapped in blankets, we huddled around a fire built in a yard away from the house. We brought a couple of chairs, a mattress and a packing case to sleep on. It was not comfortable but it was safe. Strong after-shocks hit that night but the next morning the house was still standing.

Heat, electricity and water were cut off and life became a little more primitive than usual. Our one modern convenience was a portable radio. It was our only source of news. For oddly enough, even though we were in the

middle of the quake, we had no idea of its dimensions nor the extent of the damage it had caused.

Gradually from the news reports and our own travels to the different cities affected, a picture of the extent of the human and physical destruction began to emerge. The death toll, though terrible, was not as bad as expected. Some 1,500 people lost their lives. Another 75,000 are homeless and will have to go through the rigors of winter protected by the rudest of shelter.

Close to a hundred million dollars will be needed to repair the economy of the South. Even in the United States that is a sizable sum. For Chile, a country with a one-track railroad and no completely paved road to link even the central portion of the country, a hundred million is a staggering loss.

But life must go on. The Chilean people are beginning to rebuild what was destroyed. They will build even more strongly to meet the next quake that will almost inevitably hit this ever-trembling land.



"But life must go on. The Chilean people are beginning to rebuild what was destroyed. They will build even more strongly to meet the next quake that will inevitably hit this ever-trembling land."



IN MEMORIAM: FATHER KURT BECKER S.J.

FATHER BECKER was the first of the *Jesuit Missions* staff to be called to his eternal reward. He died in August at Plattsburg, N.Y., from a heart condition which had plagued him for some years. He was only 45 years old and had been on our staff since 1953.

Despite his physical condition he had a major part in publishing JM. A man of varied artistic talents, he was our art director and layout head. This year the Catholic Press Association awarded to *Jesuit Missions* the first prize in typography and layout among mission magazines. Father Becker was the one responsible for gaining that award.

Besides his work on the magazine he also found time to write articles for various other magazines, such as *America* and *The Catholic World*. He was the author of *I Met a Traveler*, an ac-

count of a Jesuit's imprisonment by the Chinese Communists, and *Countdown*, a science fiction book for boys.

Father Becker was born in Venezuela in 1915. He attended Regis High School in New York City and entered the Society of Jesus in 1937. After studying philosophy and theology at Woodstock College, he was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Francis P. Keough of Baltimore in 1951. Two years later, after completing his ascetical studies, he joined the staff of *Jesuit Missions*.

He will be sorely missed at the House on 78th Street and we do not expect to find a man of his talents again. To his mother and sister we extend our deepest sympathy for the loss they have suffered in the passing of this beloved priest. May he be happy forever with the God for whose greater glory he ever toiled!



St. Ignatius Loyola

1960 DEPARTURES

*New faces in the ranks of Loyola's
legion as another group of American
Jesuits go forth to mission posts*



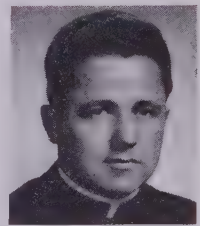
Lawrence E. Barry
American Indians



Robert E. Beckman
Peru



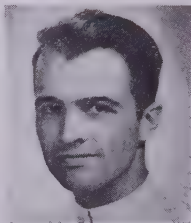
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Joseph F. Brennan
Jamaica



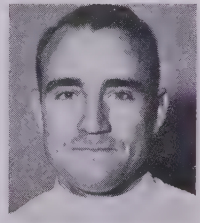
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Patna, India



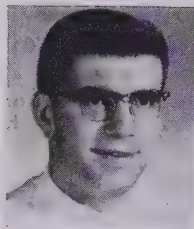
Denis R. Como
Iraq



Thomas H. Connolly
Philippine Islands



James J. Costello
British Honduras



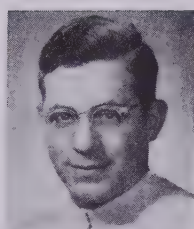
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William J. Currie
Japan



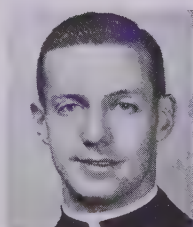
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Iraq



George A. De Napoli
Iraq



Thomas S. Donovan
British Honduras



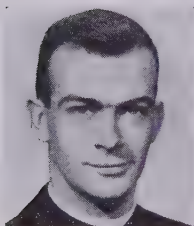
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Philippine Islands



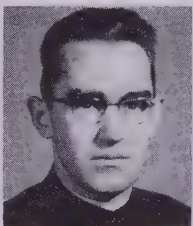
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British Honduras



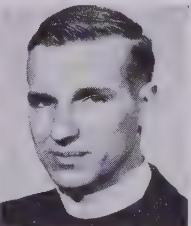
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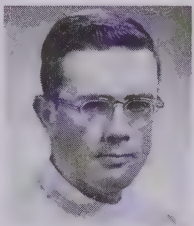
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Jamshedpur, India



Francis N. Glover
Philippine Islands



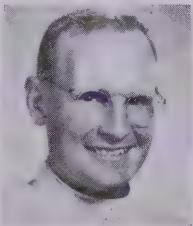
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Caroline-Marshall Islands



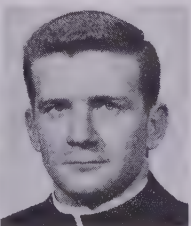
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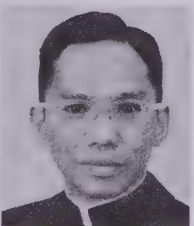
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American Indians



Kenneth J. Hughes
Jamaica



Stanley J. Joyce
Philippine Islands



Asterio S. Katigbak
Philippine Islands



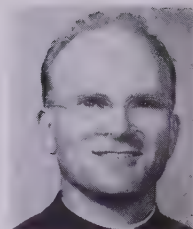
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Pablo B. Lalic
Philippine Islands



Donald L. Larkin
Jamaica



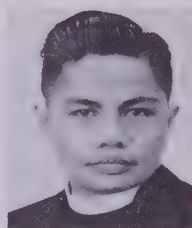
William J. Larkin
Iraq



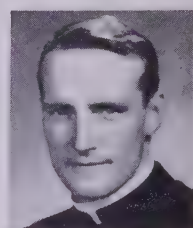
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Jose H. Llana
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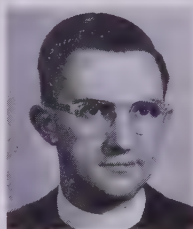
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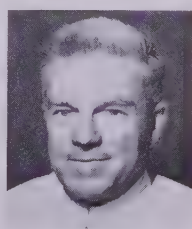
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Joseph P. McCarthy
Philippine Islands



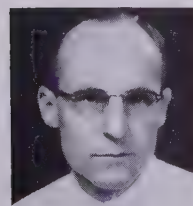
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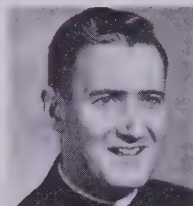
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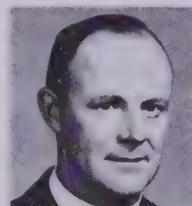
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Nepal



Benjamin R. Morin
Peru



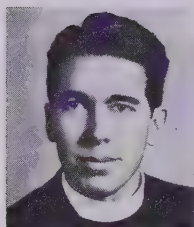
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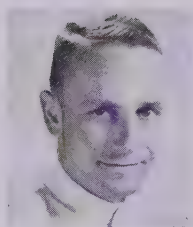
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Thomas S. Palmeri
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John J. Phelan
Philippine Islands



Philip A. Rafferty
Japan



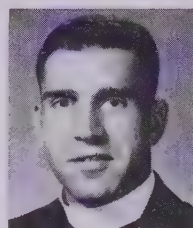
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William J. Schmitt
Philippine Islands



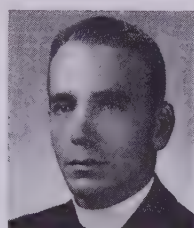
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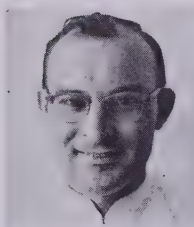
Robert L. Thomas
Lebanon



Thomas F. Tobin
Patna, India



William L. Tome
Jamshedpur, India



Paul Van Vleet
Honduras



Donald M. Vega
Puerto Rico



James P. Walsh
British Honduras



Frank C. Webster
Philippine Islands

Not Pictured

To Alaska

Robert M. Bickford
Michael B. Collins
Michael J. Kaniecki
William Loyens

To Burma

Rufus P. Roberts

To Jamaica

J. Maurice Feres
Philip J. Welch

To Japan

Robert E. Chiesa

To Formosa

Everett J. Mibach

To Peru

Aloysius Tomas

To Indonesia

Barrett A. Corrigan

To Korea

John E. Bernbrock
John P. Daly
John V. Daly
Thomas K. Pak
Norbert J. Tracy

To the Philippines

Natale Giacobbi

To the American Indians

Bernard F. Corse
Salvatore Gentle
John J. Lynch
Paul I. Manhart
John C. Murray
Gerald I. Myers
Benjamin Trautman

To Puerto Rico

Francisco Carreras
Jose A. Fontanez
John J. Paret
Robert A. White



PEOPLE IN

The nations bordering Red China are watching anxiously every Communist move on the mainland



IT IS AN UNEASY, fearful world which rims the Buddha-shaped torso of Red China. Korea, Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, the countries of Southeast Asia through Burma and Nepal—all are watching with wary eyes every single move of the Communists in China. There is talk of a war that is inevitable, and they will be the first to suffer because they are the closest. Every whisper and rumor that creeps through the Bamboo Curtain is carefully examined and sifted.

The war talk emanating from Peiping may be a smoke screen to distract attention from troubles within China itself or it may be a political gambit to offset some Soviet move. But the peoples whose countries are so close to the sagging yet muscular belly of Red China cannot relax. Too much is at stake; peace, freedom, their very existence. So they wait, and watch, and the constant tension eats at their hearts as the pressure of the Red shadow increases.

Hualien in Taiwan is a remote mountain district but this aboriginal of the Bunun tribe is aware of the Red Shadow.

THE RED SHADOW

Malaya and this Sikh priest in a Bengalese temple realizes full well what the Communists would do to all religious rites if they should come swarming down from the North. The record in China itself speaks volumes for their attitude towards religion.

Taiwan and once this oldster scanned the skies to see if the weather would be favorable for his fishing. Now there is another reason to watch the sky for the 110 miles across the water to the China mainland is nothing to a jet.





Burma of the elephants and teak has had first-hand experience since 1948 with Communist groups in open strife with the Government forces.



Filipina grandmother has seen Spanish, American, Japanese and home rule. No Chinese need apply.

The vast majority of these people have very little in the way of worldly goods. They have grown accustomed to the few possessions and pleasures which they have. They ask only to be left alone, not to be caught up in the crushing maelstrom of Communism. They are aware that every one of their countries is overrun with Red spies and supporters and that their defenses are pitifully weak in the face of the tremendous manpower China could throw against them. They do not dream of tomorrow; they want only today and the frugal peace of the moment.

Once the poetic names for their lands had meaning—"Land of the Morning Calm"; "Formosa the beautiful"; "the Hermit Kingdom"—names which spoke of quiet, peaceful existence. Now the shadow has driven away all that, it has crept into their eyes and into their hearts, and they are alone and afraid. These are the ones whom we should remember, with sympathy and prayers.



Nepalese watch passes in the mountains for their tiny but beloved land seems next on Red list.



China symbolized by the chain which rings the lake at Wushih in Kiangsu. Inner beauty fades in the face of Red brutality.

Korean farmer does not have to be warned about the Communists. His own country has already been ravaged by them.
(UNations photo)



Window on the Mission

Can We Equal It?

RECENTLY THERE appeared an article in the *Irish Digest* by the Auxiliary Bishop of Dublin on the difficulties of the young in modern society. His very valuable observation was that young people were not given a really challenging objective in life and for that reason found life an uninteresting thing. To save youth from the hazards of a purposeless existence, he urged that the magnificent Catholic vision be offered to them which characterized their ancestors in some great periods of history.

First, when the Irish monks saved the Christianity of Europe by returning to the Continent, they went out as "Wanderers for Christ." Secondly, due to an historical event which was secretly providential, the Irish immigrants carried their Faith with them into exile all over the world. Thirdly, what is possibly little known to the present day Irish, in the last ten years 4,000 priests, brothers and sisters have left Ireland for the foreign field. If this grand vision is presented to the youth, there will be less chance of a youth problem. Youth will

one may ask just what we are offering to the young as an inspiring objective and purpose for their lives. Perhaps we can take a page from the Bishop's book and present, to our Catholic youth especially, the truly Catholic vision of a world to be brought to Christ. We could remind our young people that the Church in the United States has only just begun to enter the glorious field of the world-wide extension of the Faith. While we have ten times as many Catholics in the United States as there are in Ireland, we have a little over 5,000 American missionaries in the field. The Irish have sent 4,000 in the last ten years in addition to those already in the field. Are we capable of equalling that magnificent effort in the next ten years?

Surely, the time has come to present to our Catholic youth in America something more than a good Catholic life at home and the security of a comfortable career as the highest achievements. When so much emphasis is given to international affairs and assistance, as Catholics we would be falling far short of our proper vision if we were to limit our interest and action to the narrow boundaries of our own little national world. We shall not meet the Church's expectation of us if we do not strive to capture the wide dimensions of the Church and so of our own lives as members of the Church.

There is no doubt about the generosity of the Catholics of the United



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick sees the shadow of the Communist hammer and sickle as the weight of vast China pressing down upon the peoples who inhabit the nearby countries: Korea, Taiwan, Japan, the Philippines and the lands which lie south and southwest of the huge belly of Red China.



States in sending material aid to mission lands. It is an indication of the strength of our Faith. But there is a further test of our Faith and that is the generosity of people in giving themselves to the building up of the strength of the Church in lands where Catholicism is still in its infancy. This is the ultimate proof of the fact that the Church has come of age among us. The next twenty-five years will record a story of glory or tragedy about the Church in America. The glory will be a thrilling and enthusiastic upsurge of missionary dedication. The tragedy will be the failure to rise to the clear summons of the Lord to us to go to the ends of the earth, not merely to send material help.

This story is being written now in our homes, schools, churches; by our sermons, retreats, reading; by the ideals and goals which are being offered to our Catholic youth. Not a few, but all of us are writing that story: bishops, priests, religious, parents, teachers, writers, the youth. If there is indifference or evasion, then the preface to tragedy is being inscribed. If there is a widening of the vision of all, if there is a growing eagerness for the spread of the Church, then the first wonderful chapter of our missionary glory which we have written in the last thirty years will be supplemented by even more glorious chapters. God grant us the wisdom, love and zeal not to let down the youth of this and the next generation by failing to open to their generous hearts and their eager eyes the full meaning of their belonging to Christ and through Him to the world.

It is a vision that belongs to everyone of us in America today.

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Milwaukee 11, Wis.

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Rev. Joseph J. Walter S.J.
39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N.Y.



Up and over goes Dick Wotruba of Holy Cross in one of the ten decathlon events.

A STAR SHINES IN BAGHDAD

A year given to God and the spread of His Kingdom

DICK WOTRUBA had a dream, the same dream which many another young American had in 1960. He wanted to wear the Stars and Stripes of his country in the Olympic Games. And there was a good chance that he would. In the last National Meet he had placed fourth in the Decathlon, the gruelling ten-event test which calls not only for ability but also for heart.

But it was not a dream which was all-absorbing, a single concentration that left no room for anything else. The young athlete from Butler, New Jersey, was in his senior year at Holy Cross College in Worcester and in those important months before graduation the time for dreams is limited. He worked hard, both in the classroom where he was a good student and on the playing field where he co-captained the track team. His fellow members on the team were to vote him the Sullivan Gold

Medal, the award given annually to the outstanding track man of the year.

It was during this time that he gave evidence that his dream of the Olympics was not his only one. Some time ago he had read in *Jesuit Missions* of the Baghdad College student, Sabah Jadun, who had died of a brain tumor in a strikingly manful and saintly way. Sabah had been an outstanding athlete, too, but there was far more to his story than that. He had not been afraid to proclaim his faith and to live it to the hilt. At the time of his reception into the Baghdad College Sodality he had proudly said, "This is the happiest day of my life." When he explained to his family the obligations of a Sodalist he had told them to look on him now as "a priest with a necktie." It was a story that left a deep impression on Dick Wotruba and it also turned his attention on Baghdad.

Before his senior year was completed

Dick had decided to offer a year of his life to God. Many young men and women were lay missionaries, spending a certain time on mission fields without recompense. So Dick volunteered for Baghdad, and was promptly accepted.

Later in the summer he entered the Olympic Trials in California, vying with the nation's best for one of the places in the decathlon. He failed to gain a spot on the team but he was still smiling when he returned—and almost immediately he started packing for Baghdad

and a year generously given to God.

It was one of the ironies of life that Dick Wotruba was in Rome when the Olympic Games were in full swing. But where once Rome had been the goal, now it was only a stopping off place. Dreams are wonderful things but they change as one grows older and wiser. Values become clearer and the new dreams have more of substance to them, more of eternity in them.

Dick will be a very valuable asset in Baghdad. His scholastic background will

Co-captains of Holy Cross track team, Tom Henahan (left) who entered Maryknoll this past summer, and Dick Wotruba.



enable him to step into the classroom as a regular teacher and with his unusual athletic ability he will be able to coach any of the sports so common and so popular at Baghdad College. And he will find, in short order, that a large percentage of the New England Jesuits on the faculty are still fighting the Holy Cross-Boston College wars. He may even wince when the students break into the school song, as they will a thousand times and more, which has been set to the music of the Boston College High song.

But one thing is very sure—Dick Wotruba will never regret the year he is giving to God. It may be a hard year, a more lonely one than he would know at home. It's difficult to move into a different pattern of life and fit in immediately. The Oriental boy is not quite the same as an American youngster, and that will call for a little adjusting on the part of the newcomer. But all these various differences will serve to emphasize the brightness of this gift to God. Another star shines in Baghdad.

All over the mission world young men and women are laboring beside the missionaries. The lay missionary movement, especially in the United States, has caught on tremendously fast. It may be that the idealism it calls for lies close to the top of the American heart. The generosity so characteristic of our people, known the world over on occasion after occasion, does not peter out when it is a question of giving to God. The Holy Father in his Encyclical "Principes Pastorum" stressed that part which the laity should play in spreading the Kingdom of God. He quoted Pope Pius XII on that occasion: "Catholicity is the essential note of the true Church; this is so to such an extent that a Christian is not truly faithful and devoted to the Church if he is not equally attached to her universality, desiring that she take root and flourish in all the earth."

To Dick Wotruba and to all who are giving time and energy on mission fields, thank you and God bless you!

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



Farewell is said at Idlewild Airport by Father Joseph P. Connell, Jesuit Superior of the Baghdad Mission. But he and Dick will soon be together again on the Tigris banks.

**CHAPELS
LIKE THIS**

**Are
Needed**



FOR FATHER NEWELL'S



**Mission
in
Honduras**

YOU CAN NAME ONE

Father needs 14 more chapels. The cost of an adobe chapel is \$500; one built of walls plastered with mud and white-washed costs \$250. Father will gladly allow any donor to choose the name for a chapel.

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CHINA'S FIRST LADY TODAY

A glimpse of Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her present routine

RATHER THAN SAY the years have been kind to China's First Lady I would say that she has risen from reversals, sufferings and trials more womanly, more graceful and more spiritual than before. Recently I was one of a group of Americans invited to the Presidential Mansion at Shihlin for afternoon tea. Although during the last fifteen to twenty years I have visited off and on over business with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, yet I was almost as much impressed as the others when she greeted us in the spacious reception room. Grace, beauty and charm radiated from every action and word as she welcomed each guest with warmth and interest.

For each there was a remark or question of special interest to that person. Madame Chiang turned to me and said, "Father O'Hara, today we shall see the new dining hall that I have built for the war orphans from the kind donations of Cardinal Spellman." Before leaving for the orphanage, Madame Chiang asked her husband, the President of China, to come in and meet us all. With great dignity yet touching simplicity, the President was introduced to each of us in a most gracious manner by his talented wife. As I was the only one in the party who could speak to him in Chinese, I was favored by a little chat with him.

Our visit to the orphanage showed us

work that is now typical of China's First Lady's occupations. Formerly, in the anti-Japanese War, she was most active in social life, the war effort and politics. For this she was criticized by many. Her speeches were stocked with a breadth and depth of learning that was breathtaking and an elegance of thought and word that was hard to imitate. Now her oratorical ability is usually put to explaining meditation to prayer groups that she has formed to pray for China and her people. Each week she gathers top government persons of both sexes at her headquarters for these prayer sessions that bring faith and peace. An American Catholic friend was talking to her one day on praying for peace and asked her if she knew of the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi for peace. She answered, "Please come here and look at the altar where we will pray." She opened the folding doors of the long reception room, where her weekly prayer gatherings are held, and there carved on the front of the altar was the prayer of St. Francis for peace.

Her "Women's Anti-aggression League" Headquarters is largely occupied with a nursery for working mothers' children, distribution of relief clothes and other articles, etc. She has gathered together the wives of government officials and leading women for such volunteer work and she herself sets a heroic example.



First Lady of China, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, visits Cardinal Spellman Hall with the author. Father O'Hara spent many years on the mainland before being forced to transfer his work to Taiwan.



Orphans at Hwa Hsing orphanage are on their best behavior when Madame Kai-shek drops in with some American visitors on one of her regular rounds.

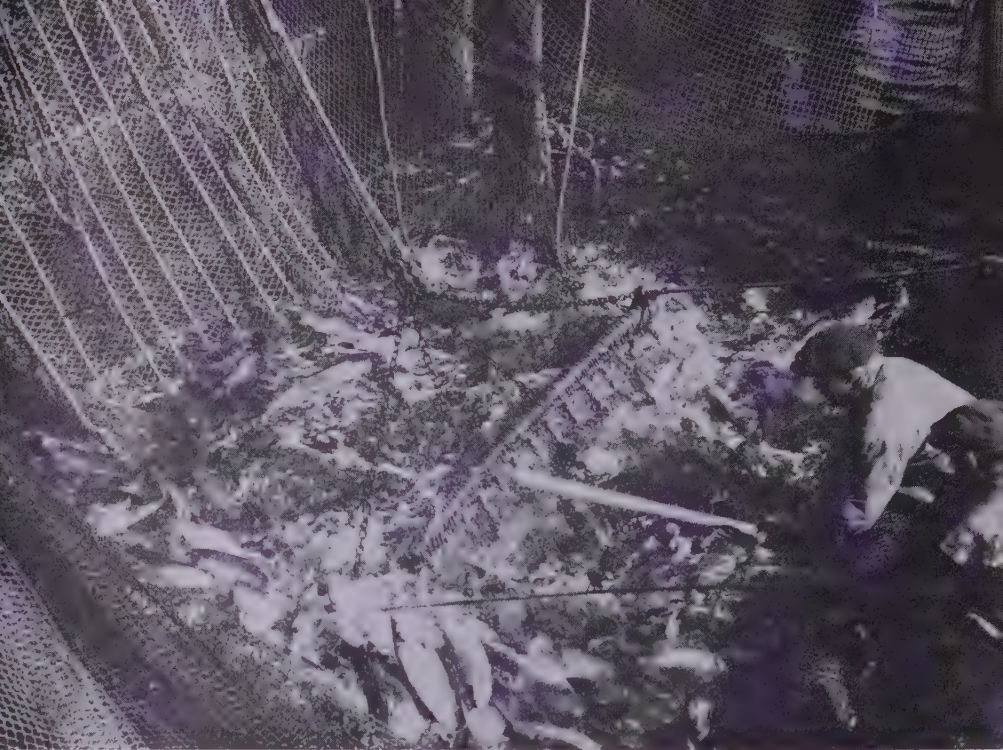
The orphanage for the "Warphans" which we visited has become a model for such work. It was first set up to care for the orphans left by the soldiers who died in the fighting at Ta Chen islands and then was extended to the orphans of other military men.

It was with great pride and gratitude that Madame Chiang led us through the spacious and spotlessly clean dining hall that she had built with the donations of Cardinal Spellman. The children chanted the "Our Father" in Chinese before their meal (as the orphanage is non-denominational) and all the visitors were touched by the genuine reverence and piety of the children during the prayer. A large marble plaque with an

inscription carved in both English and Chinese testifies to the gratitude of the First Lady and the orphans for this kind and useful gift of the American Cardinal.

Madame Chiang has devoted her efforts to the recovery of the Mainland by prayer and not by political means. In reply to a letter in which I wrote of offering Mass for the President and herself, she first expressed her gratitude and then wrote, "But please, Father, pray daily for our poor people who are suffering so much under the cruel yoke of Communism and the breakup of their beloved homes, so dear to the heart of a Chinese, by the Commune system."

ALBERT R. O'HARA S.J.



Living gold is piled up by salmon fishermen on the same Yukon of gold rush days.

THE MIGHTY "YUKE"

It is the life blood of Alaska and its people

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

IN THE VAST stretches of the Alaskan wilderness, one of the missionary's best friends is the Yukon, Alaska's longest river. Originating in the Yukon Territory in Canada, it flows northwest to the Arctic Circle at Fort Yukon and then southwest across all of Alaska to the Bering Sea. Fifteen-hundred miles of twisting and turning from its source to the ocean, the mighty Yuke is one of the world's most famous rivers.

Did I say, "friend of the missionaries"? That's for sure! Dogsled Highway 99 in winter trips from station to station; Mission Canal for summer boating expeditions; Idlewild Airport for

winter flying with skis and summer flying on floats—the Yukon provides all.

While not a beautiful river because of the amount of mud it carries to the sea, the "mighty Yuke" has its quiet peaceful summer days which are a real joy to the priest in his boat. But it also has its days of fury when an upriver wind churns up waves as high as house-tops. These stormy days have driven more than one Father to an uninviting, mosquito-ridden bank, to slap away the hours until the waves are reduced to the weight class of his boat.

Any one of the ten Jesuit priests who work along the Yukon can tell you what

a vital part the river plays in his work for Christ and souls. From its muddy summer waters come the King salmon (sometimes weighing more than a hundred pounds), the Eskimos' favorite dish, and also the only fish on the Yukon with a price on its head.

As the fur catch has been poor lately, the fish catch is the only solid boost to the river economy. When the King run has dwindled, the other items on the menu start upstream—pinks and silvers, in their turn. Some of these are cut, dried and smoked for human consumption, but most are for dog food.

Into this long muddy stream, smaller rivers pour crystal clear waters. But the "Yuke" is unperturbed by their taunts of "unclean" and within seconds of their entry into her brown waves, they are as muddy as she is.

I now live at St. Mary's Mission on the Andreafsky River, a tributary of the Yukon. As we go by boat on the ten-minute trip to the Yukon, we see the change from clear to just plain dirty water, but are able to forgive the "mighty Yuke" for many reasons.

On this river the barges of the Northern Commercial Company, in two trips, deliver all our supplies for the next twelve months. The Yukon is our canal for barge and boat which bring our 300 cords of fuel twenty miles to the banks of St. Mary's Mission. It is also our waterway for the commercial fuel barges that bring the necessary but very expensive gas and oil.

Now you know what I mean in calling the "mighty Yuke" a real friend. Filling our fish wheels and nets, carrying our necessities to us, and carrying us to the people, the Yukon has seen the whole history of Christianity in Alaska. From the first days of exploration for mission sites by Bishop Seghers and the Jesuit Fathers, to the Jesuits laboring on its banks today, the Yukon River is a silent witness of the development of America's biggest state.

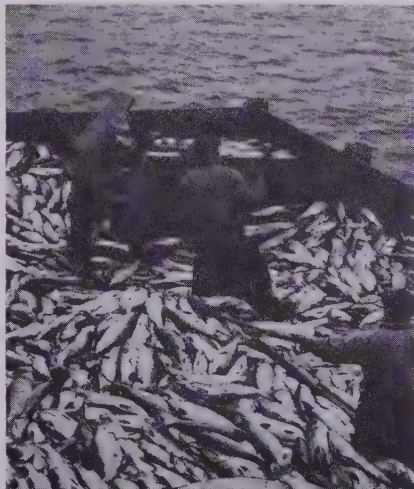


From the air the famous mission of St. Mary's appears lost in the wilderness and mountain backdrop.



Picnics are another thing the mighty "Yuke" provides—with lots of pesky mosquitoes also thrown in.

Good catch means a lot to fishermen on the Yukon for the salmon is the only fish purchased by the canneries.



OF NAMES AND NICKNAMES

*Filipino names are not the result of
chance but have real meaning in them*

FRANCISCO MALLARI S.J.

FILIPINO NAMES often puzzle foreigners. They sometimes call Filipino names quaint. Luckily, most Filipinos, if not all, can explain and present reasons for their own names and nicknames.

Ever since the bright waters lapping the shining shores of the Philippines washed the feet of Spanish conquistadores; ever since every nook and cranny of the islands echoed with the evangelizing voices of Spanish Padres, Filipino parents have taken to the Catholic practice of giving the name of some saint to a baby at baptism. The Spanish

Gloria is certainly living up to her name when she dons her fancy headdress and then flashes her winningest smile.



Padres have taught the Filipinos that the patron saint would act as his namesake's guide and protector and inspiration in this earthly life. This spiritual teaching easily struck roots among the Filipinos, a people naturally and traditionally pliant to the teachings of the Church. So at every birth since then, they have turned to the Church calendar of names. The old tongue-twisting, native names which often come in a mouthful of consonants and vowels, like Ibn Batnikayad and Tangakad Tungadtik, gave way to the Christian Iberian names of Antonio, Estanislao, Francisco, Raymundo, and the like. In the rural areas, Antonios abound, in honor of St. Antony of Padua through whose intercession lost carabaos, cows and household articles have been found. Isidros are plentiful, too, in commemoration of the husbandman, St. Isidore, a generous intercessor for bountiful harvests.

The last war triggered a new tendency that swept through remote villages and towns. A couple brought a week-old baby for baptism.

"What's his name?" asked the Padre.
"Evacuito, Padre."

"There is no such a name in the calendar. Where did you dig it up?"



Guitaro might best fit this youngster at the moment—unless he is the Moon Mullins type who resents “Banjo eyes!”

“Well, he was born during the *evacuation*.” The accommodating Padre accepted the explanation.

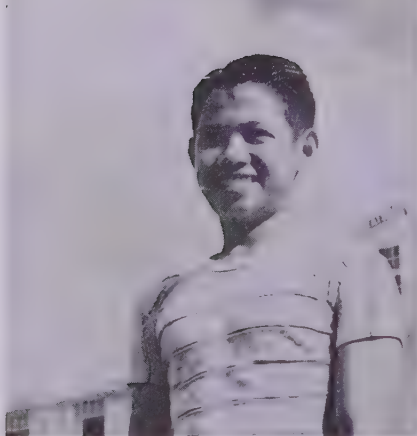
The first batch of planes that raided Japanese installations in the Philippines was carrier-based Grumman Hellcats. Before one of the many raids, guerrilla grapevine passed the word around that Grumman planes would come in for the kill. Since then, every American plane has been a Grumman to the poor simple rural folks. And because the planes drove the enemy away, there is now a hallowed niche for the Grumman in



Tirso is personality plus, according to Father Vin Cullen whom he assists—but what do you guess his name means?

Umbrella undoubtedly, but called Ella for short. No need for a smile for she already has umbrella for that rainy day.





Candido of the Ateneo de Manila and a look at that open countenance and frank eyes concludes it was a good choice.

every farmer's heart, so much so, that one farmer called his boy, Grumman.

The Filipino's instinctive attraction towards novel and foreign things has in some way allowed the race for the conquest of space to lend a helping hand in naming one baby girl, through an inadvertent store clerk. A villager came to town to buy some linen for his newborn baby girl. The clerk wrapped the purchase in a local paper headlined, "Russian Sputnik Orbits." The girl was readily named Orbita, a novelty in rural nomenclature. Sputnik was probably rejected for lack of a feminine lilt to it.

A father who whiles away the noon hour under shady bending bamboo trees, reading vernacular translations of classical novels, has sons and daughters answering to the names, Carlomagno (Charlemagne), Roldan (Roland), Oliveros (Oliver), Fleriza, and Zorayda.

It is only fitting that a people so devoted to Our Lady should remember and honor her not only by imitating her virtues but also by using her titles for baptismal names. My relatives and friends named Concepcion, Consolacion, Lourdes, and Purificacion confirm this.

Some doting parents desperately in need of names with nice meanings and sweet sounds sometimes coin or pick words to serve their purpose, like Luzviminda, an amalgamation of the first syllables of the three names of the three main islands of Luzon, Visayas, and Mindanao; like Marivic, a concoction from Maria and Victoria; Fe (Faith), Esperanza (Hope), and Caridad (Charity). It is not surprising, therefore, to hear of an American soldier in the last war who exclaimed after receiving a free gift of fresh native fruits from a generous lady, "Oh, gee, this is very generous of you. What's your name?"

"Generosa," answered the lady, leaving the grateful soldier as grateful as ever, but no wiser than before.



Hold Up a Moment

We are now offering, for a limited time, a chance to subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for SIX years at the ordinary five-year price—\$5.00. If you wish to enroll a friend, an attractive gift card will be sent, announcing your gift. A special Christmas card will be sent to your friend if you want to have your enrollment in the form of a Christmas gift. It makes your Christmas shopping easy.

FLASHES...



Gratitude is the keynote of Father Andrew Cervini's visit to the U.S. Veterans Association office in Manila, P.I., to thank Mr. Henry Grady Moore (center), the then Regional Office Manager, for all the magnificent help given to him. The Jesuit missionary lost a leg in World War II in the Philippines. At right is Fr. Cannon, National Sodality Director.

Hope is more than a virtue for Father John Magner S.J. (right) for he has received his appointment as Catholic Chaplain of the SS Hope I, the 15,000-ton hospital ship which sailed in late September for Southeast Asia. Staffed with American doctors, nurses and technicians, it will bring modern medical science in every form to that area. Father has spent 23 years in the East.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

All Souls' Chapel in Jhajha, India, is a mud building with a 14' by 12' room at one end which is "home" for Father Daniel Rice. It is a new mission station and its zealous pastor must start from the ground up. His plans call for \$5,000 and during this month of November we would like to make a beginning on that sum for All Souls' Chapel.

Used clothing in good condition is badly needed by the young Sioux Indians in South Dakota. Boys' and girls' underwear, socks, shirts, sweaters, etc. would be deeply appreciated. Practically anything you have could be put to good use. Please send directly to either of the Jesuit Missions in South Dakota: Father Pates at St. Francis, S.D., or Father Edwards at Holy Rosary, Pine Ridge.

A little-known picture of China's First Lady is given us by Father O'Hara on page 24. But also too little known is the work of the American Jesuits in the universities of Taiwan. Right now they are trying to establish a student center in Taipei, a valuable asset to their apostolic labors. Could you help them with a gift of \$2, \$5, or more?

The mighty Yukon of which Father Poole writes on page 26 cannot fulfill all his needs. He must "winterize" the cottage where the lay apostles live; he dreams of a deep well pump that will provide water for 300 people at St.

Mary's; he figures the expenses per month of each child in school at \$20. Could you give him a helping hand in any of these needs? A gift of any size would be most welcome.

The biggest Moslem village in Ceylon is only yards away from the church and shrine of St. Theresa which Father Clarkson is building. But his pocketbook can only cover the walls and roof; he still needs funds for altar, vestments, shrine, etc. It means a lot to see this through to completion and we beg you to do whatever you can to hasten it.

A windowless winter in Montana is not very appealing and the Indian boys and girls at St. Paul's Mission in Hays can shiver even in anticipation. The windows cost \$15 each and a good number are needed. Can you donate one?

The Culion leper colony in the Philippines has been devastated by two typhoons. Eight out of ten mission chapels were destroyed as well as many of the tiny houses of lepers, their crops, etc. Over 5,000 people live in the colony and they are in dire straits. Even the smallest offering will mean much.

Running a model farm is difficult without water. Fathers Matthews and Dawson in India desperately need pumps, pipes, etc. for irrigation. Could you help them?

They fought the Communists!



In Kerala, India, the Catholic fishermen and their families battled the Reds—and won! But it is only a temporary victory unless the Catholics can consolidate their gains. To do this, the zealous Bishop Pereira is trying to set up a training center where trades other than fishing can be taught. Otherwise the same economic difficulty which gave the Communists their first foothold will still remain. Will you help these courageous people with a gift of five dollars or more?

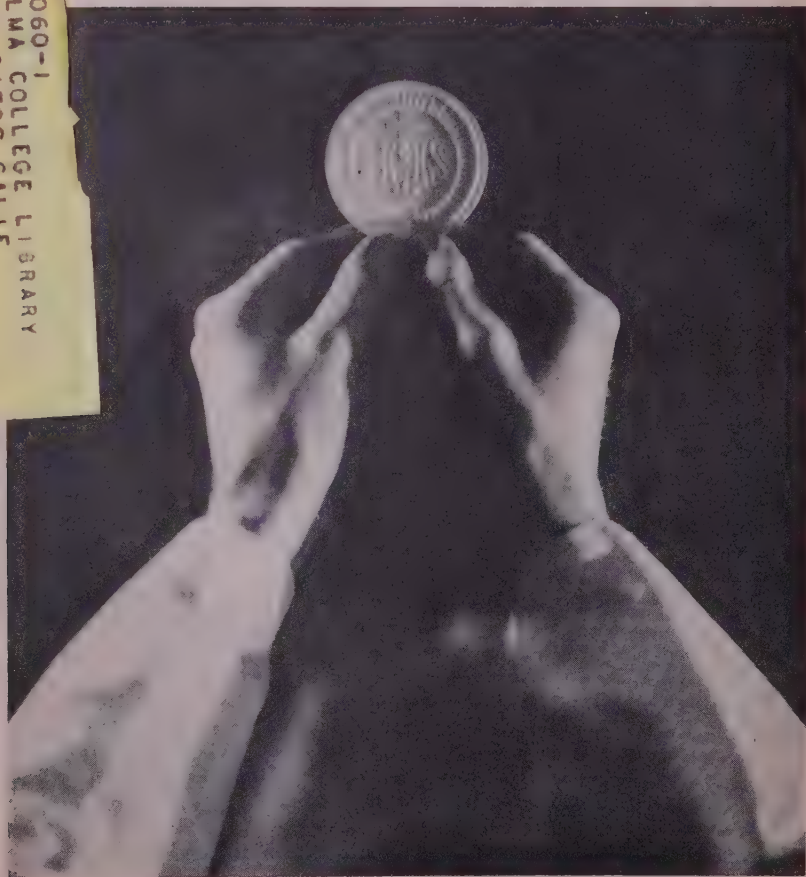
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THE MASS is the greatest gift you can offer for your dear ones who have departed this life. During November, the Month of the Holy Souls, remember them in this most precious way. We will arrange to have a Jesuit missionary offer the Holy Sacrifice for your intentions.

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DECEMBER 1960

JESUIT MISSIONS

CHRISTMAS IN MISSION LANDS





JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

In the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

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A child shall lead them—and in St. Paul's Church in Inchon, Korea, two Americans of the Armed Services watch as a youngster bows in prayer. Living out one's faith is often the strongest example possible. (Official U.S. Navy photo.)



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CHRISTMAS

IN MISSION LANDS

It is not the kind of Christmas we know.

In Japan it is just another workday;
the roar of rain in the Philippines may herald
a typhoon; the Arctic tundra is stilled in the grip
of winter; a breeze whispers in Jamaica's palms;
in India the drums resound at Mass—
but everywhere Christ is born again.



Venite, adoremus is sung in all tongues
and is felt in all hearts the world
over but Christmas is most of all for
the young. "A Child is born, a Son
is given to us . . ." and, like the humble
shepherds, children belong at the manger.



The dark eyes of Mary of Nazareth are
reflected in those of the Taiwanese maiden
who proudly portrays the role of the Madonna
in the annual Christmas play in Hsinchu city.



Wonder and awe stand in the faces
of these young Taiwanese as they gaze
at the tiny figure in the crib, the
One who came that they may have Life.



Sioux eyes open wide at the mystery of the first Christmas. Jesuit Blackrobes still carry on their missionary work on the wind-swept plains of South Dakota at St. Francis and Holy Rosary.

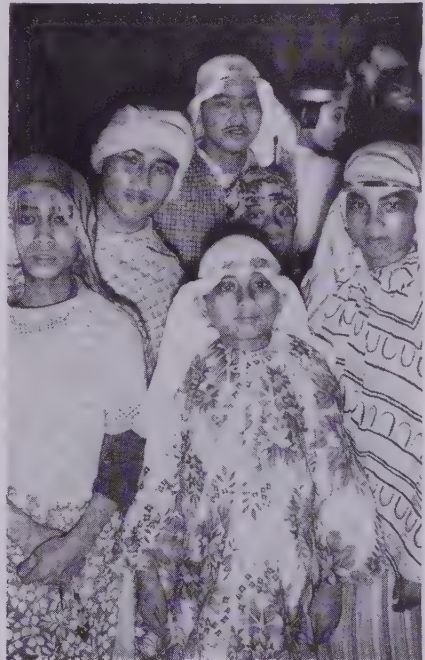
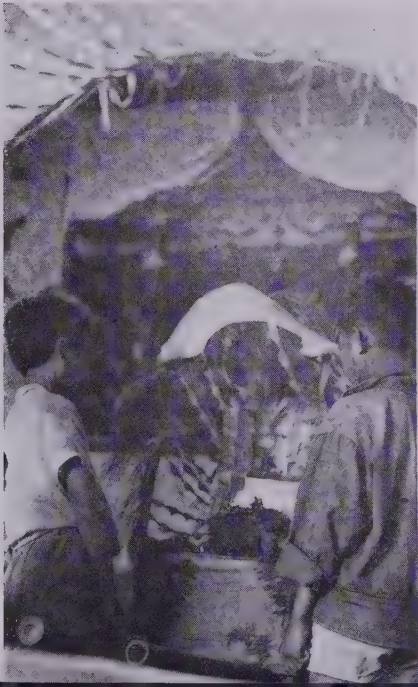
Filipino choir at the Midnight Mass at Balingasag, close to the Mindanao Sea, welcome again the coming of Our Lord upon the altar, as real as His coming so long ago and so far away.





Angelic makeup is applied backstage at the Taiwan Christmas play. We can think of many a perfume whose name would hardly fit this particular spot.

Barrio chapel in the Philippines dons its Christmas garb in anticipation of His coming. It may be as chilly outside as a Bethlehem hillside but there will be warmth and joy in cave, in chapel, and in all loving hearts.



Shepherds belong in the Christmas picture, even though the one in front came up with an untimely nosebleed for the Christmas pageant in Hsinchu.

ESSAY IN ENTHUSIASM

*The first venture into an unknown field can
have its ups and downs for a young missionary*

PAUL B. VAN VLEET S.J.

A BIT OVER A YEAR ago I arrived in Honduras for a five months' stop-over on my way to Tertianship in Colombia. I shall never forget my first experiences, which tested my mercurial enthusiasm.

I had finished two months of Spanish when I met the Superior of our Yoro Mission, Father Hogan, and together we drove over the Pan American Hi-way to Tegucigalpa, capital of Honduras. There I took a plane, scheduled non-stop for

Olanchito, only to discover that non-stop flights merely meant that no stops were scheduled but would still be made.

At Olanchito Father Bill Moore was waiting for me in a jeep. You can imagine the joy that was mine, though he was probably a bit puzzled at the eager greeting I gave him. My enthusiasm was hot again. That was Monday.

During the next few days I got settled and tried to tune in on the Olanchito kind of Spanish. It was not the same as what I had studied. But I could see definite similarities to the Spanish of Old Castile. Came Thursday and the real test of my barometric enthusiasm under the guise of a simple question: "How would you like to go to Arenal with Father Hoyer and then visit Santa Barbara?" I had hardly said "bueno" when I found myself in his jeep churning down the road.

Our visit to Arenal was interesting, if uneventful. And I was watching Father Bernie Hoyer closely, trying to learn as fast as I could some of those intangibles that are not part of seminary training. It was a short lesson, just one day, and we turned toward Santa Barbara.

Now Santa Barbara is a charming

Eager author, Father Van Vleet, is now back at the Yoro Mission in Honduras.





Full turnout to greet the visiting Padre is often accompanied by firing of all guns.

place, situated half way up a mountain, straddling a little stream. There was no planning when the town was formed, so there are no streets in any sense of the word, just groups of houses scattered all over the area. Picturesque in a confusing sort of way. And if you wake up early enough in the morning—and you do—you find that you actually walk in the clouds, as they rise from the valley below. So I repeat, Santa Barbara is a charming little place.

On the other hand, Santa Barbara is perhaps a counterpart of Tombstone, Arizona. I did not find Boot Hill; but they have the pious custom of placing a cross over the spot where anyone dies a violent death. Walking through Santa Barbara was like walking through a graveyard—a charming graveyard.

Standing there taking it all in, I was kind of shook up, as I heard over the roar of the departing jeep, Father Hoyer's voice: "See you Monday, Padre."

There is no more lonely feeling than to be left in the middle of Santa Barbara, surrounded by a hundred strange faces speaking a strange language, and watching the dusty departure of my last contact with the world with which I was familiar. Try it, if you don't believe me. My poor enthusiasm was rather low by this time.

And so I began my missionary career. Catechism all day long to the children, frequently interrupted by baptisms as the *padrinos* rode in from outlying *veredas*. Then rosary in the evening with a short talk between each mystery. Not many confessions, but they took a long time, as I had to examine each and every conscience, help them through the act of contrition and their penance. They were a little weak on prayers.

Finally I was alone for the first time. Alone to pray over the work and the mistakes of my first solo trip. I was tired too, but happy, as I tumbled into bed



Mayan Indian village in Central America. "There was no planning when the town was formed, so there are no streets . . . just groups of houses scattered all over the area . . ."

Central America, as well as all Latin America, needs priests desperately. The only answer to encroaching Communism is a strong faith rooted in Christ's truth.



in the store which had been offered me for lodging. Yes, I had a lot to learn about the people, the language, techniques in preaching and teaching folks who know very little about their faith. Then they were interested. As I mangled their language, they listened attentively, trying to catch some phrase here and there to satisfy the hunger of their souls. Tomorrow would be a little better—God willing—and the next day too, I thought.

That was a year ago. Now, finishing my last year of spiritual training here in Colombia, South America, I am ready and anxious once again to *meterme en Honduras*—a phrase which can be translated as "go back to Honduras" or "to get into trouble up to your ears."

But, as Father Bill Moore reminded me when I was leaving for another village trip, "Just remember, Padre, you have the whole Catholic Church behind you. *You are not alone out there.*" That's reason to be enthusiastic, isn't it?



WE'RE GEARED FOR TROUBLE

BRUNO W. KARPINSKI S.J.

*Machines are balky, women are adamant,
and even snakes and bees find entrance*

RUNNING A PRINTING PRESS in India offers many opportunities, the most ideal of which, at the moment, is just running—far, far away. As I write this, summer is in full blast and the winds are perpetually hissing and howling. Each day they bring a new deposit, not the kind which heartens the Patna Mission Treasurer, but one of sand which penetrates every crevice, even to stop-

ping the movements of the alarm clock. That slowing down is contagious, affecting humans also, and in the 96-degree heat anything can happen. And it did.

The nearby Holy Family Hospital, functioning as it does along modern lines, needs many different forms of sick charts. So we were busy printing up these forms at our Sanjivan Press when a large section of my main-gear-cam

Critics of their own work at Sanjivan Press are Brother Karpinski and Father Barrett.





Careful eye is kept on press as "Sanjivan" rolls off it—anything can happen here.



That's no mess but the regular procedure as the Patna Mission Letter is prepared.

equipment broke. Now some people don't like to make decisions, especially with the temperature at 96 degrees, but we reached one in a matter of minutes. The nearest replacement was 14,000 miles away so that may have aided somewhat our solution to weld the cam ourselves. Father John Knappek, who is doing a marvelous job with the Industrial School, directed the welding in his usual capable fashion.

We were also running off on our Miehle Machine "The Writings and Speeches of Mahatma Gandhi" and we hoped to finish it before Mr. Nehru arrived in Patna so we could present him with a copy. Now this machine had just been operated on for, may I term it, appendicitis and was convalescing well. But in our haste to finish the run we may have pushed it too hard. For one of the boys came up to me and said, "Brother Sahib, she don't move, she don't move anymore."

"What don't move anymore?" I asked, sacrificing grammatical correctness for the more important lack of confusion.

"The Express Train," he said, using the local term for the Miehle Machine.

So I approached it with my stethoscope and my diagnosis was that this was far more serious than appendicitis; it was a real heart clot. With the temperature at 96 I now have on my hands a frozen bearing! This, I assured the boys, would take some time to repair.

We began by removing a small bearing, a large support and two pulleys. Then we came into contact with the two most stubborn gears I have ever encountered. Surely those gears were installed to the accompaniment of the last shot in the Civil War. They simply would not come off.

At this particular moment, of all moments, a feminine voice said behind me, "Brother, it's time for your cholera-typhoid shot!" I whirled around. There



Troubles are nothing new to Brother Karpinski but it is reaching the point where he is wondering if there is a new trouble still left. But in his own good-humored and capable fashion he will keep functioning and providing satisfied smiles (right).



stood four Sisters, the nurses who drop in periodically to give injections.

"Look, Sister. The one who needs the shot is this machine, not me." The four of them just looked at me. Did I say that those gears were adamant? They took second place, a poor second. Dirty hands and all, I was administered the shot, and so were the boys helping me.

The next morning we went to work with a blowtorch and the sparks were soon flying in all directions as we continued Operation Heart Clot. Then in the midst of all the confusion I hear someone in the next room velling, "Samph! Samph! Snake! Snake!" This one was about thirty inches long and it is the fourth one to invade our premises in recent times. After it was demolished, I assured the boys there was no other snake within 50 miles. In this heat?

Then the opposite room broke into an uproar. A bee in the washroom had stung one of the workers. So I investi-

gated but was stymied in my search for the culprit by the fact that about 5,000 bees had settled in a corner there. So I went about doing the last thing I wanted to do on a day like that—building a fire. But maybe it was that little penance which paid off. For no sooner had I returned to the main issue, the Gear, than one good wallop with the hammer sent both gears flying.

So now, several days later, the frozen bearing is repaired. But my machine man hasn't shown up since the day he got the shot from the Sisters. My ink boy was out a day and when I questioned him about it he replied, "Look here, Brother. The other day you gave me a hammer and told me to pound it with my right hand. Then the Sisters came and pounded me in my left arm. So the next day I was numb in both hands. So why come to work?" I ask myself that same question sometimes, especially in recent times.



THE REAL NORTHERN LIGHTS

A glimpse at one of the many problems which a missionary in the Far North must encounter

JOHN P. FOX S.J.

BACK IN 1928 I was assigned as the roving missionary of the flats around Kashunak, and down along the coast as far as Bethel on the Kuskokwim. Three years later, the territory from Kashunak north as far as Scammon Bay, with headquarters at Hooper Bay, was added to my slice of the Alaska Missions. To say that, in those days, this district was primitive, is an understatement.

One thing that very early in the game exercised my patience was the lack of light. At my missions I used kerosene lamps, gasoline lamps and candles. One of these did service for the whole house. When I went from one part of the house to the other, I picked up the lamp or candle and walked. Usually I got to the hook for hanging the lamp, or the shelf to set it on, without any major mishap. But not always.

For some reason I still cannot account for after many check-ups, one day I did not make it to the hook. After a long session of breviary, I took the gasoline mantle lamp from the hook in my room, and started to walk to the chapel next door. As I came to the hook and raised the lamp to hang it, something went

wrong. Shortly after I came to, lying on my back on the floor, with the lamp burning on merrily as it sat on the floor next to me. How the mantles were not knocked off, and the house burned down by the exploding gasoline, I never found out.

On another occasion, an Eskimo, wanting to be helpful, saw the lamp burning a little low. "Too much closed," he mused; and stood up to open the valve (already too far open). The next thing was a stream of burning gasoline falling from the lamp to the floor. I had just finished Mass and was turning around to say the last prayers when I noticed the fire. But by the time I dashed back to the lamp to turn off the valve, the folks had stampeded for the door, and broke one good grandma's collar bone in the excitement.

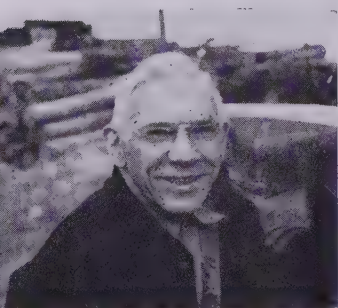
In their igloos (there was not a cabin in the district at that time), the Eskimos had their seal oil lamps. The elements were a saucer-like dish made of clay, or just an old saucer, filled with seal or white whale oil, and had for a wick a piece of rag hanging over the side of the dish. A constant black streak of smoke wound up to the ceiling, blackening the whole inside of the igloo, and throwing me into a cough every time I

entered. They were too poor to have even the ordinary coal oil lamps then.

But something was needed, for both them and me. Father Frank Menager, who had been there for a brief period before me, had already decided the same. So he bought a little 750-watt light plant. But I found it too expensive to run for the little light I needed for my own use. So I decided not to use it.

As time went on, and the need for better light (and convenient power) for myself and the people, became more acute, an idea came. We all needed light. No one could afford to run a light plant just for himself. What's the matter with using the light plant that I had, running a line not only to my own rooms but to the igloos, and chipping in for the fuel needed to run the plant? The idea worked out well, and everybody was happy.

The idea was picked up by other villages who decided it was worth trying. I too eventually was transferred from the district to my present one; and with me the idea. Then Bishop Gleeson authorized a loan of mission funds to the natives to start out the project. It has prospered in as much as the whole town has very cheap light and power. But it took a long time to come.



Veteran of over thirty years in Alaska, Father Fox is now stationed at famed Holy Cross.

Greetings and warm welcome, friend, and if you will step into the igloo we'll break out a fresh saucer of whale oil for a light—or do you prefer seal oil with yours? (Three Lions photo)



Window on the Mission

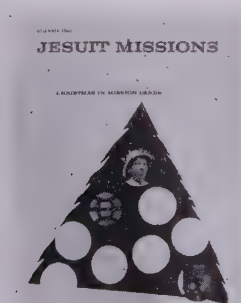
Peace on Earth

Rome last summer was the arena for international athletic competition in the Olympic Games. There were strong overtones of national and racial pride and self-complacency. Of course, everybody said that athletics were above politics and would serve as a bridge between the peoples of the world. New York has witnessed the spectacle of the conflict between nations, so evident in the meetings of the General Assembly of the United Nations. Suspicion, mistrust, intemperate speech, marionettes dancing to the control of power politics, continue the sad atmosphere which has prevailed for so many years. Long ago Pope Pius XII reminded the world of the terrible weapon forged in our times to keep people in a state of uncertainty and fear, the weapon of the lie. Asia, Africa, Europe and the Americas sit in the vast Assembly Hall, accusing, defending, proposing, agreeing, denying: each one glorifying its own political and social system.

Then one thinks of Munich last summer where the World Eucharistic Con-

gress was held. Over a million people from all over the world gathered together, not to debate, to boast or exert pressure on others; but to adore, to pray, to love, to proclaim their unity in Christ and the Church above racial and national differences and conflicts. There will be another supranational meeting in Rome when the Second Ecumenical Council of the Vatican takes place in the near future. It will bring together the Catholic Bishops from all over the world. Their discussions will be directed toward the strengthening and spreading of the Kingdom of Christ. There will be no competition or intrigue then, any more than there was at Munich, except the competition of love for the Church and for mankind.

One cannot help thinking at this time, when the message of "Peace on earth to men of good will" is echoed across the earth, how much the Church has labored, suffered and sacrificed through the centuries to bring the Lord to all peoples. Her vision has not been centered on political or social systems, but on Christ and His Will to offer His Redemption from which He excludes no one. During all these centuries the messengers of the Lord have been extending the frontiers of the kingdom of God. At this moment thousands of missionaries are all over the earth, laying the foundations of unity and peace in the human family. There are no great and small nations in the Church.



COVER. Christmas is a gay time, according to artist Phil Franznick, and there are many things which fit into its pattern. It belongs to everyone, for Our Lord came to earth in behalf of every single soul, and everyone of us belongs in some way at Bethlehem.



There is the one Mystical Body of Christ in which all are united with and exalted in Him.

Sometimes we wonder if the universality of the Church is truly being realized. We hear so much about persecutions, exile, restrictions. But any doubt is easily dispelled when one looks into the faces of adoring Catholics from all over the world at a Eucharistic Congress. Doubt will further vanish in the sight of the Bishops from all the continents and islands of the world gathering in Rome for the Council. The Middle Ages never saw anything like this. Nor did the last century, when the first Vatican Council took place. These events do not command the headlines that the General Assembly of the United Nations or the Olympic Games receive. Yet to the eyes of faith they mean much more for this world than other highly-publicized spectacles. In these events God occupies the very center which belongs to Him. The clamor and uncertainty of political happenings fade for us in the wonderful vision of the Church all over the world, working patiently and perseveringly to build the divine foundations of grace, love and hope for all in Christ. Yes, there are some truly beautiful things in this world.

A new 16 mm. mission film, in color and with sound, is now available for free showings to interested groups. Narrated by Don Ameche, "Dream Menders" is a stirring account of the Jesuit missionaries in Honduras. The 24-minute film can be obtained from Father Meehan (address in next column).

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Bustle of industry
echoes in the
surrounding forest.



MISSION OF CONTRASTS...

JAMSH



Jewelled daughter of beauty and jungle.

This year a wild elephant
walked down the main street
of modern Jamshedpur City,
window-shopped, sent a
cyclist flying, then slipped
back to the forest. It is
a mission of
THE JUNGLE
THE CITY
DARKNESS AND LIGHT

Catholic of Adibasi aboriginals.





Village women listen intently to Catholic sermon.

ANANDPUR

THE JUNGLE

JOHN F. GUIDERA S.J.

WELL DO I REMEMBER my first assignment as a priest at Anandpur in the jungle. It was March 8th when I arrived and as I made my way along the dirt road, there was plenty of time to think of the future and of my work in Anandpur. I had made one previous trip to Anandpur five years before and the only recollection of that visit was of being awakened in the middle of the night by prowling animals. The trip was uneventful but you can imagine my thoughts; every animal I had seen in the Baltimore zoo seemed to appear on the horizon. Then my thoughts turned to the priests who had been there before me: Father Kujur, after killing many leopards and bears, was surprised

by a leopard he didn't kill. Father Bakewell was mauled by a bear. Father O'Leary had his leg broken by his horse. What was going to happen to Father Guidera?

All of these thoughts left me as I started up the path leading to my new home and met a group of workers preparing the ground for the new bungalow. All stopped their work to see their new priest and greeted me with "Jesu ki bera!" (Jesus be praised). "Jesu ki bera!" was my answer and with these words I was introduced into my new home at Anandpur.

My house was situated in a wooded and secluded area. For one month in the beginning, I was alone; a war could be going on in another part of the world without my knowing it. Many people in the vicinity have never seen a train or



Balancing water pots constantly on her head, this Indian girl can be sure of a graceful carriage on her way to market.



Trusted friend, Father Michael Kavanagh of Maryland Province Jesuits, stops to have a chat on street of Jamshedpur.

JAMSHEDPUR

THE JUNGLE . . .

a two-storied building; a plane flying overhead is a real novelty. This seclusion has kept the people simple in their ways and their needs.

Soon after arriving, I went to visit some of the Catholic families who live close by. The men are farmers who struggle in vain to get enough rice from

their fields to feed their families for a year. The father of the first family greeted us with his wife and five small children in the background. Their home is a mud hut of one room; their clothing is the bare essentials; their finances are always low or non-existent. But heart attacks are rare and a happy family life seems to thrive on such a situation. How those children look up to their father! To them he can do all things because he can cut wood, plow the fields, feed the animals, cut stone and, above all, he can read and write. He has been a Catholic for about 15 years and the Catholic family life he has brought into his family will be the seed of many vocations.

From his home we went about 100 yards away where four brothers live with their families. Each has its own room and there is a fifth room for animals. They greeted us in the courtyard in front of their homes with the usual aboriginal custom of washing our hands as a sign of welcome and respect. It was getting dark so we didn't stay long. As we left they gave us a large plate of sweet potatoes which they told one of their sons to carry to our house for us. As we got close to home the oldest daughter of the first family, Susanna, came running up with a chicken. Daily wages for a man who works for others in this area comes to about 25¢ per day and the value of this chicken if sold in the bazaar is about 60¢. But refusing it would hurt their feelings. The next morning I saw the father of the family and told him that he should have saved the chicken and had a meal for the children. His answer: "Oh no! we should make a sacrifice and give the Fathers something every now and then, shouldn't we?" And I had no answer for that.

There is real sanctity among these people who live such a cheerful life amidst so many hardships. The way these people take difficulties is a lesson to all of us. May God be good to them!

JAMSHEDPUR



Tata Steel gave form and expression to the urge of a resurgent nation to break the bondage of foreign industry. Today Jamshedpur has a population of 300,000.

THE CITY . . .

Jamshedpur City, a modern metropolis carved out of dense jungles less than 60 years ago, is the heart of India's Ruhr, the steel city of her future. It was due to the foresight of Jamsetji Tata that this industrial giant was formed into the modern, well planned city of today with schools, hospitals and all the material improvements of the present. The story of Tata Steel is the story of India's quick rise to its place among the world leaders in steel production. But it is still a city that lies in the shadow of the jungle.

Labor relations have been of the highest standard from the very beginning and the progressive outlook of Tata officials has kept labor problems at the minimum.



8-hour day has been in force since 1912, and yearly and profit-sharing bonuses, hospitalization, etc. are all observed.

(UNations photo)



Hindu temples, Moslem mosques and Christian churches were decreed by Tata's founder even before construction began.

New life is brought by Father McGauley and catechist (left) at baptism of newly converted pair.



Sikh boys are part of student body at American Jesuit schools in Jamshedpur and elsewhere.



JAMSHEDPUR

GEORGE A. HESS S.J.

THIS IS THE STORY about a witch. This particular witch did not cast evil spells on people or turn children into Ginger Bread but she was consulted regularly by village people about things which they had lost, reasons for illness and advice in any important matters. She must have been successful since people flocked to her in their needs.

When she was asked to locate some lost article or to answer a difficult question she would focus her eyes and her mind upon a statue of one of their nature Gods or on one of the many charms which she had for the purpose. She would then go into a trance and apparently get an answer while in that particular state.

One day she saw a cross which was in the possession of a person consulting her. She immediately felt that it would be a very powerful help for her trance and persuaded her husband to obtain one for her. Representing himself as a Christian, he obtained one from the parish priest. As soon as his wife tried using it for her trance she felt a great peace instead of the usual agitation and she realized that there was something very powerful connected with it. She knew that it was a religious symbol of the Christians and by the mere fact of her experience with the cross she and her husband were convinced that they must become Catholics. They both came to the priest for instruction, not that they might consider the Catholic religion but with their minds fully made up to do all that was necessary to become Catholics.

She became an excellent Catholic and impressed the Fathers with her saintly nature. For about a year she led an exemplary Catholic life and in her new-found faith she was an example of Christianity to all of the villagers.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT

Her story is ended for she died a couple of months ago. The circumstances leading up to her death and the manner of death indicate very strongly that she was poisoned. It may have been by people who resented her conversion. Although she died suddenly she was well prepared to meet her Maker and her example is still strong among those who knew her. She must have been a fine character since God gave her this opportunity to make her peace with Him and to prepare for her end.

Did she really have special powers as a witch? Well, a few months back Father Hermanns, S.V.D., the well known anthropologist, was in the area and he questioned the woman and her husband. He has met up with strange powers before and he was not surprised at the things which she had been able to accomplish. According to her account she would go into the trance, in which she remained for about a day and a half, and on coming out of it she would have the answer which people sought. She was convinced that some kind of spirit which went out of the other person helped her. She was also convinced that the spirit was not an evil one.

A strange story? Yes, but one the truth of which these people were sincerely convinced and an occurrence which had witnesses. When this is considered together with the fact that this woman and her husband became good devout Catholics and told this story only at the time when they were Catholics it indicates that there is truth in it. Certainly they were not trying to lie and also certainly Father Hermanns accepted the story, saying that he had ample evidence of such things from his travels and investigations elsewhere. I don't vouch for these happenings. But people say that they saw them, and the people are trustworthy.

TALAKAG'S HAPPY WARRIOR

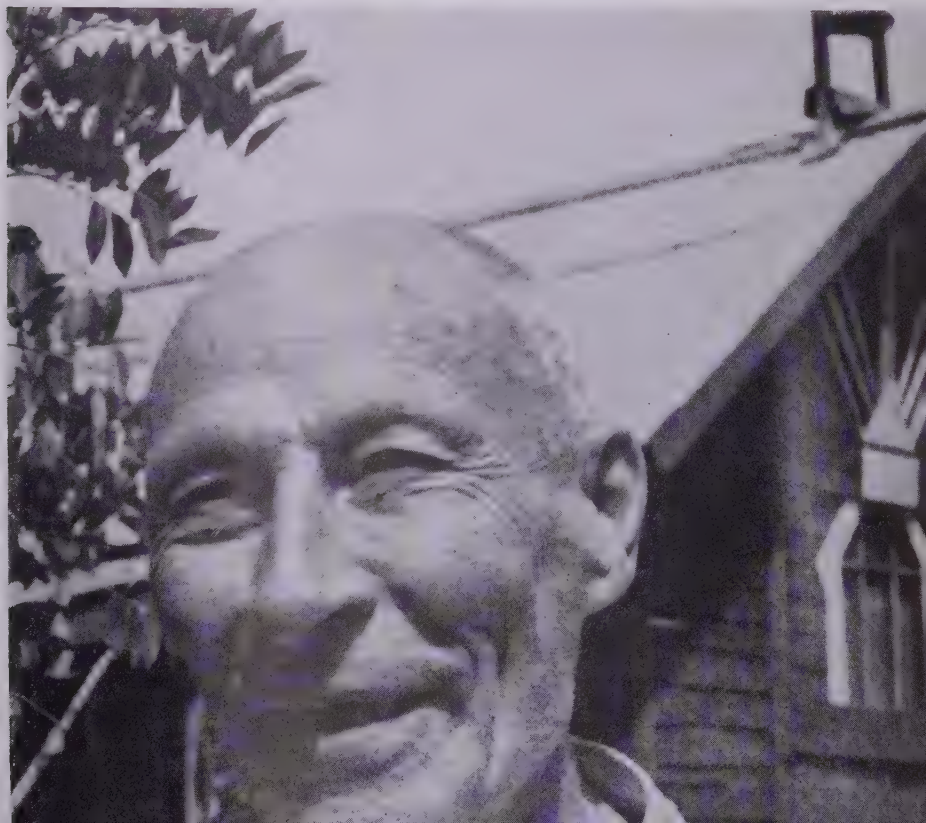
*He has grown old in the
service of God and he has
fought the fight joyously*

JOSE AQUINO S.J.

OLD SPANISH MISSIONARIES in the Philippines have a kind of "undying" reputation for two reasons. Their mission work endures and, golden jubilarians though they are, they keep on living and working. "You simply can't kill them," a young priest once remarked. One American missionary could very well be numbered among the ranks of these "undying" missionaries. His work is monumental, and golden jubilarian though he is, he still keeps on living and working. He is Father Clement Risacher S.J. We visited his parish in the hills of Talakag recently.

Father Risacher is in his late seventies and most people of that age would have retired years ago. But no, he still is as active as a missionary fresh from

Talakag's shepherd and defender of the Faith, Golden Jubilarian Father Clement Risacher.



the departure ceremonies in New York. His parish of rolling hills, of frontier Christian Filipinos farming the hills, of Mohammedan carabao rustlers, offers many a challenging situation. Right now some storm clouds are forming over Talakag. And although Father Risacher has celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee, he is girding himself for this battle, for the day when the storm clouds will burst over Talakag.

There are in Talakag seven Baptist missionaries with all the facilities that money can buy to lure the natives to their brand of Protestantism. These seven are raising up a lot of dust that is forming into ominous clouds. These seven alone make the odds against Father Risacher big, especially when one considers the powerhouse of resources at the command of the seven Baptists. Little barrio chapels, a town school, an orphanage and regular handouts make up the missionary efforts of the seven. Whether their converts will stand the test of time, only the future can tell.

One May the Baptists tried hard to win the Talakag natives. They knew that the fastest way to the heart of a Catholic Filipino is through Mary. So they exploited the Filipinos' most cherished devotion—a filial love for the mother of God—a love expressed in song and flowers during the month of May when fragrant flowers bloom in all colors. So in place of the Marian “Flores de Mayo,” a familiar sight in every Catholic Church (be it a basilica in the sophisticated city of Manila or a shaky lean-to in a barrio of Talakag), the Baptists had May services. They too rang bells, sang hymns and carried flowers but, of course, without the traditional Marian spirit that is the soul of a genuine “Flores de Mayo.” But some simple folks were deceived.

Fortunately, the odds against Father Risacher are not exactly seven to one. He has young Father Jaime Neri to help out and carry the fight deep into the

territory of the Baptists. Although Father Neri's pocketbook does not bulge at the seams as the Baptists' do, still he is young and resourceful. And the Protestants know that the combination of Father Risacher and Father Neri is a difficult one to break. One thing seems certain—Father Risacher will win the battle of the ages. He will outdo and outlive the Baptists.



Mail call and it means as much to a missionary as to a soldier. The tiny angel (below) in the “Flowers of May” procession seems to have a wee doubt as to whether she is in the right one.



Innocence and great expectations.



CHRISTMAS AT WOUNDED KNEE

*In the "Moon of Popping
Trees" the Sioux gather
to adore the Christ Child*

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

THE WINDOWS of Clive Gildersleeve's Trading Post at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, cut yellow squares of light in the darkness of the December night. After traveling from Holy Rosary Mission across long miles of rolling prairie and the pine dotted hills of the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation, it was a refreshing treat to walk into the warmth and hospitality of the Trading Post and exchange Christmas greetings



"I can give Him my heart!"



The Christmas crib is prepared and the Christmas pageant re-enacted.



There's a smile for every gift.



with Clive and his gracious wife, Agnes.

As usual, the Trading Post was a rendezvous for many of the Sioux who were waiting for midnight Mass. Moses Broken Leg was sitting near the pot-bellied iron stove and swapping bits of news with Oliver Jumping Eagle. Mary Crazy Thunder was merry as a row of jingle bells.

After shaking hands with all present, as is the custom with the gracious and hospitable Sioux, I walked out into the vastness of the night. Four saddle horses and two teams tethered to the hitching

rail pricked ears and nickered softly as I passed them and began the steep climb up to St. Agnes Chapel.

A sudden crack like a rifle shot laid a whip of sound across the broad back of the hill. Giant cottonwoods along Wounded Knee Creek were splitting with frost. No wonder the Sioux called December "The Moon of Popping Trees." The trees' bare bones were cracking like witches' knuckles in the cold darkness of the hills.

There was a Christmas night to delight the hearts of all. Myriads of twink-



Even Sr. Eileen knows what pearl-handled revolvers can do to the heart of a boy.

ling stars, white and topaz, and misty red, transformed the night into jewelled splendor. From rim to rim across the vast arch of the sky glimmered the shimmering, star-studded haze called the Milky Way, that ribbon of light woven of flaming suns.

These very stars had leaped to their vigils that first holy night when Christmas first broke over the sleeping world. That night, indeed, the words of the prophet rang true: "And the stars have given light in their watches. They were called, and they said: Here we are. And with cheerfulness they have shined forth to Him that made them."

The Sioux, like the Wise Men and the Shepherds of old, had seen His stars in the sky and had come to adore him. Out of the darkness creaked James Flying Eagle's weather-beaten wagon. Hoary frost coated the withers of his sorrel team. Flying Eagle drew rein alongside Howard Bad Milk's ancient Ford, tossed the lines to his dark-eyed son, grasped the brake rigging with a trembling hand, and eased his aging frame over the wheel to the ground.

The shepherds of Bethlehem made no more devout or colorful sight than the faithful Sioux crowding into the cedar-incensed house of prayer. Old squaws

wrapped in shawls, bright as poinsettias, entered noiselessly in moccasins decorated with beads. Young girls with braided hair, black as the magpie's wing, knelt beside wrinkled old timers whose grandfathers had fought with Chief Crazy Horse on the Little Big-horn. Line riders in high-heel boots and chiming spurs stacked their ten-gallon Cheyenne hats under the bookrack.

One of the most beautiful and touching customs of the Sioux is the "Christmas Offering" to the Christ Child. Just before the midnight Mass, the Sioux file past the crib to make their offering to their Elder Brother, Christ. Into a little dish placed by the crib they place whatever they can offer. Since stark poverty is often the daily companion of the Sioux, their offering may be only a penny or dime. Though small in money value, the gift represents the giving of their hearts and love. The real gift of the Sioux is expressed by Christina G. Rossetti in her poem, *My Gift to Him*:

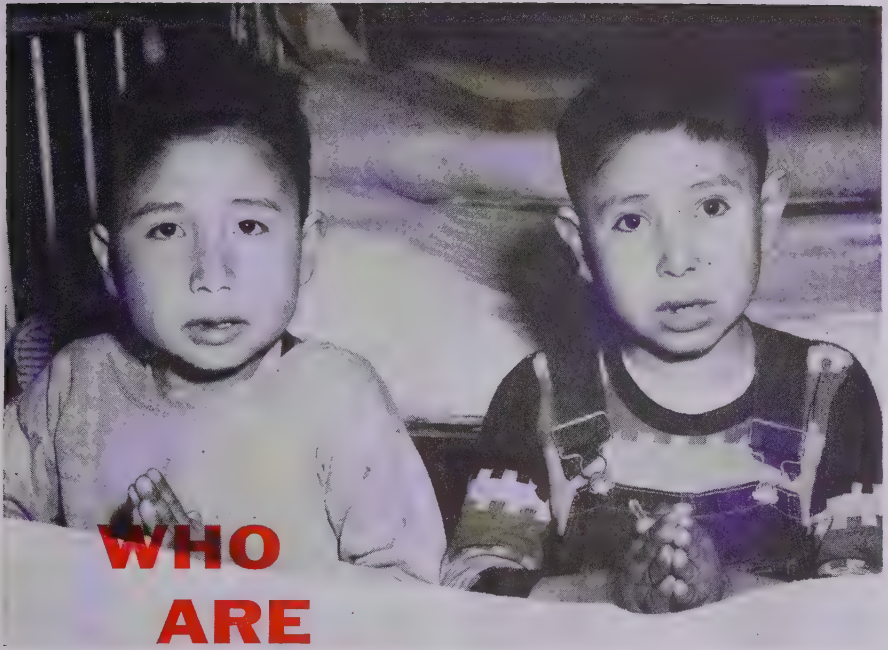
What can I give Him, poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd, I would give Him
a lamb;

If I were a wise man, I would do my
part.

Oh, what can I give Him?

I can give Him my heart!



WHO ARE AMERICAS FORGOTTEN CHILDREN?

On the barren, windswept plains of South Dakota live America's forgotten children, the little Oglala Sioux. It is a bleak land, isolated, a land of hunger, poverty and despair. "All they need is a chance," says Father Edwards of the Sioux boys and girls at Holy Rosary Mission. "And the way to give it to them is to give them an education, one every bit as good as other American children get." Can it be done? Holy Rosary Mission is doing it! But to feed and clothe 500 Sioux children is a gigantic task. You can help "America's Forgotten Children" by helping ease the burden which the Jesuit missionaries have carried for so long.

Send your contribution to **Jesuit Missions**

211 East 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.



Look at that! Naturally, the kids came.



Viewlex is intriguing and even Sister gives in to the temptation (what woman wouldn't?) to steal a quick look at it.



Glimpses of a Taiwan many have not seen.

FOLEY FOTO FORUM

From Taipei to Washington, D.C.

THE ACE CAMERAMAN of the China Mission, Father Fred Foley S.J., staged a one-man exhibit of his photographs earlier this year in Taiwan. The show ran for five days and attracted large crowds in downtown Taipei. It consisted of 140 photographs taken by Father Foley himself and highlighting the human and scenic sides of the island of Taiwan. Earlier, Father had published a book of his photos under the title "The Face of Taiwan." He has been a constant and talented provider of outstanding pictures for JM.

In the first part of September Father brought his exhibit to the annual Mission Secretariat Conference in Washington, D.C. The response there was as heartening as it had been on the other side of the world.

Father Foley is back in the States after fourteen years in the Far East. He is studying at Boston College for a degree which will help him in his teaching at the National University in Taiwan. If anyone is interested in the exhibit Father can be reached at Boston College, Chestnut Hill 67, Mass.



Artistic quality and selection of scenes entrance viewers. The exhibit was put on at the request of the United States Information Service in Taiwan and the people really appreciated Father Foley's craftsmanship and technique.

Hello! Did you see me on the cover of "The Face of Taiwan"? The inside is good too, but the cover—mmm! Oh yes, Father Foley took the pictures on pages 30 and 31.



Washington and Father Foley (right) explains to Father McGuire, Executive Secretary, the exhibit. Assisting are former Sodalists Miss Irene Ho and Mr. Paul Liu.

THIS IS NOT EASY TO SAY

And it's awfully important to say right



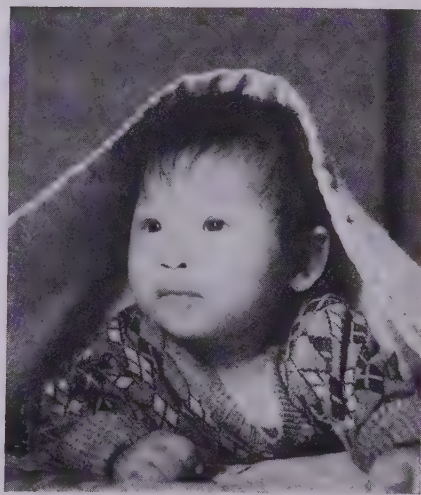
*"It's kinda scary—but
it's topnotch stuff..."*



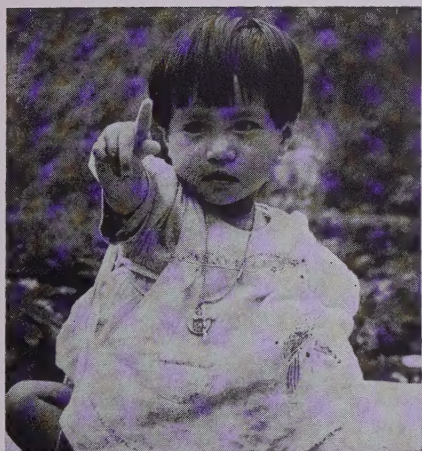
*"And I don't know any
of the right words..."*



*"But hold on to
your hat..."*



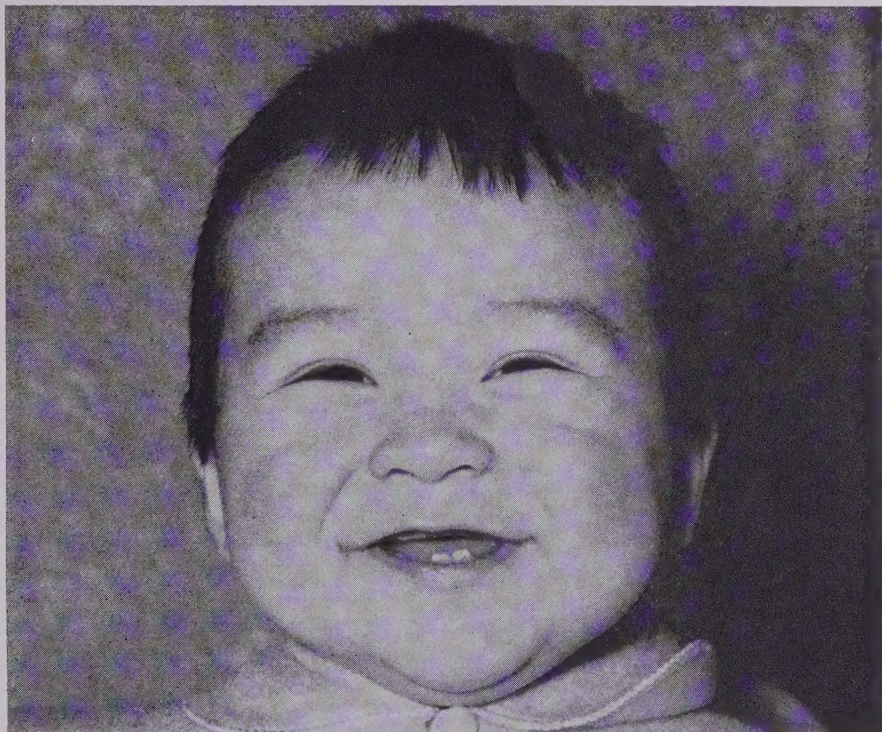
*"And we'll come
out with it..."*



*"It's meant for ALL
of YOU ..."*



*"We're real proud of
your kindness ..."*



*So I'm speaking for all our Jesuit missionaries and the Editors of JM
"A BLESSED CHRISTMAS AND A JOYOUS NEW YEAR!"*

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

This is the month to remember Father Sagrado in the Philippines. His parish is named for Our Lady of the Snows and is in El Salvador, Spanish for The Saviour. His wooden altar, eaten away by white ants, must be replaced by a concrete one. The entire interior of the church needs repairing. Could you give \$5, \$10 . . . ?

Printing presses on the missions are essential but not eternal, as you can tell from Brother Karpinski's tale on page 9. Faced with a similar problem is genial Brother Richard in Ceylon who runs the Catholic Orphanage Press. Some of his machines are over half a century old and yet the orphans look to him for support. We would like to give him a helping hand in his need and a gift of any amount would be deeply appreciated.

The Jamshedpur jungle is still being worked by Father Guidera (p. 16). Now he is in Chaibasa and is striving to build a new church. His people are in no position to help him and he hesitates to start unless he can be sure of finishing. Can you back him up with a gift of any size—\$2, \$5, or more?

In the Caroline Islands the schoolboys on Truk must sleep over the kitchen. This is a constant source of worry for the Fathers as the old diesel stove is right under the boys and has already caused a few fires. Wood is too scarce so the only solution is a gas stove with

bottled gas. When freight charges are included, the project becomes a large one. Could you help relieve the worries and the real need?

The new Campion College in Jamaica will be completed in January but some items are not yet accounted for. Father MacMullan is hoping to receive help in providing desks for the eight classrooms. As time is short, we will forward any donation for this purpose immediately.

In the Philippines Father Leoni has his hands full in his bush mission. He needs chapels at his stations and at his center he runs a boarding school. Five dollars would buy one day's food for his big family; fifty dollars would support one boarder for ten months; five hundred dollars would mean chapels and a big smile on this zealous missionary's face.

For twenty years Father Muthumalai has worked in South India. "One is not as fit at fifty-eight as at thirty-eight," he remarked after a rough trip by ox-cart to a village where all non-Christians asked to be baptized. We would like to provide Father with a better mode of transportation, a jeep or small car. It will mean close to \$1,000, at least, but this veteran missionary deserves it.

Jesuit Missions
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.



***Do you know what a priest
needs most at the moment?***

In 1961 the new breviary goes into effect. Already we have received a number of requests from our priests on the missions. We estimate the cost will be about \$30. For many a missionary this will be out of his reach. So would you be kind enough to put this most essential prayerbook in his hands? He will be most grateful.

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York

A TIME OF JOY AND GIFTS

You can't have Christmas without Christ —and the world can't have Christ without the missionary. Will you put the missionary on your Christmas list so that he can continue to bring the joy which you know to those who do not know Christ?

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